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THE CHURCH OF THE WEST

IN THE

MIDDLE AGES

BY

HERBERT B. WORKMAN, M.A., D.LIT.

SECOND EDITION

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CHARLES H. KELLY

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THE CHURCH OF THE WEST

IN THE

MIDDLE AGES

BY

HERBERT B. WORKMAN, M.A., D.Lit.

Vol. I.

FROM GREGORY THE GREAT TO ST. BERNARD

(590–1153)

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Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam

et

In Memoriam mei Patris

qui

in sua generatione cum administrasset

voluntati Dei

dormivit 29 Aprilis 1892

PREFACE

In the following pages I have striven to group the essential features of the period round what a biologist would call its ganglionic centres. By this means I have sought to avoid the two opposite extremes;—meagreness in detail from an attempted survey of the whole period, and a fulness inconsistent with the purposes of this series. Such treatment in larger outline of certain special features to the exclusion of others will also be more likely to lead to further study. For this purpose I have given in each chapter a list of authorities. To the student they will appear meagre, but for the general reader they will more than suffice as an introduction. I have taken care not to refer to books which

cannot be easily obtained in ordinary libraries. The use of notes has been so far as possible avoided. Where they occur they generally direct attention to some subject which space has compelled me to omit, but which the reader would do well to study for himself.

HERBERT B. WORKMAN.

August 1898.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

IN spite of many imperfections it has been thought well to reissue this little volume. A few obvious blunders have been corrected, and the bibliographies have been re-written.

H. B. W.

January 1912.

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PART I

THE RISE OF THE PAPAL SUPREMACY

CHAPTER I

THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE

AUTHORITIES.—The student should read and re-read J. BRYCE'S *Holy Roman Empire*. Of the argument (early editions) a useful summary is given by E. FREEMAN, *Essays*, ii. For the later theory of the Papacy and Empire, see R. L. POOLE, *Illustrations of Medieval Thought*, c. 8 ; FISHER, *Medieval Empire*, a scholarly work, supplements Bryce (stiffer reading). A good historical atlas is indispensable. That of the Clarendon Press will probably be too dear for most ; PUTZGER'S *Historischer Schul-Atlas* is a marvel of accuracy and value.

Additional aids to study are the following :—T. HODGKIN, *Italy and her Invaders*, v. and vi. (vol. v. c. 7 contains a full account of Gregory's life and work). F. HARRISON, two essays on the Eastern Empire in his *Meaning of History*. See also on the same subject, FREEMAN, *Essays*, v. iii. Add T. HODGKIN, *Charles the Great*. J. B. BURY'S *Gibbon*, c. 49, espec. vol. v. App. 16.

For sources of Gregory's life, see BURY, *op. cit.* v. 510. F. W. KELLETT'S *Pope Gregory the Great and his Relations with Gaul* is a scholarly monograph. The best English life of Gregory and his times is F. H. DUDDEN, *Gregory the Great*. For the supposed letters of Gregory II., see HODGKIN, *op. cit.* vi. 501, or BURY, *l.c.* v. App. 14. They are, however, accepted by Milman and Gregorovius (wrongly, I think).

For the lives of the early popes the student is largely dependent on the scholarly edition of the *Liber Pontificalis* by the Abbé DUCHESNE (French).

THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE

I

ON Christmas Day 800 there happened in St. Peter's one of the few events which have for ever changed the whole course of history: the restoration of the Western Empire, the re-establishment of Rome as once more the head of the civilised world. Three hundred and twenty-four years had passed since the last Cæsar on the Seven Hills, the boy Romulus Augustulus, resigned his sceptre to the Emperor at Constantinople. Nevertheless, to all men Rome was still the imperial city; the idea of her empire had become a necessary part of the world's order. In nothing is her might more visible than in the spell which she cast over the whole Western world for more than a thousand years after her sack by Alaric. The traveller might tell how she lay in ruins, with a population reduced to less than fifty thousand, but men never doubted that her dominion was still universal. To her divinely appointed sway there were neither

bounds nor barriers. In her alone could the proud prophecy of the poet attain reality—

> His ego, nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono,
> Imperium sine fine dedi.

The mother of martyrs, the home of the apostles, the city of kings, she was still the source of all power. Though a widow, she was none the less a queen. Her barbaric conquerors might beat down her walls and destroy her palaces, yet they bowed before the memory of her mighty past, and held their countries as fiefs of Rome. As the successive swarms of Goths, Burgundians, Lombards, Franks, and Teutons swept over Italy and Gaul, they one and all sought to identify themselves with the system they were thoughtlessly destroying. Not one of them dared to establish his seat in the ancient capital, or to inhabit the palace of the Cæsars; they asked and received the consular office, and reigned as the titular vicars of the Lord at Constantinople. Even the greatest of the barbarians, Theodoric the Ostrogoth, ruled from his palace at Verona as the nominal lieutenant of Justinian. The instincts of man went deeper than historical fact. The Empire had not ceased; by the nature of things that was impossible. Her foundations were the immutable decrees of God. Though for four centuries in suspended animation, men felt

that her life was eternal. She could not die, nor could the sceptre depart from between her feet. So when, on Christmas Day 800, as Charles the Frank was hearing mass in the Basilica of St. Peter, the reading of the Gospel ended, the Pope, Leo III., rose from his chair, and crossing over to where Charles knelt in prayer at the high altar, placed on his brow the diadem of the Cæsars, barbarians and Latins alike felt that the dream of years was accomplished. The Eternal City had risen from her long sleep to enter upon a new era of life and power.

The Roman Empire which Charles the Great and Pope Leo thus restored was another empire, and yet not another. It was not another, in that it was the heir to all the assets of the old empire of the Cæsars; inheriting its traditions of supremacy, the majesty of its laws, its elaborate system of municipal government, and its unrivalled powers of organisation. It was not another, in that there was supposed to be no break of continuity. For three hundred years the legal head of the world had resided at Constantinople; now the throne was vacant, for the Empress Irene had deposed and blinded her son, Constantine VI., and ascended the throne herself. But by what right did a woman grasp the sceptre of the Cæsars? Surely also elections

at Rome were as valid as those at Constantinople: the daughter was not above her mother. So the act of Constantine the Great was reversed, and Old Rome once more assumed to herself the civil and ecclesiastical headship. Charles the Great was proclaimed as the legitimate successor, not merely of Romulus Augustulus and the extinct line of the West, but of Justinian, Arcadius, and the emperors of the East. He is, said men, the sixty-eighth in direct descent from Augustus.

The new empire was, however, another, in that the old order had for ever passed away, giving place to new aims and larger hopes. The former empire had been founded on paganism. Her literature, art, and methods were alike the inspiration of vanished ideals. All that civilisation, perfectly developed after its kind, had been deliberately renounced for new forms that to a Julian, blinded by the glamour of the past, seemed frightful in their incompleteness. The pagan city of the ancients was buried; new Rome had risen from the catacombs. Christianity was alike its bulwark and its basis; the Church and the State were but two names for the same thing. The limits of both were determined by the power of the Cross to subdue the barbarians unto itself. Imperial unity lay in a

common religion, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, with one Church and creed. By the strength of this unity alone was she able to confront an aggressive Islam with its one inspiration and one Commander of the Faithful. In the old empire religion had been merely a branch of the civil service, recognised as part of the political constitution, and strictly subordinated to utilitarian needs. In the new empire the religion of the Cross rising in the midst of hostile powers that struggled in vain to crush it, was in no wise the servant of a State to whom it owed nothing. The stone cut without hands had broken in pieces, and consumed the iron, the clay, the brass, and the gold of the fourth kingdom; it had become a great mountain, and filled the whole earth. It was the Church that had subdued the barbarians, after they had subdued the State. Amid the greatest convulsion that the world had ever known, when "on the earth was distress of nations with perplexity, the seas and the waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear," the Church alone had stood erect and strong, her work never arrested, her faith in herself and her mission never faltering. With her martyr heroes, and her history of conquest, with her unquenchable faith in the coming of the Son of Man, she was more than the equal of the new

empire which she had in reality called into being. Her organisation—in which, after the manner of the older state, was combined local responsibility with a highly centralised system of oversight—her doctrines, her sacraments, her ritual, her struggles after purity and truth, her great idea of a universal brotherhood and common citizenship, were the very life and salt of the new civilisation and its form of government.

With a true insight both into this continuity and difference, men called the new republic the Holy Roman Empire. It was "holy,"[1] for the Church was its foundation. The greatest fact about the coronation of Charles to men of his time was the gift of the sceptre through the hands of the Pontiff. He was, in the joyous shout of the crowd, "Charles Augustus, crowned of God." The very absence of strict legal basis or formal election but stamped it as the work of Divine Providence interpreting itself to men through the Roman See. Charles ruled the world by the grace of God. The new republic was also Roman, for its empire was one in continuity and authority with that of the Eternal City. Lastly, it was an empire, for though

[1] The title "holy" does not seem positively to occur until Frederick Barbarossa. But the idea was there long before the title to which it gave rise.

kings and princes, counts and bishops, might war together for dominion in its parts, it was still a unity, with one system of law, one religion, and one supreme head. The world was still one Fatherland, with Rome as its centre.

II

In the Holy Roman Empire as thus re-established the student will discern three elements: the Empire, the Papacy, and the City. In theory they were a unity; in actual fact they were constantly struggling with each other for supremacy. The whole history of the Papacy, at anyrate in its external or political aspect, and therefore, in a narrow sense, the whole history of the Middle Ages, is the resultant of the conflict between these three. Without a knowledge of their character and causes the record of the times is a sealed book.

The rise of the Papacy to well-nigh universal dominion is not the less marvellous because it is capable of explanation. Modern critics may smile at the tale of Constantine granting the West to Bishop Sylvester, while he retired to his new city in the East; but, after all, the Middle Ages were right when they believed in its literal truth. In removing the seat of his

government from the Tiber to the Bosphorus, the aim of Constantine was to restore the imperial power by building on a new foundation where he would be free from the restraints and memories of freedom and paganism alike. Part of his plan was certainly accomplished, and a due recognition of the vitality of the Eastern Empire as it withstood for a thousand years the onset of successive hordes is the greatest tribute which history can pay to his genius. But Constantine, with all his insight, did not realise that he had done more than change the centre of his empire. He had, in fact, made the separation of East and West inevitable; not less inevitable was it that in the West the dominion should pass to the one power that represented continuity with the historic splendours of the Roman name. Hitherto the Bishops of Rome had been obscure men, whose chief dignity, to later ages, often lay in their martyrdom. We search in vain among their shadowy names for either a distinguished writer or a master mind. Only in the case of a few popes before Constantine do we possess much information. For the great Fathers of the Church—Origen, Athanasius, Basil, Augustine—as well as the great prelates who established the power of the hierarchy—Cyprian, Ambrose, and Chrysostom—we must look elsewhere than Rome

At one time Jerome (d. 420) cherished the hope that he would succeed to that see. But either through good fortune or intuitive wisdom, the rising Papacy refused to burden itself with his stormy and erratic genius. Without greatness in themselves the Bishops of Rome owed their influence to the consciousness of men that they were confronting paganism, with all its splendour and pride, in the capital of the world. In Rome also had the apostles sealed their testimony with their blood. Though from the days of Cyprian the primacy of Peter was recognised as an established fact, nevertheless the Bishop of Rome, who claimed to be his successor, had been but the *primus inter pares*: he was forced, however reluctantly, to acknowledge as his equals the apostolic patriarchates of Alexandria and Antioch.

By the removal of the imperial seat to the Bosphorus, followed by the decay and ruin of the imperial power in Italy, Constantine unwittingly put the Bishops of Rome in the place of the absent emperors, inheriting their power, their prestige, and the very titles which they had themselves derived from the forces of paganism. Moreover, the step which led to the aggrandisement of the see of Rome was destructive of any rivalry from the Eastern bishops. At Constantinople the Emperor had no intention of

being other than supreme head of the Church. Constantine and Justinian controlled and guided ecclesiastical legislation, administered discipline, and enforced orthodoxy. In their hands was the appointment and deposition of both bishops and patriarchs—prerogatives never surrendered by the feeblest of their successors. The son of Constantine delighted in the title "Bishop of Bishops," and claimed to impose Arianism on the empire at his will; while by the Council of Chalcedon (451) the emperors were accorded by divine right an inviolable priesthood. The Patriarch of Constantinople, even when a Chrysostom, stood under the shadow of the imperial throne. To the one possible rival of papal Rome, thus hopelessly restricted by the pressure of secular authority, there was denied the opportunity of contesting her supremacy.

But in the West Rome had no peer. Neither Gaul nor Spain claimed apostolic foundation, and without this requirement there could be no patriarchate. Against them also weighed their Arian apostasy. Nor must we forget as a factor in papal growth the speculations and discussions which wrecked the moral supremacy of the great Eastern sees, and which rent asunder the Greek Church. In the West there was peace, for Rome had impressed upon the Churches the

characteristics of her power, subordination to authority and legal form. Her bishops also gained reputation even from their obscurity and silence. Without either the intellect or desire to enter into subtleties and mysteries so dear to the Oriental mind they had their reward. Others had gone astray; the Bishops of Rome alone were infallible. So with the spread of Arianism and the decay of the troubled East, men turned more and more from its struggles to the decision of the Roman Pontiff. By the Council of Sardica (343) its Bishop was made a court of appeal in matters concerning orthodoxy. Each faction, when oppressed by its rival, flung itself at his feet. The very stars in their courses fought for the popes. The Eastern patriarchates fell in their day before the Moslem hordes, but in the West the sack of Rome by Alaric (Aug. 24, 410) led more than any other event to papal aggrandisement. It delivered the Papacy from the dead hand of the past. The pagan city was hopelessly ruined. Honorius and his feeble successors hid themselves at Ravenna, while the power of her famous aristocracy was for ever broken. But the Bishop of Rome rose in added grandeur above the wreck of old institutions and shattered society. In the East eight hundred sees were swallowed up in the vortex of Islam; out of

four hundred in Africa, only four survived. In the West the barbarians, already conquered by the Church, infused by their victories new blood into the new dominion of Peter. In the general massacre it was in the churches alone that there was deliverance and safety. "The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed," was the concise reply of the barbarian to the trembling messengers of the Senate: he would leave them only "their lives." Nevertheless, even Alaric respected the sanctuaries of the apostles: treasure and liberty were alike safe there.

At this date we come across the first pope on whose mind dawned the vast conception of Rome's universal spiritual supremacy. Innocent I. (402–417), who, like all the greater popes, was a Roman, claimed that the Churches of the West, having been planted by Peter and his successors, owed obedience to his see, and must maintain a rigid uniformity with her usages. He was succeeded, at no great interval, by Leo the Great (440–461). It was his fortune to stand out alone as the one great name in the Christian world. Augustine (438) and Cyril (445) were both dead; women and boys ruled in Ravenna and Constantinople. When the terrible Attila and his Huns swept down on the defenceless city (451), it was neither by her

armies nor by her walls that Rome was saved. The barbarian bowed before the eloquence and confidence of Leo; and the Scourge of God retired from Italy. A Roman of the Romans, Leo was thus the first of the popes to assert to his countrymen, by actions and words, that the power of Rome was eternal. Babylon the Great had fallen; Goths and Huns sacked her palaces and ravaged her treasures. In her place was the City of God, whose dominion should be an everlasting dominion. It was for this that the former things, their work accomplished, had passed away. Leo had adopted the thought of Augustine: the pagan city of Rome ruled the bodies and died through the vices of its sons; the new city should rule the spirits and live through the virtues of the saints of God.

At the Council of Chalcedon the visions and claims of Leo received authoritative recognition. His letter was accepted by the East as the settlement of the weary dispute over the hypostatic union; the primacy of the Roman See was acknowledged. The Council's rider that this was the result of political supremacy did not detract from its value as an instrument in the hands of her bishops. They soon found opportunity for its use. When Hilary of Arles claimed the primacy of Gaul, Leo, on the appeal of the

bishops, summoned him to Rome. On his refusal to recognise the jurisdiction of the apostolic see, Leo deposed Hilary from his office. The triumph of Rome was complete when the Emperor Valentinian, in his famous Constitution (445), denounced Hilary, proclaimed the decrees of the Bishop of Rome to be binding, and his consent necessary for any changes in the Church of Gaul. Justinian also, in his Code, recognised the supremacy of the Roman Church, and commanded all others to be united with her. Another custom which dates from this period gave the Bishop of Rome a further hold on the prelates of the West. This was the grant of the pallium, a white scarf of lamb's wool with black spots, the sign of metropolitan authority. It was eagerly sought after, though its acceptance of necessity involved some recognition of dependence.

The founders of the popedom, Innocent I. and Leo I., were succeeded at the close of the sixth century by one who more than consolidated their work. Gregory I. (590–604), to whom, by universal consent, men have given the double titles of Saint and Great, is, in the verdict of Milman, "the real father of the Mediæval Papacy." He marks in more ways than one the beginning of a new era. In the year before he ascended the throne Spain renounced her Arianism at the

Council of Toledo, and proclaimed her return to the Roman unity. The first monk to become a pope Gregory was also the first of the popes to turn to Western races to redress the balance of the East. By his writings, his zeal, his charity, his fame for personal sanctity, his quickness to grasp opportunity, and his administrative wisdom, he succeeded in giving to his see an almost universal dominion. Illyricum, Gaul, Spain, and Africa acknowledged his metropolitan claims, while Italy, swept by the Lombards, recognised in him her head, in temporal as well as spiritual matters. One of his biographers speaks of him as "an Argus with an hundred eyes, casting his glances over the length and breadth of the whole world." Nevertheless he refused the title of "Universal Bishop," which John of Constantinople had arrogated to himself. He preferred rather, by a shrewd humility, to adopt the name made familiar to us by centuries of irony, "The Servant of the Servants of God." "To hold the metropolitans in dependence on the Roman See, to restore the rights of the bishops, to crush heresy and schism, to revive the spiritual life of the Church, to make monasticism an effective instrument of good, to send the gospel to the barbarous heathen, these were some of his aims, these were some of the duties

he conceived of the successor of Peter" (Kellett). In his charter to the monastery of Autun we have the first instance of the papal curse used as a bulwark against royal oppression. Hildebrand and Innocent III. only carried out with further detail the ideas of Gregory. On the 12th of March 604, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, Gregory, "the consul of God,"—to use the fine phrase that men wrote over his tomb,—"went to enjoy an eternal triumph." Many as are his acknowledged claims to a place among

> The noble and great who are gone
> Pure souls honoured and blest
> By former ages,

this is perhaps his chief: by the bloodless weapons of his missionaries the barbarians of Britain and Germany, the heretics of Gaul and Spain, were once more added to an empire more lasting than that of Julius. Through him rude and lawless countries recognised the supremacy of the new Cæsars. For the children that she had lost Rome had found others. Her sons and her daughters had come from far; kings had become her nursing fathers, and queens her nursing mothers. On the firm foundations laid by Gregory the life of Europe was established anew. The secular empire had been built on the sands, and was swept away by the flood;

against the "rock" of Peter the deluge of barbarism broke in vain. Upon this Ararat the ark of civilisation rested until the waters abated.

The Bishops of Rome were still in theory the elect of Constantinople. Even Gregory had been deferential to Phocas, and servile to Maurice, while his successors were not consecrated until confirmed by the Emperor or his representative, the Exarch of Ravenna. Two of the popes, Silverius[1] and Martin I.,[2] who came into collision with the imperial despotism, were the victims of its anger. But in the eighth century the force of circumstances led the popes to throw off what little dependence still bound them to the rulers of Constantinople. The opportunity arose over the Iconoclastic Controversy (726). The great Emperor, Leo the Syrian, stung by the Mohammadan taunt that the Christians worshipped idols, and desiring to infuse a new life into the Empire by correcting the effete sentimentalism of Oriental Christianity, ordered that images should only be used as architectural ornament. The sympathies of Protestants will of course be with this reformer: they do not attach much importance to the plea of Gregory the Great, "that paintings are to the ignorant what writing is to those who

[1] 536–538. [2] 649–653 or 655.

can read."[1] But the intemperate violence of Leo—whose attempted reformation was rather "a premature Rationalism enforced upon an unreasoning age"—became the defence of that which was in itself indefensible. In the West as in the East the common people, goaded by persecution and superstition, rose in defence of these relics of paganism or religious childhood. The Exarch of Ravenna was slain, and Pope Gregory II., whom the Emperor had deposed and endeavoured to seize, yielding, though unwillingly, to the popular voice, declared Leo excommunicate, and cut himself off from all dependence on Constantinople (729). The controversy had passed from its first theological aspect into a struggle between the claims of the Church and the absolutism of the State.

These events led to more important consequences. Liudprand, King of the Lombards, saw in these dissensions a double opportunity. He would run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Proclaiming himself the champion of the popular faith, he overran the exarchate; professing that he acted for his overlord at Constantinople, he almost succeeded in capturing Rome. Gregory III. in despair appealed to the

[1] For judicious remarks on the use of "images," see Milman, ii. pp. 343–350. Also Lecky, *Hist. Rationalism*, c. iii.

protection of the Franks (739). Under the leadership of Clovis (481–512), this great league of German tribes had stretched their empire from the Atlantic to the Inn. From the first they had been the faithful allies of papal Rome. The other Teutonic nations had been converted by Arian missionaries; the baptism of Clovis was into the Catholic faith. On Christmas Day 496 he and three thousand of his warriors were solemnly received into the Church at Rheims. The eloquent Remigius held up before him the cross: "Adore," said he, "that which you have hitherto burned, burn the idols that you have hitherto adored." As the Bishop enlarged on the passion and death of Jesus, Clovis could restrain himself no longer. "Had I," he burst out, "been present at the head of my valiant Franks, I would have revenged his injuries."

The zeal of the Franks was increased by subsequent events. By his signal victory at Poictiers over the Saracens (732), Charles the Hammer proved himself more than the champion of Christianity. In rolling back from Western Europe the Moslem invaders, the Frank had changed the history of the world. To him, therefore, Gregory III. turned for aid, beseeching him in urgent letters to complete his victories for the faith by delivering the Holy See. Charles died

before he could obey the call; but his son, Pippin the Short, fulfilled what may have been his father's intentions. Influenced by Boniface, the apostleof Germany, he entered into an alliance with Rome, the advantages of which were mutual. On his side the Pope Zacharias, now claiming to be the king of kings, pronounced the deposition of the nominal sovereign, the last of the Merovingian kings, Childeric III. (751). When the Franks, thus freed by the Church from their oath, elected to the vácant throne the real head of the nation, hitherto styled merely the Mayor of the Palace, a sanctity as yet unknown and more potent than legal claim was added to the office. In 754 a pope, Stephen II., for the first time crossed the Alps, and at St. Denis anointed the new sovereign and his two sons with holy oil. Pippin in return discharged his share of the compact by twice descending into Italy to the rescue of the Papacy. The Lombards were driven back, the imperial exarchate delivered from their power and bestowed on the Bishop of Rome.

Thus began the temporal sovereignty of papal Rome. This was the nucleus of the States of the Church. In return for this fateful gift Stephen bestowed on the Frankish king the title of Patrician of the Romans. Its authority was as vague as its legality was doubtful: its

rights were an undefined superintendence of the papal elections; its duties the defence and protection of the Church and her temporal interests. It paved the way for the higher dignity that was to follow. For when on Pippin's death (768) the Lombards once more rose in revolt and threatened the new States of the Church, his son Charles, by all ages surnamed the Great, swept down from the Alps, seized the Lombard kingdom for his own, and renewed to the Pope the gift of his father (774). Henceforth for four-and-twenty years the government of Rome was carried on in his name as Patrician, though events were still dated and edicts issued in the name and by the year of the reign of the Emperor at Constantinople. Such homage to legality was shadowy; the rule of Charles was in reality absolute. He demanded the oath of allegiance; he received the symbols of his guardianship—the keys of St. Peter's grave, and the banner of the city. In one of his letters he expresses his pleasure "at the humility of the Pope's obedience and the promise of his loyalty." But it was time to draw closer and establish on a basis more legal and better understood this alliance between the Franks and the Latins, between Church and State. In 798 a murderous attack was made on Leo III. as he went in

solemn procession from the Lateran to the Church of St. Lorenzo. The Pope was wounded and left for dead. He recovered, and fled across the Alps. At Paderborn he found his protector, who received him with all honour and respect. In the autumn of 800, after a trial in St. Peter's, at which he himself presided, of the charges which the Romans brought against their Bishop, Charles restored the Pope to his rebellious city. The gratitude of Leo had something to bestow in return. So on Christmas Day 800 there took place that memorable event, which separates the history of Modern Europe from that of the Ancient World, the coronation, by the sole surviving representative of the original apostolic sees, of the kneeling Charles as the overlord of the world, the first head of the Holy Roman Empire.

To the careless observer it might seem as if by this coronation the Papacy had voluntarily surrendered to another part of her power and claims. Henceforth the popes would no longer rule alone in the imperial city; others would represent more fully than they its past glories. In reality it was not so. It is true that Charles was supreme in Church as in State. This second Constantine convened and directed the deliberations of Synods, lecturing even popes, and exact-

ing their obedience. The Council of Frankfort, at his bidding, directly opposed in the matter of image-worship the policy followed by the popes. In the famous Caroline books we read of certain usages as "allowed rather by the ambition of Rome than by any apostolical tradition." But the Church gained more than she gave; for Charles lavished upon her wealth and power. Her bishops and abbots were made a part of the rising feudalism, while tithes were for the first time enforced by law. Throughout his vast dominions he knit the Church into one compact body, subjecting the bishops to the control of the metropolitans, and the metropolitans in turn to the Bishop of Rome. From this unification and centralisation of a dismembered Europe which Charles had accomplished, the Papacy stood to win in the long-run more than the Empire itself. The temporary dependence galled her not; she awaited with patience the inevitable developments. The relations which had begun in real if unacknowledged subjection were soon to emerge into the assertion of supremacy. When the great Emperor rested from those labours that to a later generation seemed superhuman in their vastness and variety, Rome kept her gains, canonised his memory as a saint, and laughed at the attempted control of his feeble successors.

III

In a sketch such as the present details must be strictly subordinated to the outline of tendency; that which was the accident of circumstance to the fixed and essential. We may therefore pass by the interregnum of anarchy into which the Empire fell after the death of Charles, and regard Otto the Great as his direct successor. His coronation (962) was the setting of the topstone to the work of Charles. For in nothing is the greatness of Charles more manifest than in the indestructibility of his idea of a universal Christian republic. In the gorgeous mists of romance he and his work loomed the larger through very indistinctness. In the general darkness and chaos of the next age, when the fountains of the great deep were opened and the floods of barbarism once more whelmed the world, men remembered the gleams of a better order which had illuminated his times. Though his empire was rent in pieces, never more in actual fact to be reunited, men still clung to belief in its existence. So when the waters had subsided, and Wends, Czechs, Normans, and Huns no longer carried terror from the Danube to the Ocean, men turned back to his grand vision of a universal Christian republic and made this the

governing idea in politics and progress. By a true historical instinct they dated from Charles the foundation of Modern Europe, while history refuses to recognise any real break in its subsequent continuity until the cataclysm of the Reformation.

The history of the Empire as Empire need not further concern us. Here it is sufficient to note those elements which influenced the growth of the Papacy and led to centuries of feud between the civil and ecclesiastical powers. The first of these elements was the very character of the Empire itself. As we have seen, it rested not so much on a strictly legal basis, or even on the right of conquest, as on a sort of mutual understanding, one party to which was the Papacy. Its rights and its duties were alike left undetermined. It was the resultant of memories and dreams, and of hopes mistaken for facts. Its strength lay in its appeal to men's imagination. We need not wonder that its actual power always fell hopelessly short of its claims. In theory the Western world acknowledged one overlord. In actual fact not only Spain and England but even France cared little what new Germanic Cæsar was the ghostly representative of a dead power. This weakness of the Empire gave to the popes their chance, a weakness accentuated by the fact that

the emperors were invariably, though not of necessity, Germans whose hands were busy at home, and whose visits to Italy were limited, as a rule, to the journey to Rome to receive the imperial crown. Here and there arose an emperor—the three Ottos, Frederic of the Redbeard, and Frederic II.—who turned the dream into fact; but speaking generally, the history of the Empire is the history of sovereigns whose power to make good their unbounded claims grew yearly less, while their rivals, the Bishops of Rome, grew yearly in strength.

At this stage it may be well to point out at some slight cost of anticipation and anachronism the relations which in theory were assumed to exist in this new republic between the Empire and the Papacy. An incidental advantage in so doing will be that we shall be able to make clearer the grounds upon which not only the Holy Roman Empire rested, but also the foundations of the power of the Bishops of Rome. As the doctrine of the Papacy and the Empire was in essence the same during the whole Middle Ages, no real injustice is done by summing up in one survey ideas some of which were of slower growth than others.

To the Middle Ages that antagonism between Church and State upon which so many modern thinkers have laid stress as fundamental, did not exist, at anyrate in idea. Strange as it may

seem to us, no thinker then hesitated to affirm that the very existence of the Roman, *i.e.* universal, Church was bound up and one with the very existence of the Roman, *i.e.* catholic, Empire. If the former was eternal the latter must be so also. Dante was no shallow dreamer, yet to him no doctrine was more real than this: one world dominion is inseparably connected with one spiritual dominion, the two are but different aspects of the same thing. For this belief there was in fact an historical justification. Christianity and the Roman Empire had risen together. As Bryce admirably puts it, "the analogy of the two had made them appear parts of one great world movement towards unity." Both were the emphasis of universal Humanity, the striving after one common citizenship. By the barbarians also Christianity had been associated from the first with the Roman Empire as its visible unity and bulwark. There is this further justification that in the ancient world religious and political divisions usually went hand in hand together. The organic principle in all social and national life was the religious belief. The chief basis, therefore, of national unity must be a common religious life. It was not by accident that the break-up of the Holy Roman Empire and the rise of the modern States of

Europe, with their intense individualism and religious divisions, took place at the same time as the Reformation. Of this unity of world-dominion, though there were kings many and lords many, yet was there but one head, the Emperor; so of the unity of the one world-religion, though there were bishops many and metropolitans many, yet was there but one head, the Pope. The belief in the existence of national Churches, so dear to some modern thinkers, is the invention at a later date of the new spirit of the nations: we may be sure of this, that it was utterly foreign to the thought of the Middle Ages. Of the Pope, the supreme duty was to save men's souls; of the Emperor, to care for their bodies. But as body and soul are but one, so also are they in their mutual dependence. The one was the antitype of the other: the Emperor a civil Pope, the Pope a spiritual Emperor. Between the two opposition should be as inconceivable as between body and soul. The seat of dominion of both lay in the City on the Seven Hills. There were they crowned as the elect of God; there they received their commission, not through men, or even through one another, but direct from the King of kings. Other crowns the Emperors wore, the iron crown of Italy, the silver crown of Germany: that of

Rome alone was pure gold; double also, for Empire and Rome, as *urbis et orbis*. At their coronation each called Heaven to witness that he would cherish and defend the other. Against this union of the two the gates of hell should not prevail. They were the two swords of which Christ had said, "It is enough."

We shall do well not to inquire whether this beautiful ideal was ever realised in fact. It is characteristic of the Middle Ages that they did not seek to reconcile belief and practice. The more deeply they outraged the one, the more tenaciously they clung to the other. Laxity of practice was the concern of the individual. It might involve the loss of his soul; but laxity of belief meant the downfall of the social structure. So in an age when an individual did not recognise himself save in so far as he formed part of State or Church, the theories of social economy were everything, the facts of private life of little moment. Men were saved both in this world and in the life to come by their correctness of dogma and doctrine. "Ferocious and sensual, that age worshipped humility and asceticism; there has never been a purer ideal of love, nor a grosser profligacy of life." Of the illogicalness of the age there is no greater illustration than the extraordinary case

of Honorius I. The fact that in 680 the sixth Œcumenical Council publicly anathematised this Pope for monothelistic heresies formed no bar to papal claims of infallibility. When facts would not square with doctrine, then so much the worse for the facts. The very recollection of the circumstance undoubtedly faded away in the eighth century, until revived in the sixteenth.

In this same spirit men treated the Holy Roman Empire. Pope and Emperor were supposed to be like the Siamese twins, two and yet one. Severance between the two was impossible; they must work together for the one common good of the one common flock. But this complete accord of the papal and imperial powers was probably never attained but three times in the history of the centuries: "in the time of Charles and Leo; under Otto III. and his two popes, Gregory V. and Sylvester II.; thirdly under Henry III.; certainly never thenceforth" (Bryce). At all other times Pope and Emperor were seeking to subordinate the other to himself; the Pope declaring that he made the Emperor as the vicar of God and that the temporal power was his gift; the Emperors seeking to get the election of Popes into their own hands and to subordinate the spiritual to the civil authority. This battle of the two forms the centre round

which revolves the churchmanship and politics of the Middle Ages. In the struggle both parties found that a man's foes are they of his own household; the Emperor in the dukes and princes of Germany seeking to throw off all feudal dependence, and welcoming for this purpose the papal thunders; the Pope in the nobles and mob of the city ever looking to the power beyond the Alps to deliver them from the control of the sovereign within their gates. Nor ought we to forget as one element in this conflict of centuries that the public opinion of Europe—to use a modern phrase—was undoubtedly expressed in brief by Gregory IV. when he wrote to a cousin of Charles the Great: "You ought not to be ignorant that the government of souls, which belongs to the Pontiff, is above that of temporal matters, which belongs to the Emperors." Body and soul are undoubtedly one; but in the well-regulated man the body will obey the soul; otherwise, were to return to the level of brutes. Thus the world found that "it could do better without a Cæsar than without a Pope."

One effect of the Holy Roman Empire must not be overlooked. We have already briefly alluded to it. It is summed up more fully for us in the words of the great Emperor Frederic I. (Barbarossa). "As there is in heaven but one

God, so there is here but one Pope and one Emperor. Divine Providence has specially appointed the Roman Empire to prevent the continuance of schism in the Church." So long as the Empire was strong, national Churches were an impossibility; heresy, schism, and reformation by individuals were alike ruthlessly stamped out by the civil as well as the spiritual power. The Church stood for a solidarity one element in which was uniformity. "Truth," it was said, "is one, and as it must bind into one body all who hold it, so it is only by continuing in that body that they can preserve it." The visible unity of the Empire demands and depends on the visible body of believers under a rigid unity of belief and organisation, and bound into one by participating in the same sacraments. Such unity must have a centre—that centre is Rome. At the Reformation, in fact, the unity of Church and State broke up together. At the same time the unity of knowledge, or ignorance, broke up into the diversity of science. The centripetal forces which underlie the life of the ages from Charles to Luther gave place to the centrifugal forces of Modern Europe: individualism, dissent, nationality, protection, the supposed antagonism of science and religion, and the conflict of democracy with absolutism.

CHAPTER II

HORA NOVISSIMA; TEMPORA PESSIMA

The world is very evil,
The hour is waxing late.
RHYTHM OF ST. BERNARD.

AUTHORITIES.—Most assistance may be derived from the great work of GREGOROVIUS, *Rome in the Middle Ages*. Its local colouring is invaluable. An English translation is now published in thirteen volumes. For Nicholas I., see MILMAN or NEANDER, who do full justice to his importance; also F. ROCQUAIN, *La Papauté au moyen age*, c. 1.

Dean CHURCH'S *Beginning of the Middle Ages* will supply the reader with a good sketch of the political life of the period under review. HALLAM'S *Middle Ages* is more detailed but somewhat out of date. Its chief value lies in its survey of feudalism. The real inwardness of feudalism in its relation to the papacy is well brought out by GUIZOT, *History of Civilisation*, Lecture iv. EMERTON'S *Medieval Europe* (with good bibliography) is an excellent general introduction. Adams' *Civilisation during the Middle Ages* is also a good general sketch.

JULES ROY, *L'An Mille*, has shown that the idea of the Millennium in the year 1000 was largely the invention of the new study of the Apocalypse in the sixteenth century. Still it was not altogether fiction. For the Donation of Constantine, see DÖLLINGER, *Papstfabeln* (Eng. tr. by PLUMMER), c. vi., who shows that it was of Roman origin. It should be compared with the Privilegium Otonis (13th Feb. 962).

For all original sources of the Papacy the best cheap collection is D. C. MIRBT, *Quellen zur Gesch. des Papsttums*, 3rd ed. 1911.

HORA NOVISSIMA; TEMPORA PESSIMA

I

THUS on Christmas Day 800 was the Roman Empire re-established on a foundation of ideas defying facts, and with its equal and joint heads, Emperor and Pope. The inevitable struggle between the two for pre-eminence at once commenced. At first all the gains seemed to be on the side of the spiritual power. This was chiefly the result of the personal weakness of the successors of Charles the Great. Claimant struggled with claimant for the sceptre, which none but Charles could wield; but the Papacy never died. In its succession there were as yet no disputes; among its subjects no revolts. Little by little the Empire sank into a name whose lords were at a distance, and their power a phantom; but the conception of Rome as the moral centre of the world lingered on in imperishable tradition. Nicholas I. (858–867), one of the greatest of the popes, who to distinguished ability added an intrepid spirit, crystallised this faith of mankind into the claim that the Papacy was the soul and centre of the Christian republic. The first of

the popes to be crowned with the tiara, the first also to use legates "from the side" for the extension of his power, he was also the first to see the value of the False Decretals as a foundation for papal rights. This audacious forgery of the letters and decrees of bygone popes and unauthentic councils, cleverly mingled with genuine but more colourless documents, was compiled about the year 851, probably by Autgar of Mainz and Ebbo of Rheims,[1] and put forth as the real work of the celebrated Isidore of Seville. As such it was accepted at once by Nicholas, and an uncritical age hastened to give assent to the papal lead. Even the sagacious Hincmar of Rheims, the most celebrated Gallic churchman of the day, did not contest their authenticity, though he felt conscious that they were fatal to episcopacy. Never had forgery greater result; for these False Decretals, henceforth universally regarded as the voice of fact speaking from a reverenced past, raised the episcopate far above the secular power. At the same time they made the popes independent of synods and councils. The decrees exalted bulls and epistles into canons of the Church; they laid more than the foundations of a future infallibility. To the popes as administrators they gave the uncontrolled

[1] For origin and object of Decretals, see p. 252.

dictatorship of the spiritual world, for metropolitans and bishops were degraded by the decretals into the mere subjects of the Servus Servorum. The effects of this imposture and delusion were soon seen. Through their aid Nicholas prostrated at his feet the great transalpine prelates, who, like Hincmar, sought to maintain the independence of their Church, and to develop the dignity of metropolitans.

When John of Ravenna refused to obey the commands of Nicholas, and appealed to the Emperor, Lewis II. ordered him to humble himself before "that great Pope to whom we and the whole Church bow." Lewis was right; Nicholas claimed on all sides a decisive supremacy for his office. Lothair II., King of Lorraine (*Lotharingia*), had put away his wife, the blameless Theutberga, and exalted to her throne his concubine Waldrada. In this outrage he was assisted by the compliance of the great Rhenish prelates, who, in the Synod of Metz, gave the sanction of the Church to the insolence of lust (862). They had reckoned without the fearless and lofty indignation of Nicholas. He declared the Synod "a brothel of adulterers," annulled its acts and excommunicated its leaders. They appealed to the Emperor. Lewis at once espoused the cause of his brother Lothair, and

marched on Rome. Nicholas ordered a general fast, while he shut himself up in the Lateran to pray for the vengeance of Heaven. His proud spirit was unbroken even by the outrages of the imperial troops, who broke up the "true Cross" found by Helena and killed the guardians of St. Peter's tomb. His final triumph enshrined his memory with renown. He had saved the moral development of Christendom. The vastness of his usurpations were forgotten; men remembered only that he had used his power in the cause of justice and purity. No high priest since Gregory the Great had done more to strengthen the papal supremacy. He had enlisted on its side the moral and religious sympathies of mankind. That great blot on his character, his unscrupulous use of the Decretals,[1]

[1] The reader will remember another papal forgery of earlier date (c. 755), in its falseness even more splendidly audacious. This was the famous Donation of Constantine. By the False Decretals the Papacy secured their spiritual supremacy; by the False Donation a legal basis for their temporal sovereignty. For the later history of the Donation, see Poole, *Medieval Thought*, p. 250. How uncritical the age was is perhaps best shown by the familiar story of Pope Joan. For several centuries historians, popes, and the world at large believed that for two years this Englishwoman had filled the chair of Peter. With the exactness of imagination they gave the date (855–857). The only interest of this vulgar romance is the sidelight it throws on the False Decretals. See Döllinger, *Fables*.

and the moral sanction he had thus given to a pious fraud, were unknown to an uncritical generation. In the chaos of the next age men looked back to his benevolent despotism with regret. Thus the anarchy of two centuries made men welcome in Hildebrand a worthy upholder of his principles, and more than successor to his great deeds. By that time the False Decretals were enshrined with the halo and power of immemorial antiquity.

The work of Nicholas was not destined to bear immediate fruit. With his death, or rather that of his immediate successor, a great change passed over the Papacy. The Holy See sank to the lowest depth of impotence; a thousand spoilers laid hands on its treasures, while its spiritual powers became the weapons of vice. For the next two hundred years the history of Rome is one of awful omen—of popes, wretched when not wicked, rapidly following one another into bloody graves; of shadowy emperors struggling for the rent mantle of Charles, and over all a deluge of barbarism—Saracens, Huns, Normans—and a darkness that could be felt. From the special standpoint of the Papacy it is perhaps best summed up as the era of struggle between the popes and the city.

II

In the theory of the Roman Empire the city of Rome forms an integral and important part. She was its heart and centre; the seat on earth of that supremacy which came from above. Hers was the splendour of memories, the brightness of hopes; hers also the glory of an empire beyond compare. She had been exalted to be a holy city, a chosen people; her foundations were on the holy hills; her builder and maker was God. She had given laws, religion, and language to the world; it was meet that the nations should bring their glory and honour to her feet. But while men who knew her not thus thought of Rome, in the city itself was turmoil and misery. The very recollections of a nobler past but added to, as in one sense they were the cause of, her present shame. Long centuries of parasitism had eaten out the vital force of her citizens. She had a name to live, yet she was dead, and no continued existence of senate or consuls could recall those moral and political conditions which had made her the mistress of the world. Her only commerce was a regular trade in the corpses and relics of saints, and the profits from the innumerable pilgrims to this second Jerusalem, where every article that our Lord and His

apostles had touched or worn could still be seen. Her people were a poverty-stricken rabble, ready to attach themselves to the highest bidder. Her nobles, the upstarts of revolutions, were divided into factions, whose quarrels and bloodshed were incessant. But both people and nobles, mistaking memories for facts, were unwilling to submit to any spiritual overlord. For centuries the history of the city of Rome is the history of her struggles with the slowly growing power of the popes, a warfare not even accomplished in the memory of many still living. Never, in fact, in the history of the world has there been a more extraordinary illustration that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country. To the rest of Europe the Pope was the vicar of God. Kings like Cnut journeyed from afar that they might receive his blessing. He dwelt in an Eden of beauty, where the gates of heaven were never shut. His spiritual thunders were more potent than legions of armed warriors. But to the city of Rome he was the sport of faction, to be raised, deposed, reverenced, or murdered, according to the varying mood and largesse of the hour. "In this struggle," says Gregorovius, "continued as it was for centuries, the only allies of the Romans were the walls of Aurelian, the Tiber, the malaria,

and the shades and monuments of their great ancestors."

It was this sense of antagonism between themselves and the people that had caused the popes to cling so long to the protection of the Eastern emperors. When after the Iconoclastic Controversy hope in this direction became impossible, Leo turned, as we have seen, to the Franks, whose king, first as Patrician and then as Emperor, became the sworn defender of the Holy See. But with the downfall of the sons of Charles (888) there came for Italy and Rome sixty years of stormy independence. The evils of this anarchy were universal, but by none were they more felt than by the popes. They found themselves at the mercy of the city. Excommunication, that inexhaustible armoury of the Lateran, had no terrors for the tumultuous nobles. Familiarised with it by long centuries of usage, and safe within the three hundred towers which they had erected within the ruins of Rome, or the fortresses with which they girdled the Campagna, they laughed at the weapons so potent with distant kings and trembling nations.

By the usage of centuries the Pope had been elected through the popular vote. Hitherto the evil results of this method had been checked by the veto exercised by the Emperor or his Exarch.

With the loss of that supervision the people became aware of their tremendous power. The faction that by violence or fraud could control the election and win the prize for itself secured opportunities of universal power of which Nicholas had not dreamed. Rabble and nobles alike were not slow to seize their chance. On the death of each pontiff Rome was thrown into indescribable anarchy. Mobs sacked the Bishop's palace, and carried off all on which they could lay hands. By long usage this custom had grown to be considered a lawful right. In the streets were the struggles, not without bloodshed and rapine, of the rival bands, each anxious by fair means or foul to seat their candidate on the vacant throne. The successful claimant succeeded to a plundered treasury; only by fresh exactions could he satisfy the greed of the licentious ruffians by whose aid he had attained his spiritual pre-eminence. But even these crimes did not fill up the measure of Rome's woes. Without the gates Saracens and Huns plundered and ravaged at will. Cities were burned without inhabitant, the holy places destroyed, the monks massacred. In 846 they sacked St. Peter's, carried off its treasures, and broke up the huge bronze coffin in which, according to universal belief, lay the mortal remains of the Prince of the Apostles. For thirty years,

such was the terror of the roads, no pilgrim succeeded in bringing his gifts to Rome. "If all the trees of the forest were turned into tongues," wrote John VIII., "they could not describe the ravages of these impious pagans." At one time the capital of Christendom was in no small danger of becoming, like New Rome at a later date, a Mohammedan city. But John, who resisted these attacks with daring and skill, found that a man's foes are they of his own house: his brains were beaten out by a mallet (882). We need not wonder that a bishop of the times compares mankind to "the fish of the sea, who live by devouring each other."

Darker deeds were yet to follow. In 891 there was a violent struggle for the vacant see. The imperial or German party triumphed, and consecrated Formosus Bishop of Portus, at one time apostle to the Bulgarians. Such election was no doubt uncanonical, for the rule against the translation of a bishop from one see to another had not yet been repealed. Add to this, that he had been excommunicated by Pope John as an accomplice in a conspiracy to murder him. His life was spared, but he had sworn never to return to Rome. From this oath he had been absolved by John's successor. After a reign of four and a half years, Formosus was

removed by poison. His successor reigned but fifteen days, and was followed by Stephen VI., the elect of the nobles of the national party. Then followed an event the like of which even Rome in her pagan days had never witnessed. Stephen summoned the dead Formosus to appear in person before his tribunal and answer for the crimes he had committed (February 897). The corpse was taken from the grave where it had lain eight months, clad in its vestments of honour, and enthroned in the council chamber before the assembled cardinals and bishops. Then Stephen

> springing up, cried furiously,
> "Bishop of Porto, wherefore didst presume
> To leave that see and take this Roman see,
> Exchange the lesser for the greater see,
> A thing against the canons of the Church?"[1]

As no answer came from the ghastly mummy or his trembling counsel—

> a deacon who, observing forms,
> Was placed by Stephen to repel the charge,
> Be advocate and mouthpiece of the dead—

the Synod pronounced sentence of condemnation.

[1] See the fine use made by Browning of this incident in *The Ring and the Book*, "The Pope." The incident of Formosus, like that of Honorius, is a very difficult one for the defenders of infallibility.

His papal vestments were torn from him, the three fingers of his right hand hacked off—

> The same three fingers which he blessed withal,

and, amid the curses and jeers of the rabble, the body was dragged through the streets and thrown into the Tiber. The same year the Lateran, the mother church of Christendom, fell into ruins: well might men feel that it was the act of God, an omen of the impending downfall, not only of the Papacy, but of society itself. For seven years it lay in heaps, ransacked by the Romans in search of buried treasures. Meanwhile Stephen did not escape unpunished. A few weeks later he was seized by the German party, thrown into prison, and there strangled. The body of Formosus, rescued after many days from the Tiber, was borne in state to St. Peter's, and his memory vindicated by a new Synod. In 904 the new Pope, Sergius, his bitterest opponent, cursed him afresh. So the merry game went on, while the hungry sheep became meat for every beast of the field, neither did any shepherd search for the flock. It is a sufficient history of the period to add that in eight years eight popes were elected and overthrown.

But even the struggle of faction was better than the rule of infamous women that followed.

By Catholic historians, Baronius for instance, the Church history of the next age has been summed up as the rule of harlots. For years Theodora and her daughter Marozia—two women noble by birth, but unable either to read or write—bestowed the papal crown on their lovers. John X. owed his elevation to his mistress, Theodora. After fourteen years of not inefficient rule, he was surprised in the Lateran, and smothered in St. Angelo by the order of Marozia, her daughter, who, on her mother's death, had seized the city (926). Two shadows followed; then this woman bestowed the crown on her son, John XI. (931). By the justice of destiny she perished the next year at the hands of her other son, Alberic, under whose rule successive pontiffs were but puppets, whose sole use was to lend their names to bulls that they did not originate. At length, in 962, Otto the Great, in power and wisdom a second Charles, who had restored the Roman imperium to the German nation, found time to attend to the affairs of the Papacy. The ruling Pope was John XII.,[1] the son of Alberic, a boy of sixteen, who had turned the Lateran into a brothel. Otto assembled the clergy and people, forced them to swear that henceforth they would elect no Pope

[1] The first pope who changed his name. It had been originally Octavian.

without his consent, while the Pope took the oath of fidelity to the Emperor. No satire on the condition of the Papacy could be more bitter than Otto's attempt to excuse John's immoralities: "He is still a lad," said the Emperor, "and will learn to control himself by the example of nobler men." For the next forty years the Roman See, under Nicholas so formidable a tribunal for kings, lay at the feet of the Emperor. The popes were his creatures, elected or deposed at his will. They had exchanged the servitude of vice for the dominion of the temporal power; but in so doing they had not found peace. Their usual fate was to be thrown by some insurgent faction into St. Angelo, and there strangled or starved to death, unless rescued by some counter revolution. Boniface VII. literally stepped to the throne across the body of his dying predecessor. He ruled by a reign of terror, tearing out the eyes and tongues of opposing cardinals. On his fall in 985, his corpse was dragged through the streets and thrown under the statue of Marcus Aurelius; a picture whose irony suggests many reflections. Of the antipope, John XVI., the nose, tongue, and ears were slit, his eyes torn out, then clad in his papal vestments the vicar of God was placed backward on a miserable ass, and led through the

crowd to the dungeon in which he disappears. The lowest depths of papal degradation were not yet reached. During the first half of the eleventh century the Papacy, as if it were some robber castle or broad champaign, became the hereditary possession of the Counts of Tusculum. In May 1012 they seized the Lateran, and appointed one of their band, a mere layman, known as Benedict VIII. Judged as a secular prince, his rule was not without power. Saracens and robbers were held in check. He was succeeded in 1024 by his brother, the prefect of the city—"Senator of all the Romans"—who retained his lay dignities even as Pope John XIX. Such was his ignorance as an ecclesiastic, if such he should be called, that he had not so much as heard of that foundation of papal power, the False Decretals. After him arose another scion of the house, a lad of twelve, Benedict IX. (1033). A thousand years had gone by, as men deemed, since the year of the Crucifixion. As the thoughtful looked round on the world they sighed for the end. The chair of St. Peter was a count's fief; a boy more criminal than Heliogabalus in his shameless debauchery was acknowledged by kings as the head of the Church. The circle of time had brought back the age of Nero. It needed not that the prophets of the day should be carried away in

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the spirit into the wilderness to behold the great whore, in whose hand was the golden cup full of the filthiness of fornication. Rome was filled with the robberies and murders of this prince of bandits. In despair at his crimes, an effort was made to strangle him at the altar as he said high mass. At the critical moment courage failed; the conspirators on their way to their crime were overtaken by an eclipse of the sun. At length, in 1044, the populace rose in revolt, and after a three days' struggle elected an anti-pope, Sylvester III. He reigned for forty-nine days, then was driven out. But Benedict was tired of the Papacy and its constant terrors of revolution. He was desirous also of marrying his cousin, so on 1st May 1045 he sold his rights to a rich priest, John Gratianus, for the revenue of Peter's pence from England (about £1500). It is a sufficient comment on the degradation to which the Papacy had been reduced that this sale does not seem to have struck men as a special scandal. Perhaps this was because of the character of Gratian. Though rude and simple, he had the negative virtue—in those days rare in a pope—that no crime could be imputed to him. So the better-minded hailed his elevation as the hope of better times. At first his efforts for reform were vigorous. He

spent his days at the head of his troops, trying to disperse the robber bands who infested every road. At length Gratian's means were exhausted. Anarchy once more claimed her own. The only bridge over the Tiber to St. Peter's was held by one Cinthius, who subjected citizens and pilgrims alike to systematic plunder. If pious hands still placed their gifts on the altar, Roman nobles forced their way in and snatched away the treasure. Three popes were living in Rome at the same time: Benedict, who had returned, in St. Peter's; Sylvester, in St. Maria Maggiore; and Gregory VI. (Gratianus), in the Lateran. In despair, clergy and people sent an urgent message to Henry III., begging him to assume the imperial crown and save the Papacy from utter ruin. "We admit," said they, "that we have been so thoughtless as to appoint idiots as popes. It now behoves your imperial power to give the Roman Republic the benefit of law, the ornament of manners, and to lend the arm of protection to the Church." Thus the Romans, in their horror of the Tusculan anarchy, handed over to the Emperor the rights for which they had struggled for centuries. Henry came, bringing with him in his train a young Italian, whose name was Hildebrand.

III

The reader must not suppose that this picture of papal wickedness and weakness has been overdrawn. That were impossible. On the other hand, it were unfair to imagine that every pope was either the sport of faction or a monster of depravity. There were some that had visions of higher things, and struggled, though vainly, against the flood of iniquity which threatened to submerge the Church. Especially was it reserved for two Germans, Gregory V. and Sylvester II. (999–1003),[1] the latter to his contemporaries a marvel of piety and learning, to strive for a reform of the Papacy. At that time, however, it was beyond their power.

Not less awful than this abysm of papal degradation and pollution were the vices and wrongs within the Church itself. Here was an Augean stable in which adultery and theft were among the virtues of an age addicted to more abominable and unnatural crimes. The iniquities of that time must lie concealed in Latin; society to-day would not tolerate their translation. Peter Damiani,[2] the friend of Hildebrand, and

[1] For Sylvester, see p. 204.

[2] Damiani (d. 1072) was one of the most remarkable men of the day. See detached note, p. 62.

one of the leaders of the reform party, has pictured the age for us in his work *Gomorrhianus*, the title of which is as suggestive as it is true. This book was published with the approval of Pope Leo IX. His successor judged, not without reason, that its faithful description of existing vices was too polluting to be given to the public. So he carried it off from its author and locked it up within a casket. But it was not possible to lock up the sins themselves. Their cry went up to heaven for vengeance. Drunkenness and debauchery were universal; the foulest crimes were commonly practised by priests of all ranks. We are told by a contemporary that in Rome in the year 1040 "it would have been very difficult to find a single priest who was not illiterate, simoniacal, or had not a concubine." When Hildebrand began his reforms, he found within St. Peter's sixty married laymen who were daily accustomed to delude foreigners and steal their offerings by reading mass in the vestments of cardinals. At night the cathedral was made the scene of incredible orgies. The house of prayer had become a den of thieves; the steps of the altars were constantly polluted by lust and murder. "They struggled together," adds another concerning the priests of Milan, "who should have the most sumptuous dresses, the most

abundant tables, and the most beautiful mistresses." These followers of the apostles could only be "distinguished from the laity by their mode of shaving their beard." Almost without exception they bought and sold the gift of the Holy Ghost. The bishops bought their sees from the emperor or king. In their turn they sold the inferior offices and the parish benefices, oftentimes by open auction. In Italy there was a fixed tariff; for the bishopric of Florence the price was three thousand pounds. Damiani calls the bishops "heretical brigands"; he adds that it was easier to convert a Jew than to bring a prelate to repentance. On both sides of the Alps, "from the head of the Church to the porter at her gates,"—to use the words of Henry III.,—simony was the one door into the Church. We need not wonder that they who entered in were chiefly thieves and robbers. When Hildebrand was the legate in Gaul of Victor II., the stern reformer deposed forty-five bishops who confessed that they had bought their sees. At a later date he wrote to Hugh of Clugny that it was hard to find in the Western Church any bishop legally appointed. Here and there were notable exceptions, for God is never without His seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. When Otto the Great ap-

pointed the monk Gunther to the bishopric of Ratisbon, he asked him what he would give as payment. "Nothing but my shoes," was the answer. But Gunther stood almost alone, for the princes of the age either imposed on the Church the meanest of their creatures or sold the sees and abbeys to the highest bidders. At one time the Archbishop of Rheims was a child of five, while bishops under age were general.

In the monasteries matters were as bad, save where the Cluniacs strove to uphold the ancient discipline. Take, for instance, this picture from the celebrated imperial convent of Farfa. In 936 two of the monks murdered the abbot and seized the abbey. For years they ruled as joint heads, carrying on a perpetual struggle with each other, or squandering the convent's estates on their followers and soldiers. One of them was the father of seven daughters and three sons, whom he ostentatiously brought up in princely luxury. Like abbots like monk; each had a mistress with whom he openly lived. That these women might not be without bravery, the consecrated vestments of rich brocade were turned into dresses, the altar vessels melted down into earrings and brooches. In spite of all attempts at reform by brethren from Clugny, this state of things went on for fifty years.

Obnoxious puritans were quietly removed by poison or strangled in their beds. Such instances of corruption might be multiplied. The above will suffice; in its depravity in no wise an exaggeration of the age. On all hands the invisible kingdom of Satan was displayed; he who would climb to honour in the Church must first worship its prince. "All men would have thought that Christ and His saints were asleep." The tables of the money-changers and they who trafficked in the souls of men stood unblushingly in His holy Temple.

A study of the condition of the outer world is needless. With the Church hopelessly sunk in every vice and weakness, the whole head sick and the whole heart faint, we must expect to find a secular life the misery and crime of which was appalling. Of its helpless evils we have now no means of measuring the magnitude. Dean Church has well pointed out that by the close of the tenth century "Christian teaching can hardly be said to have leavened society at all. Its influence on individuals, so vast and astonishing, was no measure of its influence on society at large. It acted upon it doubtless with enormous force, but it was an extraneous and foreign force, which destroys and shapes but does not mingle or renew." It could conquer an

empire, it could put a bridle in the mouth of barbarians, and transform one by one sinners into saints, but the traditions of society at large were undiluted heathenism. The application of inward religion to the round of life in the shop and the castle, the home and the camp, was an ideal of which as yet the world had hardly begun to imagine the possibility. "Let a man throw himself into the society of the day, and he found himself in an atmosphere to which the religion of self-conquest and love was simply a thing alien or unmeaning, which no one imagined himself called to think on." In its conflict with the barbarians who had overwhelmed the degraded Latin civilisation Christianity had conquered, yet at times it might seem as if the chief result were to make barbarism more superstitious and cruelty more ingenious. It were the easiest of tasks to find illustrations of vice, coupled generally with an astonishing religious scrupulosity, which would have brought a blush to the pagans of Rome. But such stirrings of cesspools would serve little purpose. They would only show, what we might otherwise expect, how gradual was the transformation of society, and how little fitted as yet were men either for liberty of thought or self-government.

We must remember also as another element

in this dissolution of morals the fatal effect of the prevalent belief that the world was growing old and perishing, that with the year one thousand, or, at latest, with the anniversary of the Crucifixion, there would dawn the end of all things. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is ever the cry of a civilisation that sees no future. Add to this that which was in some respects the cause of this demoralisation, the lawless savagery of the barbarian conquerors. Danes and Normans, Saracens and Huns, successively ravaged the land. Like the locusts of Joel, nothing escaped them: the remnant that was left of one horde was devoured by the next. A vast anarchy swept down upon every country of Western Europe. It was an age of Egyptian darkness, of unclean spirits like frogs, of devils working miracles, and of a great hail out of heaven every stone about the weight of a talent. It was an age when men blasphemed God because of the plague, for the plague was exceeding great. It was an age in which religion itself was bound to be superstitious, for only the superstitious was awful, and only the awful could control men's passions. It was an age which, by its weakness, crime, and misery, made the reform of the Papacy and the dominion of Rome an unavoid-

able necessity. But for the centripetal influences of that absolute power, the centrifugal forces of the times would have resolved society and religion into a war of chaotic atoms. The countries of Europe would have become like England under the Octarchy. Every city was striving to be an independent government; every count was aspiring to be a sovereign. Not even "the truce of God"[1] could have saved the world from a struggle for existence unredeemed by few elements even of chivalry. In that ferocious Armageddon the warfare, but for the Church, would have been without discharge; the fittest might have survived—at the expense of whatsoever things were beautiful and true and pure. On the back of the famous chair which tradition from the second century onward claims as the chair of Peter, we see to-day a row of ivory panels engraved with the labours of Hercules. A fitting symbol this of the task that amid such confused barbarism the Papacy was called upon to fulfil, nor is its significance lessened when we discover that some of the panels are so carelessly affixed that they are upside down.

[1] Treuga Dei, first established by the bishops of South France in 1041, prohibited private war from sunset on Wednesday to daybreak on Monday.

NOTE

Damiani and the Penitential System

Damiani (d. 1072) was one of the most remarkable men of the day. He was one of those enthusiasts whom Rome has never failed to produce, especially in the hours of her need; and whose ecstasies she has used for her own purposes. So the cool and calculating foresight of Hildebrand made use of the ardour of Damiani and his fellow hermits. Damiani was the apostle in the eleventh century of hermit life, and set himself to reform its morals. His great remedy was more penance, of which he ordained a new form. He was the teacher and father of the Flagellants. The commutation of sins for payment was an old Teutonic idea that had long been applied to church life. (For some excellent remarks on the Penitential System see Milman, ii. 69–73.) Damiani encouraged a new development. "According to the canon, a year of penance was equal to twenty-six solidi or thirty thalers for the rich, to three solidi for the poor. A day's penance was, however, equal to twenty strokes on the hand or to fifty psalms; a year of penance was therefore equivalent to three thousand strokes rightly counted, that is if accompanied by the singing of psalms." But Damiani was a far greater man than his system. "As Hildebrand represents the statesmanlike head of the Church, so does Damiani her sensitive heart." For further details of his life, see Gregorovius, vol. iv. pt. 1, Milman, vol. iii., or Montalembert, vol. v.

CHAPTER III

THE WINNING OF THE HEATHEN

Lift up thine eyes round about and see: they all gather themselves together, they come to thee. . . . Strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee.

ISAIAH lx. 4, 10.

AUTHORITIES.—NEANDER is very full, especially for the Teutonic Missions. His results are conveniently summarised by HARDWICK, *Church History, Middle Ages*, with valuable notes by Bishop Stubbs. MILMAN is good, but unequal. MONTALEMBERT, *Monks of the West* (Ed. Gasquet), full and enthusiastic. For England, Norway, and Denmark, see also GREEN'S *Making of England* and *Conquest of England*. For the Huns, GIBBON, c. 55. For the work of Theodore of Tarsus, see STUBBS' *Constitutional History*, i. c. 8; also article in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*. For the Eastern Church, STANLEY may be sufficient. A more favourable view of this Church than I have taken will be found in ALLEN'S *Church Institutions*, i. c. 10, which also brings out fully the work of Boniface. See also for this last, Stubbs *s.v.* in *Dict. Christian Biog.* and *Dict. Biog.*

For the Anglo-Saxon Church, see W. HUNT, *English Church from its Foundation to the Norman Conquest* (1899), with full bibliography. BRIGHT'S *Early English Church History* (new ed. 1897) is also very full. The chief original source is BEDE, *Historia Ecclesiastica*. Best edition is by C. PLUMMER, 1896; English translation of BEDE in Bohn, Ed. Giles; also by Dent. The great work of HADDAN and STUBBS' *Councils* is for experts only. But every student should master GEE and HARDY, *Documents Eng. Ch. Hist.*, pp. 1–50. For monographs note: MASON, *Mission of St. Augustine* (1897).

For the Irish Church, add STOKES' *Ireland and the Celtic Church*. There is a careful study of Columban in HODGKIN'S *Italy and her Invaders*, vol. vi. A good survey of the Irish missions is in HADDAN, *Scots on the Continent* (*Remains*, Ed. FORBES, 258–294). For recent literature on Cyril and Methodius, see BURY'S *Gibbon*, vol. vi. App. 12.

THE WINNING OF THE HEATHEN

I

IT is pleasant to turn aside from this picture of struggle, so alien to the teachings of Jesus and the methods of the apostles, to the record of missionaries and their toils. For it is the chief glory of the Church of Rome that amid all weakness and faults her sons have never forgotten the last commission of Jesus. Nor will the student inquire too carefully what measure of self-seeking and political aggrandisement may perhaps be mixed with her purer motives. He will recognise that in the harvest-field of Christ the tares and the wheat grow together; that not all is good, while all is far from being evil. He will rejoice over the conquests of the Cross, that notwithstanding every way Christ is preached, though he may mourn over the wide difference which separates the holiest of her soldiers from the one Divine Pattern.

We have already alluded to Gregory the Great as "the real father of the Mediæval Papacy." Not the least factor in his work were his projects

for the conversion of the heathen. Never, in fact, was the need for missions so great as in the three centuries which followed the death of this Pope. Gregory's enterprise came only just in time. If Christianity, humanly speaking, was to be saved, it could only be by persistent aggression. On every hand her dominion was threatened and her borders straitened. The first irruptions of barbarians had broken upon the Roman Empire only to be at once assimilated by its higher civilisation, and converted by its dominant religion. Not so with the hordes that in later years swept across a country already exhausted by earlier struggles. Not only Britain but all Europe east of the Rhine and north of the Alps was lost to the Cross. But a blow even more serious was to come from the East. When Gregory died Mohammed (b. Ap. 570) had not yet begun to believe in his own mission. Within thirty years Syria had fallen in two great battles before the irresistible might of the new fanaticism. Before the century was completed, not only North Africa and Egypt, but even the most fertile districts of Spain, had exchanged their Christianity for the creed of their Mohammedan masters. The great victory of Charles Martel at Tours (732) alone saved France from the same fate. At one time (849)

it seemed as if Rome herself would become a Mohammedan city; the coasts and islands of Italy had already fallen to the Saracen fleets. Only by the vigorous aggression of her sons could Christianity win a new empire in place of the two continents she had lost. It is no discount from the gain of civilisation if we remember that in thus enlarging the borders of the Church Rome was also establishing her wider authority. Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem had perished; Constantinople was absorbed in her own defences; Rome alone remained to wage war with both pagans and Crescent, and to win as a reward new dominions for her spiritual Cæsars.

The story of Gregory's conversion of England is too well known to need repetition. Nor need we now enter upon the disputed question as to the influence and share in this good work either of surviving British Churches or missionaries from Ireland. For all practical purposes the answer is evident. Rivalry and conflict alike worked to the same result. Whatever may have been the influence of the Irish, or the power of survivals, it was Rome that in the long-run reaped the harvest of credit and reward. Others may have toiled, she alone entered into their labours. For a while, indeed, it seemed as if the great Celtic Church was destined to reverse the

course of history, and make Armagh and not Rome the centre of the West. In Italy, France, and Spain, Christianity had for a time exhausted itself in its struggle with barbarian or Saracen. Ireland, whose miseries were yet to come, alone seemed to preserve unimpaired the life and light of the early faith. This was her golden age: her familiar title was the "Island of the Saints." Her schools were the universities of the West. No dangers or disappointments could chill the enthusiasm of her missionaries. When the Roman Church in Kent shrank into inactivity before the heathen reaction, its place in the conversion of England was taken by her sons. The Picts of the Highlands, the Frisians amid the swamps of Holland, even the dwellers in far-off Iceland, were reached by their labours. Her typical saint was Brendan (578), who crossed the ocean "through a thick fog" that he might find an earthly Paradise "beyond which shone an eternal clearness"; the epic of whose voyages in later years inspired Columbus. Even David, the apostle of Wales, was the son of an Irish mother. It was from the Irish monastery of Columba in Scotland that another Irishman, Aidan, sailed for the conversion of Northumbria (635), fixing his see at Landisfarne. From this island missionaries poured forth to the conquest

of the surrounding heathen. One of them—Ceadda or Chad—founded the great Midland see of Lichfield; his brother Cedd was the apostle of Essex. It was from the Irish mission station of Melrose that Cuthbert, a peasant of the Lowlands, set out to carry the story of the Cross to the remoter villages of the Cheviots, as yet unreached in their heathenism. But the Church of Ireland was utterly lacking in all powers of organisation. Alone of the countries of the West, Ireland had formed no part of the Roman Empire. Her life, laws, and customs still stagnated in that hopeless individualism from which the genius of the Empire might have saved her as it did the Celts in France. The same result may be noticed in her Christianity, which owed nothing to Rome, and therefore was without Rome's two great gifts of cohesion and law. Established by two slaves from Gaul—Patrick and Bridget—it was from the very first tribal rather than national. Its organisation was almost wholly monastic; the old clans re-organised under a monastic form and counting up their monks by thousands. Her bishops, at one time not less than three hundred, had neither government, diocese,[1] nor income. In

[1] Dioceses in Ireland were not formed until the Synod of Rath Breasail (1141). For Brendan see a poem of Arnold.

fact her Celtic enthusiasm was more than balanced by her Celtic anarchy. We cannot, therefore, deplore that Rome appropriated the labours of others to herself, and that through the passionate fanaticism of two men—Wilfrid of York and Benedict Biscop—she more than regained the ground she had lost. If Armagh had won, England would have suffered the fate which in after years befell Ireland. She would have been hopelessly cut off from those civilising influences which contact with a wider and more organised world alone can give. The struggle of Rome with her Celtic rival was ended by the Synod of Whitby (664). The one side appealed to Columba, the other to St. Peter. "You own," cried King Oswiu, wearied with the interminable arguments, "that Christ gave to Peter the keys of the kingdom of heaven; did He give any such power to Columba?" On hearing the reluctant "No," "Then," said Oswiu, "I will obey the porter of heaven, lest when I reach its gates he should shut them against me." The Irishmen, in disgust, sailed back to Iona, and the English Church, hitherto divided in allegiance and usage, was henceforth one within herself and in her obedience to Rome. The arrival of Theodore of Tarsus (669) completed the conquest. As Metropolitan of England, he arranged her sees,

brought to an end the free wanderings of her earlier bishops, made episcopal supervision a living thing, and established national synods, whose annual meetings for consultation and direction showed lines of national unity and development that led in later days to one kingdom under one Council of the Wise. The triumph of Rome was complete when Theodore ordered the reconsecration of churches that had been blessed by other than her bishops, and the reordination of those admitted to orders by their hands.

II

Equally great in its results was the conquest of Germany beyond the Rhine. Here again the first pioneers were from the Irish monastery of Bangor in Ulster. Through her disordered and immoral condition the Gallic Church had done nothing for the conversion of her neighbour. This was left for the labours of the saintly Columban. The future rival of Benedict was born in the year that the Patriarch of Monte Cassino died (543). As he grew older he heard incessantly a voice, "Get thee out of thy country into the land which I will show thee." So at the age of thirty he crossed over from Ireland to Gaul. There he founded his great convent of Luxeuil on the site of an old Roman town,

reduced by Attila to ashes, and overgrown by the forest jungle. So great became the number of his monks, that he organised a service where night and day the voices of the brethren, "unwearied as those of the angels," arose in unending song. At the age of sixty he was expelled by the infamous Brunhild, when he withstood her sins to her face. So with his Irish brethren he set off to reach the still pagan regions beyond the Rhine. His first abode was at Bregenz, on Lake Constance. There we see him, with characteristic impetuosity, breaking the boilers in which the heathen prepared their beer for Woden, and throwing the gilded idols into the lake. When driven thence by the fury of the priests, his faith did not fail: "The God whom we serve," said he, "will lead us elsewhere." So he crossed the Alps, and spent the eventide of life in building the monastery of Bobbio among the Apennines, and writing tracts against the Lombard Arians (615). His rule, in later years everywhere displaced by that of the milder Benedict, was of the most rigid: perpetual silence, pulse and water, daily fastings, two hundred stripes for speaking to a woman without the presence of a third person, and the like.

The labours of Columban were followed up by those of other evangelists. From their great

monastery of Luxeuil the Irish missionaries spread everywhere from the shores of Brittany to the forests of Bavaria. No monastery of the Middle Ages was more noted than that of St. Gall. Its name commemorates an Irishman (d. 646), the friend of Columban, before whose preaching, in the native dialects of Swabia, the spirit of flood and fell fled wailing up the mountains, crying, as with the voices of women, "Where shall we go? for he prays continually, and never sleeps." One evening he arrived at the place where the torrent of the Steinach hollows for itself a bed in the rocks. As Gall was about to kneel in prayer, he was caught by a thorn bush, and fell. The deacon ran to his assistance. "No," said the saint; "here is my chosen habitation, here is my resting-place for ever." So he arranged two hazel boughs in the form of a cross, passed the night in prayer, and began the next day to build the monastery which in later times gave its name to a canton. On the labours of other Irish missionaries, space forbids us to dwell. The chief, perhaps, was Kilian the apostle of Franconia (d. 689).

But more important in its effects was the mission work of the English. No sooner had they received the gospel themselves, than they hastened to spread its knowledge in their native

German forests. "Thus," in the enthusiastic words of Montalembert, "the Christianity of half the world has flowed or will flow from the fountain which first burst forth on English soil." The first of these apostles was Willibrord (d. 741), who by forty years of devotion won for the Church the districts round Utrecht. Greater than he was a Devonshire man, Winfrith, the apostle of Thuringia, better known under his name of Boniface. Born at Crediton (680) of wealthy parents, and famous for his learning, he lived until middle life in the Benedictine abbey of Nutsall, or Nursling, near Southampton. While engaged in teaching, there came to him the call to carry the gospel to the land of his fathers. After his first fruitless effort he made his way to Rome to seek aid from Pope Gregory II. Armed with the papal commission, and promising obedience to the Roman See, he then returned to his task (719). For five-and-thirty years we see him in labours more abundant and journeyings oft, now hewing down the sacred oak at Geismar amid the terror of the heathen; now struggling with the opposition of the Irish; preaching, baptizing, founding schools and monasteries, and dividing into bishoprics his vast territory from the Rhine to the Elbe. In all this he was zealously aided by his English com-

panions; while English ladies not a few had crossed the Channel that they might share in the perils and joy of his missionary labours. Such was his success that in one year he baptized one hundred thousand converts. In 738 he was sent by Pope Gregory III. to Bavaria, to bring that disorganised Church "into harmony with the traditions of the Roman See." This accomplished, in 744 Pope Zacharias appointed him his vicar, to take in hand the reform of the Church in Gaul. Here the need of his efforts was indeed great. The condition of that Church, which had hitherto maintained a certain independence of the Roman See, was deplorable. Some even of its priests were runaway slaves [1] or criminals, who had assumed the tonsure without any ordination. Its bishoprics were regarded as private estates, and were openly sold to the highest bidder; its monasteries were chiefly in lay hands. For eighty years no Synod had been held. The Archbishop of Rouen could not read; his brother of Treves had never been ordained. He had succeeded his uncle, who had held at the same time the three sees of Treves, Rheims, and Laon. Drunkenness and adultery were among the lesser vices of a clergy

[1] In some tribes freemen were forbidden to be priests. This was passed lest the armies should suffer.

that had become rotten to the core. In the five councils at which he presided, Boniface dealt firmly with these evils. At the same time, he exacted from all "unity and obedience to the See of Rome." In Germany as the Metropolitan Archbishop of Mainz, in France as the Vicar of the Pope, he thus ruled the Church on both sides of the Rhine. In his seventy-fourth year he abdicated his mitre. By a singular privilege granted to him by Pope Zacharias, he was allowed to choose his successor. He appointed Lullus, an Englishman from Malmesbury (753). Freed now from official cares, he determined to devote the remnant of his days to the humble labours of a missionary, the perils of which he deemed nobler than the honours of his crosier. Murdered by the pagans of Friesland (June 5, 755), he thus obtained the fitting crown of his devoted service. Few nobler men have ever lived; certainly none have, by the toils of a lifetime, added provinces so vast in their extent and value to the kingdom of Christ. Thus were the lands of Luther, Grotius, and Melancthon won for the gospel. For the time being, also, they were won for Rome. There is exaggeration in the statement that with Boniface "began the conquest of the episcopate by the Papacy," but, like other exaggerations, it witnesses to a truth.

Boniface was the first missionary bishop to take the oath of allegiance to Rome. One result of his work was to hand over the organisation and control of the new German Church to the Papacy. It was through Boniface that "the German Church excelled not only the French but all other Churches in submissiveness to Rome. At the Synod of Tribur (895) the German bishops declared 'The Roman Church is our master in church discipline; therefore let us patiently endure the yoke laid upon us, although it be scarcely tolerable'" (Döllinger). What the legions of Varus had failed to do, was more than accomplished by the spiritual soldiers of her new Empire. The sons of them that had afflicted her bowed before the majesty of the new Augustus.

III

Civilisation and Christianity had alike reeled under the shock of the barbarians and the onset of the Saracens. The West had scarcely begun to recover from the holy war of Mohammed when the thirst for plunder woke again in the North and East. Swarms of Wikings, secure in their command of the sea, descended on every coast, swept up the rivers to burn the inland cities, and destroyed with indifferent ferocity church,

castle, and monastery alike. "Deliver us," ran the litany of the times, "deliver us, O Lord, from the frenzy of the Northmen." This was echoed in Germany and Italy by a similar prayer, "Deliver us, O Lord, from the frenzy of the Huns." Heathenism, in fact, in the ninth and tenth centuries had flung itself in a last desperate rally on the Christian world. It was the final conflict of Thor and Woden and misshapen Asiatic monsters with the gospel of the Cross. In the Empire itself—I use the word for convenience, to designate the older parts of Europe—the victory of Christianity was as rapid as it was complete. To the Huns we shall later recur; but the rapidity with which the Normans took the impress of the Latin civilisation and adopted the religion of their new conquests is one of the most remarkable points in the character of a remarkable race. At the commencement of the tenth century the Northmen were still heathen, the terror and scourge of the alien Christians around them. In their constant wars their amusement was to throw children into the air and catch them on the points of their spears; their drinking-cups were sometimes human skulls. But by the end of the century the Norman pirates had forgotten their native land, its language and rough customs, and aban-

doned the worship of Woden for that of the "white Christ," embracing their new faith with a zeal and intelligence which bound them more closely than other lands to the service of the Church. At the same time, they brought into it, but chastened and transformed, all the poetry and wild fancy which had thought of the thunder as the hammer of Thor, and heard in the wind the mighty war-cry of Woden. It is in Normandy that we first see the breaking of light on the darkest ages of the Church. There the new and nobler spirit became a national enthusiam. Monasteries arose in every glade, while her schools of Bec and Avranches became the universities of the West. Thus the Wiking pirates gave new life to Christendom, and by their energy aroused Europe from its long sleep.

But we are anticipating. Long before this happy result the aggression of the Wikings had been met by the counter aggression of the Church. Intrepid missionaries, with their lives in their hands, had sought out the Arabs of the sea amid their own forests and fiords. The noblest of these was Anskar, well named the "Apostle of the North." Born (801) near the great monastery of Corbey in France, he grew up devoted to prayer and study. For him the heavens were ever open. One day, he tells us, he beheld

the ranks of the heavenly host, while from the midst of immeasurable light there came a voice, "Go, and return to me again crowned with martyrdom." So with a single companion he set off in 826 for Schleswig, ransomed a band of native youths out of slavery, and established a school. In 831 he crossed over to Sweden, where Christian slaves carried off by the pirates had spread some knowledge of the truth. Two years later he was consecrated Archbishop of Hamburg, which had been selected as a convenient centre for the Northern missions. The next year he betook himself to Rome, promised allegiance, received the pall and ecclesiastical authority over the nations of the North. He returned to his work to find that the pirates had ravaged his see, while his missionaries in Sweden had been expelled by the heathen. "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord": so saying the intrepid monk set to work to build up once more his annihilated labours. "Be assured," said he to his heartbroken companions, "that what we have undertaken to do among these nations will not be lost, but will thrive more and more, until the name of the Lord extends to the uttermost bounds of the earth." Such faith deserved success. After seven years of

further toil, he regained the love of the Swedes; while in Jutland the hostility of the king was disarmed. With increased funds, given by annexing the see of Bremen (847), aided also by a timely nomination as imperial ambassador, he set off for the court of King Olaf of Sweden. Such was his success, that the nobles determined that the future toleration of the faith should be allowed if confirmed by an appeal to the heathen lots. Providence watched over this curious transaction, and henceforth in Sweden there was an open door for the preaching of Christ. Before he died, Anskar saw the triumph of the Cross, not the less sure because it was slow. On 3rd February 865 this intrepid warrior of God passed to his reward. Disappointed in his long hope of dying a martyr, he welcomed as some compensation his severe bodily pains. "Have we not," he said, "received good from the hands of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" He prayed much "for this one miracle, that out of him, by His grace, God would make a good man." His last words, repeated as long as he could speak, were these: "Lord, be merciful to me the sinner."

Anskar's last letter was a prayer to the Germans not to slacken in their missionary labours. For a while, however, the good work

was delayed by the irruptions of pagan Northmen; while in Denmark it was almost destroyed by the violent reaction under Swein. He drove out the priests, and destroyed the churches; but his son, the great Cnut (1014–1035), with zeal stimulated by the crimes of his father, never rested until Denmark as a nation was won for Christ. By his pilgrimage to Rome in 1027 he brought his northern realms into union with Latin Christendom; while his treaties with the masters of the Alpine passes secured safety for English pilgrims to the papal city.

From England, also, had the gospel first penetrated into Norway. But the forces of evil were at first too strong, and after half a century of struggle, in which violence was the common refuge of both sides, little real good had been accomplished. At length Olaf the Holy (1017–1033) broke the foreign yoke of his country, hitherto the chief obstacle to the spread of the religion of its masters, demolished every stronghold of the pagans, and effected their conversion either by violence or by his English missionaries and their schools. But only slowly did this wild country soften down into Christianity; for its persuasion was rather of the sword than the Spirit.

Nothing is so remarkable in the history of the Church as the way in which new converts

at once seek to win others to the faith. The struggle in Norway was still in the balance when, in 996, Olaf Tryggvason sent the gospel to Iceland. Within three years an Icelandic convert—Leif—set off as an apostle to Greenland. Thus were the glad tidings carried from one country to another, and the wild men of the North brought within the fold of the Church. Before the twelfth century the worship of Woden was dead, and the Cross everywhere triumphant.

IV

Among the Slavs also the gospel proved the power of God unto salvation. In Moravia the work was begun by two remarkable Greeks—Cyril (called also Constantine the Philosopher) and Methodius.[1] They were both men of considerable experience. The one had been sent in 860 to labour among the pagans of the Crimea; while Methodius had taken no small part in the conversion of the Bulgarians (860). In his work among this people—next to the Huns the most terrible and hated of the Asiatic invaders of Europe—he had used a method to reach their consciences not singular to his age. By his skill as a painter he represented the Last Judgment with such horror of the damned, that

[1] See Appendix, p. 308, for a revised life.

Bogoris the king was literally frightened into baptism. In 863, Methodius and Cyril arrived in Moravia. They reaped at once a harvest of conversions. The first labour of Cyril was to invent an alphabet for the yet unwritten Slavonic, and then render into the vulgar tongue the New Testament and the Psalter. A hundred years later, on the conversion of Vladimir (988), this version of Cyril, with its quaint Greek letters, was at once adopted by the Greek teachers of Russia as the national Scriptures. The fate of Cyril is doubtful; but in 868 Methodius sought in Rome, through the pressure of diplomatic reasons, his consecration as Metropolitan of Moravia. But though he had thus come under the jurisdiction of the Latins, he used to the end of his life the creed and ritual of the Greeks, nor would he abandon the reading of the Scriptures in the vernacular. John VIII., who had at first forbidden the service of God in a barbarous tongue, was convinced by his argument from the Psalms that God had made other languages than Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. A compromise was passed—the Gospel was first to be read in Latin, and then translated into the language of the people. The last years of Methodius were embittered by the attacks of his German fellow-workers, who desired to reduce the

Moravians into dependence on the see of Passau. Its fate, however, was to be linked with Bohemia. There also the first seeds of the truth had been scattered by the active Methodius (871). The ensuing struggle with heathenism was long and severe. In 936 the saintly king Wenceslaus was murdered. During the eight years of his reign he had founded churches in every city of his realm, and shown forth a religion pure and undefiled, by visiting the fatherless and widow in their affliction, redeeming the slave, and clothing the poor. His brother, Boleslav the Cruel, was at the head of the heathen conspirators: "God forgive thee, my brother," cried Wenceslaus, as they cut him down. But the years of heathen reaction could not stamp out the work which he had accomplished. With Boleslav the Pious (967–999) there was the dawn of brighter days. The Bohemian Church was organised (983) under the learned Adalbert, the first bishop of Prague. His zeal against polygamy and the slave trade stirred up the wrath of the heathen; while within the Church his Germanising spirit, which had forbidden the Slavonic ritual, imported from Moravia, and substituted the Roman, led both parties to unite in his expulsion. But Rome had won; and in 1080 Hildebrand forbade all further use of the vulgar tongue.

A few years later the monks who adhered to it were expelled and their service-books destroyed. But the national feeling, so strong among the Slavs, could not be crushed. Three centuries later Huss and Jerome found a country ripe for revolt.

The conversion of the Poles presents few features of interest. This was accomplished rather through the coercion of its dukes (966). Here it is sufficient to mark that from the first it had a strong leaning to Rome. Under Casimir I. (1034–1058), who was educated at Clugny, the Slavonic ritual was abolished, and Roman liturgies and customs introduced in its place.

In one district of the North alone was the hold of paganism more lasting. The savage Wends, who dwelt between the Elbe and the Oder, obstinately refused until the middle of the twelfth century to forsake their idols. Here the work was hindered by a reason, common elsewhere, but to which as yet we have not alluded. In all the missions we may detect the presence of political influences and the evils of national strifes. Through this nations had been born in a day; to this also must be attributed, especially in Denmark and Norway, the strength of heathen reactions. The King of Denmark put his finger on the weakness as well

as the strength of many of the missionaries when he said that "they were accompanied by those whose mind was more keen on the gathering of tribute than the conversion of the Gentiles." The Wends, like the Saxons in the days of the great Charles, ill brooked their subjection to the Empire. They looked on their missionaries as the allies of oppression. It was to little purpose that bishoprics were founded with a centre at Magdeburg (967). At every opportunity they were destroyed by fire and sword. Equally fruitless were the efforts at a later date of Gottschalk their king, who for twenty years laboured for the conversion of his people. In 1066 he and his missionaries were beaten to death with clubs, and sacrificed to their war god Radegost. Their heads were then fixed on poles in the temple of Rethre. Not until 1133 did Albert, the Bear of Brandenburg, beat down into a reluctant Christianity these dwellers round the modern Berlin. Their chief apostle was the saintly and indefatigable Vicelin (1125–1154).

Even in Eastern Europe the enthusiasm of her missionaries won for Rome a province that should have fallen by rights to the see of Constantinople. From the close of the ninth century until Otto the Great (955) shut them up within

their present boundaries, the Huns were the terror of Europe. They swept over the West like a stream of fire, uttering cries that none could understand, and massacring the Christians by thousands. Their slaves were countless; through them, also, the glad tidings was first carried to their masters. The work thus strangely begun by the ravages of war was furthered by the toils of German missionaries, and completed by Stephen, their first king (997–1038). To him it was given to found alike both Church and State. From the first he drew close to Rome, from whose pope, Sylvester II., he had received his title (1000). Thus a race of Tartars, whom the legions of the Cæsars had never conquered, bowed before the majesty of the new empire of Rome, while hordes of grim warriors, so long the terror of the Church, became its bulwark against the advance of the Turks.

V

The standing reproach cast by the Latin Church in the teeth of her sister of the East is her barrenness; that Constantinople and its dependencies can show no missionary operations comparable to those we have already examined, and others that in every age have emanated from

Rome and its subject Churches. The reproach is true, though its cause lies deep in the mysteries of human nature itself. The Eastern Church, like the East, has ever been stationary and immutable; the Western Church, like the West, aggressive and flexible. It is characteristic of the East that for centuries in the Church of Alexandria, and still in that of Armenia, the dead hand of the first bishop has been employed as the instrument of consecration by each succeeding generation. It is characteristic of the West, that the Latin Church, entering on her career amid the crash of a falling empire and the wild chaos of barbarian hordes, should realise that for her the method of salvation lay in a constant aggression, controlled and organised by a new imperialism. The one great addition to the Greek Church, the conversion of the Russians, though in itself it lies outside our scope, presents many features that shed a strong sidelight upon the Papacy. Russia is the only country of Europe Christianised without the agency of missionaries by the sole command of its Prince. In place of Augustine of England, Patrick of Ireland, and Boniface of Germany, we have its Tsar; Vladimir Isapostolos, Vladimir equal to an apostle (988). In the West the Pope rose to imperial supremacy because men

turned in despair from a world of warring kings and princelets to the one independent power that stood for righteousness. In Russia Eastern autocracy from the first strictly subordinated the spiritual power to the secular, or rather, invested both in one supreme head, to the loss of righteousness and civilisation alike. If Russia had come under the sway of Rome, it is possible that she would have passed through a similar historical evolution to the Tartar Hungarians or the Slavs of Bohemia and Moravia. In that case, only imagination can compute the loss which the world has suffered by the refusal of Vladimir to subject himself to the spiritual supremacy of the Pope.

Before we pass away from the conversion of the nations, it may be well to meet an objection and point a conclusion. These wholesale conversions, it may be urged, were but nominal, formal, and external. Christianity gave to barbarism hardly more than its superstition, turning its cruelty into the new channel of hatred for unbelievers and heretics. It scarcely cleansed the outside of the cup and platter; within, it was as of old, full of extortion and excess. All this is true and more. Nevertheless, it is one of those half-truths which are more false than any lie. Let us hear in this matter the wise words of Sir

James Stephen: "Where is that country and what is that time in which Christianity has been more than this amongst the great multitude of those who have called and professed themselves Christians? The travellers in the narrow way, who are guided by her vital spirit, have ever been the 'chosen few.' The travellers along the broad way, wearing her exterior and visible badges, have ever been the 'many called.' And yet he who should induce any heathen people to adopt the mere ceremonial of the Church, to celebrate her ritual, and to recognise, though but in words, the authority of her Divine Head, would confer on them a blessing exceeding all which mere human philanthropy has ever accomplished or designed. For such is the vivifying influence of the spirit of the gospel that it can never be long otherwise than prolific of the highest temporal benefits to all, and of the highest spiritual benefit to some in every land which acknowledges it as a rule of life, and receives it as a system of worship."[1] To the same effect also is the verdict of a modern thinker: "Christianity," says Ritter, "offered itself and was accepted by the German tribes as a law and as a discipline, as an ineffable, incomprehensible mystery. Its fruits were

[1] *The Founders of Jesuitism*, p. 130 in *Collected Essays*.

righteousness and works and belief in the dead word. But in a barbarous people this is an immense advance, an inestimable benefit. Ritual observance is a taming, humiliating process; it is submission to law; it is the acknowledgment of spiritual inferiority; it implies self-subjection, self-conquest, self-sacrifice. It is not religion in its highest sense, but it is the preparation for it."[1] There is in fact an evolution in the world of religion in the same way as there is an evolution in the world of nature. "When I was a child I thought as a child" is a truth that applies in the widest sweep. The stages of growth in the religious life of nations and individuals are ever the same—"first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear"; but before all this there must be the casting of the seed in the earth.

One result of this nominal and rudimentary conversion must not be overlooked. Its very superficiality rendered easy the supremacy of Rome. Superstition is ever the characteristic of the heathen; conversion and civilisation but slowly destroy its hold. Upon its follies and terror, as well as its reverence and awe, Rome securely founded her vast system of sacerdotal privilege and papal pretension. It was this that

[1] *Hist. Christ. Philos.*, quoted by Milman.

added lightning to her spiritual thunders; it was this that made men invest the actions of the saints and the possession of their relics with the constant recurrence of the miraculous. The reaction of the barbarian on the Church can be seen in the materialised superstitions which to the modern mind seem sometimes to differ but slightly from the grossest idolatries. We see the same tendency at work in the Dialogues which Gregory the Great sent to the Bavarian princess, Theolinda. The only excuse for the wild legends with which they are filled is that Gregory profoundly believed them, and succeeded by their means in weaning the Arian Lombards to the true faith. The history of Latin Christianity is the demonstration that childishness, as well as wisdom, is oftentimes justified by her children. Rome grew because she was, in fact, as the modern biologist would phrase it, both in creed, organisation, and ritual perfectly adapted to an imperfect environment. She ruled the age because she represented in herself its weakness as well as its strength. A premature Protestantism, with its spiritual methods, its independence of material aids, its appeal to the individual intellect and conscience would have been the flinging of pearls before swine. Protestantism is in fact the triumph of the indivi-

dual conscious of his supreme value and his direct relation to God. In Protestantism, as in the theology and ethics of St. Paul, the individual becomes a law unto himself because he has become conscious of the unity of that self with a higher self. Romanism, on the contrary, tends to merge the individual in the organised society; her way to the kingdom is rather through obedience than the development by the individual of his full powers. But every thoughtful man will own that in the nursery, whether of the world or the home, obedience to organised authority must come first; only through such obedience, mechanical even and formal, will the child and the nation attain, in the fulness of times, to the higher growths of intellect and soul.

CHAPTER IV

HILDEBRAND AND THE STRUGGLE WITH THE EMPIRE

That pope was undoubtedly a great man, a second Athanasius in a more fortunate age of the Church.

GIBBON, vi. 204 n.

AUTHORITIES.—MILMAN, NEANDER, GREGOROVIUS, MONTALEMBERT; BOWDEN, *Gregory VII.*, 2 vols. (full, accurate, but dull; first good life in English). The best English life of Hildebrand is A. MATTHEWS, largely taken, though without sufficient acknowledgment, from the great German monograph of MARTENS, *Gregor. VII.* The best shorter sketch is W. STEPHENS' excellent *Hildebrand and his Times*, or the earlier essay of Sir J. STEPHENS, impartial, though at times inaccurate, republished in *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*. VINCENT'S *Age of Hildebrand* (imperialist) is poor. Of the older sketches TRENCH, *Lectures on Mediæval Church History*, may be mentioned. The volume deals also with the Iconoclasts, Monasticism, etc. The student will find many light-bearing references to Hildebrand in FREEMAN'S *Conquest*. He should also study POOLE, *op. cit.* c. 8; ALLEN, *op. cit.* c. 11; BRYCE, c. 10, for what may be called the theory of the subject.

For Gerbert, who inspired Arnulf (p. 98 *infra*), and whose letters are full of revolt, see *Epistolae*, Ed. HAVET. The documents of the investiture controversy should be studied in DÖBERL, *Mon. Germaniæ Selecta*, vol. iii. pp. 16–60. Note the *Dictatus Papae*, p. 17, attributed (wrongly) to Hildebrand or HENDERSON, *Select Hist. Documents* (translation).

Note also C. LEA, *Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy* (see p. 124 ff. *infra*), cc. xii., xiii. and xiv. for the great celibate movement and the troubles of the Pataria at Milan.

HILDEBRAND AND THE STRUGGLE WITH THE EMPIRE

I

TO the modern observer, transported back to the eleventh century, taking his stand in the Eternal City, and surveying thence in the light of recent history the condition of Church and State in the middle years of that epoch, nothing would have appeared more unlikely than the erection of the Papacy, at any date short of the Greek Kalends, into a great system of spiritual and temporal supremacy. The see of Rome, and to a lesser extent the whole organisation of Latin Christianity, seemed to be fast sinking into a hopeless abyss. Whatever should be the outcome of the future, he would have argued, the one certain impossibility is an immediate and universal papal despotism. Yet at the very moment when to more than one Daniel come to judgement the Papacy seemed as an institution to be on its trial, to be weighed in the balances and found wanting, when her prerogatives were questioned and her pretensions mocked, she was destined to spring, as it were

by one leap, from the lowest depths of degradation to the profoundest eminence in imperial claim which has ever been allowed to any throne, ancient or modern, theocratic or secular.

The fact is incontestable; nevertheless, we must beware of exaggerating its wonder by looking at the matter through modern spectacles. We may allow with Voltaire that "it is astonishing that under popes so scandalous and so weak the Roman Church lost neither its prerogatives nor its pretensions."[1] But, after all, this astonishment is chiefly the child of changed conditions. We may safely assert that it had little place in the age itself. That which seems to us almost miraculous by its contradiction of all the demands of a more sensitive conscience would seem to the eleventh century perfectly natural. For, in the first place, we must remember that the scandals detailed in our last chapter were largely hidden from all eyes save those of the immediate actors. Rome was far off; even the higher churchmen were as a rule indifferent to, if not profoundly ignorant of, events transpiring in the

[1] The remarkable speech of Arnulf—in spirit that of Gerbert—at the Synod of St. Basol, near Rheims (991), which depicts the degradation of the Papacy, and fearlessly proposes an entire secession from its authority, is practically an isolated case. It is given in full in all the histories. See Milman, iii. 338; Neander, vi. 132. Its importance is often exaggerated.

capital of Christendom. We have an instance of this in the letters of Anselm. Over four hundred have been preserved, written for the most part during the memorable years of the rule of Hildebrand. But in Anselm's correspondence there is not a word which shows us that he had so much as heard of the humiliation of the Empire at Canossa, or the wild scene on the eve of Christmas in the crypt of St. Maria Maggiore. Even the bishops seem often to have been unaware of the name of the reigning popes, an ignorance that finds some excuse in the rapidity with which shadow followed shadow on the seat of St. Peter. We may therefore take it for granted that the common people and the lower clergy were ignorant alike both of the papal crimes and their consequences. Revolutions and infamy disturbed not the ideal sanctity with which, in the imagination of Western Christendom, the Pope was arrayed. Further, we must remember that even if at rare times some rumour of scandal reached the outer world, "the great body of Christians in the West," as Milman truly observes, "would no more have thought of discussing the character of the Pope than the attributes of God." The incongruities of life and profession which shock a more sensitive generation had no effect upon an age in which

separation between doctrine and morality was not only complete, but even seemed perfectly natural. They cared only for the continuity of his office; of the man himself they were anxious for neither the name nor character. To all men the Pope was the vicar of God, wrapped round with clouds of mystery and awe, nor did they question that a wicked pope, if such there were, wielded the thunders of heaven. Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, had fallen from his place; he had not lost his powers as the Prince of the Air, with whom even God must compound. So wickedness at Rome was a theological mystery into which the people cared as little to inquire as into the origin of Satan or the nature of transubstantiation. The papal powers of damning and blessing were awful facts, with which personal eccentricities of character could not possibly interfere.

We must note also as an element in this papal revival that there was nothing whatever to take the place of the Papacy. Its premature fall would have left an impossible vacuum both in politics and thought. In reality, paradoxical as it may seem, its very degradation prepared the way for its advancement. At all hazards the Bishop of Rome must be reinstated in his old dignity and power. For such a result the wise man would not too carefully count the cost. The

times, in fact, were waiting for the man. As is usually the case, the man also was waiting for the times. Nor should we forget that in another respect Hildebrand found his work made easy for him. The age was ripe for reform. The second wandering of the nations, with its wild days of crime and darkness, was at last over. Huns had been civilised into Christians; Scandinavian pirates had become the foremost champions of the Church which at one time they had ruthlessly destroyed, the advanced advocates of the civilisation they had outraged. The night was far spent; on all hands there were signs of the breaking of a new day. In Germany, through the influence of St. Bruno (965), the long ruined fabric of education was once more being restored, masters secured for the schools, and manuscripts collected. Men everywhere were looking for the advent of a new culture and a higher standard of life among the priests of God. Hildebrand and the reformers had on their side the moral consciousness of a Europe awaking from a long night of barbarism and the fevered dreams of lust and blood, to a new life and larger hopes.

II

Hildebrand was a child of the people, the son of a carpenter in the Tuscan village of Saona.

As the lad showed signs of genius, he was sent to Rome, to be brought up by his uncle in the convent of St. Mary on the Aventine.[1] There he met Odilo of Clugny, and returned with him to that monastery. His later history is somewhat obscure, and it is not until 1046 that he first comes into the full light of day. He was then at the court of the great Emperor, Henry III. In the previous year, as we have seen, the Papacy had reached the climax of its disgrace, by Benedict's sale of the succession to the rich priest Gratianus, who assumed the title of Gregory VI. Henry determined to interfere. He marched on Rome, deposed the anti-popes, accepted the resignation of the weak but well-meaning Gregory, nominated a bishop of his own to the Papal See, received at his hands the imperial crown, and returned to Germany, carrying with him in his train both the deposed and the newly elected pope. It is the highest testimony to the character of Gratianus, that among those who cleaved to him in his fallen fortunes was this young man, who retired with him to Cologne as his chaplain. At a later time he vindicated his memory by choosing as his own title Gregory VII.

Henry had determined to save the Papacy

[1] The date of Hildebrand's birth is uncertain, perhaps 1020 His name is a Lombard one, variously twisted by his enemies into "hell-brand," "fire-brand," etc.

from what seemed inevitable ruin by subordinating it to the crown and infusing into it Teutonic blood. On the death of his first pope, Clement II. (1047), he nominated another German bishop. The Romans received him, but in three weeks he was carried off by fever or poison. Then Henry sent another of his bishops, the saintly Bruno of Toul. Bruno had met Hildebrand, and so impressed was he with his clear genius, that he begged him to return with him to Rome. As the tale runs, which if not true, is at anyrate characteristic, Hildebrand refused. "I cannot go," he said; "for without canonical institution, by the sole power of the Emperor, you are about to seize the Church of Rome." Bruno was startled. He seems himself to have felt that the imperial power was going too far. So he promised Hildebrand that he would not accept the honour unless he should be elected to it, according to their ancient privileges, by the clergy and people of Rome. So, bare of foot and in the humble dress of a pilgrim, the pope-elect took his journey to Rome. There he was welcomed with enthusiasm, for a saint in the chair of St. Peter had all the attraction of novelty. His first act was to appoint Hildebrand a cardinal-archdeacon and abbot of the great monastery of St Paul's, outside the city

gates. Leo IX. at once began a remarkable movement of reform in the Church at large. His activity was extraordinary; three times in five years did he cross the Alps. We find him everywhere, now in the far south of Italy, now at the consecration of the Church of St. Remi at Rheims, preaching from the roof of a house to the vast throngs that blocked the streets, now in Germany, now even in Hungary; everywhere holding councils, canonising saints,[1] deposing bishops, excommunicating sinners, and building up the Church in righteousness and purity. By his vigilance and holiness he restored the Papacy to its former spiritual pre-eminence. At Rome itself he left the great task of cleansing the Augean stable to Hildebrand and his friend Peter Damiani. The last year of Leo was scarcely in keeping with the real greatness of his life. In an expedition against the Normans he had been made prisoner at Civitella (1053), and detained nine months at Benevento, though with all outward honour. At length, with broken health, he was allowed to return to Rome. As he grew worse, he was carried to St. Peter's. There he was placed before the

[1] The earliest undisputed instance of canonisation by a pope seems to have been in 993, of Ulrich, Bishop of Augsburg. The custom grew rapidly.

high altar to die, the church hung round with black, and illumined only by the funeral candles. Leo ordered his coffin to be placed by his side. "My brethren," said the dying man, "behold the mutability of human things. The cell which was my dwelling when a monk expanded into yonder spacious palace; it shrinks again into this narrow box." With his last breath he handed over to Hildebrand, who was absent in France, the care of the Church (1054).

Hildebrand showed his wisdom in the choice of successor. He singled out Gebhard of Eichstadt, a friend of Henry, and hitherto one of the foremost opponents of papal encroachment. The result was the same as in the later case of Thomas à Becket. But neither Victor II.—for that was the title he assumed—nor the Emperor lived long enough to quarrel. On 5th October 1056, Henry breathed his last in the arms of the Pope. Though barely thirty-nine, he was worn out with the toils and cares of a great life. He had exalted the Empire to the meridian of its power, while in Rome no monarch had ever been so absolute. If he had lived, the struggle of the Papacy to assert its independence would have worn a different aspect. But his strong hand was removed from the helm at the moment of crisis. He left his vast domains and his

control of the Papacy, as hereditary Patrician, to his son Henry, a perilous legacy for a child of six confronted by the astutest mind of the age.

On the death of Victor, the acclamation of the Romans, now once more seeking to recover their lost honour, placed the tiara on the head of Frederic of Lorraine, an enemy of the Empire, who, as Stephen IX., rewarded Hildebrand with the title of Archdeacon of Rome. Before his death at Vallombrosa, eight months later (1058), Stephen gathered round him the representatives of priest and people, and made them swear that they would elect no successor until Hildebrand's return from Germany. But the opportunity was too tempting to be resisted. In the dead of night a band of conspirators, under the Count of Tusculum, seized St. Peter's, plundered its treasures, and elevated to the throne the anti-pope, Benedict X. The cardinals remained faithful to the absent Hildebrand and thundered their anathemas, while no prelate could be found to consecrate. Nevertheless, for a year Benedict maintained himself as Pope in the Lateran, but on Hildebrand's return he was deposed and degraded, while Gerard of Florence was installed as Nicholas II. (1059). In this, Hildebrand had the sanction of the Empress-Regent. But the great pope-maker had long

groaned at the subordination of the election to imperial nomination and confirmation. Hitherto he had used the Emperor's protection, with its sequence of German popes, to bring about needful reforms, and to keep down the factions at Rome. He felt that the time had now come, not only to rescue the papal election from the influence of the Roman mob, but also to cut off its dependence on the German crown. But to do this he would need an armed force on whom he could depend. The distant Germans might be overawed by his spiritual thunders, but the nobles at his gates were too long accustomed to these weapons of a long line of degraded pontiffs. The only argument they recognised was the sword. In this crisis the genius of Hildebrand turned the defeat of Civitella, which had broken the heart of Leo, into a most brilliant victory for the papal power. He foresaw that this Northman race would form a dynasty in Italy, and that were it conditionally recognised a twofold advantage might be derived. So, in 1059, Nicholas entered into an alliance with the former enemies of the Papacy. He granted them, in the name of St. Peter, with superb disregard of any legal right, the investiture of all their conquests. These henceforth they would hold as fiefs of the Holy See. The Normans, on their part, placed at

his service "in the protection and extension of the royalties and possessions of St. Peter," an armed force without an equal in Europe. With the blessing of the Pope, and spurred on by the hope of gain, they at once broke down the castles of the robber barons, and freed the Papacy from the tyranny at its gates.

Hildebrand felt that the time had now come to attempt his schemes. In April 1059 the second Lateran Council ordained that henceforth the exclusive right of voting at papal elections should be in the hands of the college of cardinals.[1] The consent of clergy and people was reduced to a mere form. The rights of the Emperor were adroitly reduced by ambiguous words to a mere personal honour; while the election was for ever removed from the control of civic faction by the decree that in times of disturbance it should no longer be necessarily held in the city; a Pope elected elsewhere, though not enthroned, should have full authority. At this momentous Council not one German bishop was present. Neither Empire nor city intended quietly to surrender their rights. For some years, like Herod and Pilate, they were one in a common struggle against the new Papacy and its master. On

[1] For the original meaning of "cardinal," a matter of some importance, see Hatch, *Organisation, etc.*, p. 206.

the death of Nicholas, the nobles sent to Henry the symbols of the patriciate—the mitre, the green chlamys, and the ring—and urged him to give a Pope to Rome. They desired, they said, a Lombard, a determined opponent of celibacy, and therefore of the party that was the sworn foe of Hildebrand. Hildebrand retorted by forcing the timid cardinals to elect Anselm of Lucca, Alexander II. (1061), while the imperialists a few weeks later, at a Synod at Basel, elevated Cadalous of Parma, the anti-pope Honorius II. Cadalous seized the impregnable St. Angelo, and for three years defied the authority of Alexander, bribing the people, as we are told, with furs and gold. One pope sat in the Lateran, the second in the tomb of Hadrian, singing masses, and heaping anathemas on the other's head; while the streets of Rome, where every monument of antiquity provided a natural fortress, was the scene of a constant civil war.

At length the schism was healed, and Alexander ruled the Church under the protection of Hildebrand's friend, Matilda, Countess of Tuscany. The Empire, in fact, was in too troubled a state to interefere; for Hanno, Archbishop of Cologne, had stolen the boy Henry from his mother (1062). The Regent Agnes, thus shorn of her power, came in disgust

as a penitent to Rome, clothed in black, and riding a sorry ass. Her jewels and dresses she gave, as the bride of Christ, to the different churches. Henceforth she served Hildebrand as a willing instrument whereby he could work on Germany. As for Alexander, he travelled much, and left the control of affairs with his archchancellor. The twelve years of his rule were years of patient growth, in which vigilant aggression and a crusade of reform were guided alike by one far-seeing mind. The master-stroke of Hildebrand's genius was the papal blessing on Duke William's conquest of England. An intensely national Church, slow to adopt monastic reform, wedded to clerical marriage in spite of Dunstan,[1] using English in place of Latin, was thus brought under the direct influence of Rome, and ruled by Lanfranc, the learned champion of Roman doctrine and Roman rights. The after results of the field of Senlac were seen in the work at a later date of the saintly Anselm. Thus, while the Empire was yearly weakened by internal dissensions, not only England, but all parts of Western Europe, including Hungary, Spain, and Scandinavia, were gradually drawn within the papal grasp. Only in Rome itself did

[1] For the real Dunstan see Green's *Conquest* or, better, Stubbs' *Memorials of Dunstan*. Milman is untrustworthy.

the Papacy still remain weak. There, Cencius of the faction of Cadalous, still defied the Pope, blocked up the access to St. Peter's, and seized the bridge of Hadrian; while Cinthius, the city prefect, instead of delivering Rome from this footpad, took to preaching penitential lay sermons in St. Peter's.

On the death of Alexander, Hildebrand proclaimed a three days' fast, after which the cardinals were to proceed to election. But in the midst of the solemn requiem in the Lateran, a great shout arose, as it seemed spontaneously, from every part of the crowded building, "Hildebrand! The blessed Peter chooses Hildebrand!" The funeral service was interrupted that the cardinals might announce to the people that they had that day elected "a man of religion, strong in the double knowledge of things human and divine, brave in ill fortune, moderate in good fortune, a good man, chaste, modest, temperate, hospitable, promoted by the merit of his life to the highest rank, the Archdeacon Hildebrand, whom for the future and for ever we choose, and we name Gregory VII., Pope." (April 22, 1073.) Thus the carpenter's son, so long the power behind the throne, "Lord of the Pope" as he was commonly called, whose greatest gift was his power of waiting, at last took the throne which he was destined to make

supreme over potentates and powers. Gregory, true to his past, only notified Henry of his election. His failure to sue for the usual ratification was an omen of the conflict now to begin between the two world powers — the Roman Church and the Roman Empire.

III

Before the death of Alexander, Hildebrand had already summoned Henry, now out of his minority, but with a mind fatally corrupted for their own ends by the ecclesiastics who had controlled his training, to answer at the papal court for "the heresy of simony." Though with his election to the Holy See, the citation was quietly dropped, it yet marks how completely Hildebrand had settled the lines of his policy. At this point it may be well to sketch in what that policy really consisted.

It was a dream of the ancient Stoics that all things would be right if only a thinker who despised the world could be brought to govern the world. This happened once in the pagan empire in the case of Marcus Aurelius; it happened again with Hildebrand. Dreamers not a few have imagined a vast theocratic state, the sovereign of which should be the regent of God. Such was the ideal of Israel; such also, as we have seen, was the underlying basis of the

Holy Roman Empire. But in this last there was a dual headship, and against this Hildebrand rebelled. Before his prophetic soul there rose a vision of a vast United States of the World, at the head of which, supreme over kings and governors, should be the Bishop of Rome as vicar of God. To the several states of this gigantic Federation should be left the maximum of home rule consistent with the full control and responsibility of an infallible sovereign, who should answer "on the dreadful Day of Judgement before the Just Judge," not only for the right discharge of his own spiritual duties, but also for the conduct of the royal underlings through whom he ruled the world. The business of kings was to maintain order, dispense justice, develop commerce and well-being according to local needs and usage. They were the pro-consuls, with larger powers, of a world-wide empire, from every part of which must lie an appeal unto Cæsar, "who alone held the keys of heaven and hell, who alone was able to bind and loose on earth as in heaven,"—we quote Hildebrand's own words,—"to give and to take away, according to the merits of each man, empires, kingdoms, marquisates, duchies, countships, and the posessions of all men."

The modern mind is dizzy with the awfulness

of such pretensions. They seem to us little less than blasphemy; only rightly to be summed up in the phrase made familiar in a modern epitaph, "If I were God." But to the men of his times they would not have this ring. His deductions were the logical working out of premisses which none denied, which had become part of the creed of the Church. In those days men believed in the divine right of kings as unquestioningly as we now hold to the law of gravitation. Hildebrand only interpolated one further remove: the divine right came to the throne through the Pope, to whom, as all men believed, God had delegated His authority. Said Gregory, in a syllogism that to the times seemed absolutely correct, "If Peter and Paul judge spiritual things, what must we believe to be their power over earthly things? If they judge the angels who rule over princes, what can they not do to their slaves?" So when Gregory applied to himself his favourite prophecy from Jeremiah, "See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out and to pull down, to build and to plant," there was no criticism higher or lower to find fault with his exegesis or its conclusions. So far as we can judge, Gregory alone trembled at his own deductions—not at their daring, but at their

responsibility. The tale of his writing to Henry to beseech him to refuse his sanction to his election is one of those inventions which bear witness to a hidden truth. His private letters to Lanfranc and others are full of the tumults of a mind conscious of human infirmity called upon to bear infinite responsibility. The sincerity of his convictions is beyond cavil. In his speeches, we see him with uplifted hand and eyes addressing St. Peter, as if to him the apostle was a living captain for whose command he waited. The mortal head of an immortal dynasty, he feels that on his slightest action the spirits of light and darkness look down with anxious interest.

Nevertheless, in his acts there was no shrinking or timidity. The Kings of Denmark and Poland were informed that their kingdoms owed tribute to the Holy See. What was more, they paid it; for over them swung what Gregory called "the sword of apostolic punishment." To the grandees of Spain he wrote "that the kingdom was of old time the property of St. Peter, and that notwithstanding its long occupation by pagans it still belongs to no mortal." If the King of France would not relinquish his traffic in holy things, then his subjects should be released from all further obedience. As for the

Gallican bishops and their fears of the royal displeasure, "it is useless," wrote Gregory, "to speak of them." They counted little with a man who at one time had laid every archbishop in France under excommunication. When Solomon, King of Hungary, proved refractory, Gregory dethroned him for a rival who was glad to acknowledge himself the Pope's vassal. When Robert Wiscard and his Normans broke their allegiance, he did not hesitate to excommunicate his own allies. In every part of Europe we find his legates carrying out the behests of the clear brain that from the chair of St. Peter was controlling the spiritual and temporal affairs of men. Nothing seemed to escape his notice: the barbarous treatment of shipwrecked mariners, the cruelties inflicted on Danish witches, the sale by the Scots of their wives, as well as the weightier matters of the law. Only in England did Hildebrand meet a check. "I hold my kingdom of God and of my sword," was the answer of the great Conqueror as he refused the required oath of fealty.

We need not stop to weigh Hildebrand's conception in the balances. The verdict of history is unanimous. This splendid conception of a great central power raised above the disturbances of worldly life, judging monarchs and

nations alike by the dry light of truth and righteousness, dispensing justice and mercy on the evil and on the good, has been found wanting. It has faded with the common light of day, or rather has been found to hide beneath its dreamy splendours untold corruptions and abuses. Its Pope Angelico is as purely imaginary as Tennyson's ideal king or Plato's ideal republic. Its very immensity has proved alike its impossibility and destruction. Its triumph would have been the death-knell of all liberty, as in fact its partial realisation was destined to prove. But for all this we cannot blame Hildebrand. From the Nebo of his gigantic speculations he surveyed a future that seemed to him flowing with milk and honey. Behind him were the dreary sands and the sterile wastes, the hopeless struggles of mobs and kings, and the slow stagnation of death. From his lonely elevation he sees a new world, where the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, where fraud and wrong shall give place to truth and peace, and where the sword of the Lord and of Peter shall put to flight the hosts of darkness. All this he saw or dreamed; he could not see that not with such observation was the coming of the kingdom of God. Like the Puritans, he made an attempt to realise the impossible; they

on the more democratic lines of Geneva, he by the autocracy of one supreme vicar of God. Both alike failed, but their very failure has enriched the world. Hildebrand—whom Voltaire called a fool and Condorcet a knave—is one of the few supreme dreamers who have left the impress of their thought on the history of all succeeding ages. We may even allow, with the hostile Gregorovius, that *if* his dreams could have been carried out in the purity and scope of their creator—it is an impossible *if*—they would have constituted "almost the highest earthly form in which mankind could have seen the expression of its unity and harmony." Whatever his shortcomings,—and judgement on Gregory can never be unanimous,—this much his bitterest detractors must allow: Gregory's was the triumph of mind and soul over brute force. He demonstrated that ideas are more powerful than the sword, and that the mailed hand is powerless against spiritual conviction. In this, at least, Hildebrand was on the side of the angels.

But Hildebrand was no mere dreamer; nor did his visions ever cloud his clear appreciation of the needs of the moment. He was fully conscious of the difficulties that lay before him. In the first place, Pope and Church must alike be made worthy of their high calling as a separate

and governing caste. Reform must be complete both in head and limb. As regards the Papacy, much had been already accomplished. The degradation and vice of the Holy See no longer threatened ruin to the Church. The good work had been begun by the emperors when Hildebrand was still a young monk. They had rewarded themselves with the patronage of the Papacy, which had thus exchanged its more degrading dependence on the mob for control by the crown. This last dependence Hildebrand, by clever diplomacy and the long minority of Henry, had reduced to a shadow. He had completed this work of emancipation from mob and throne by his law of election through the college of cardinals. He was now preparing not only to throw off all remaining dependence on the Empire, but to reverse the relations, and to make the throne the footstool of the Pope. Then, at the head of the princes of Christendom, he would redeem the sepulchre of the Lord, and crush the rising power of the Moslem;[1] thus he would strengthen his weaker brethren, and

[1] The idea of the "Crusades" originated with Hildebrand. "In the pious enthusiasm of Urban II. at Clermont we miss the political wisdom of Gregory VII. Urban could animate but could not guide the zeal with which men's hearts were full; and, instead of the scheme of organised conquest which

through their gratitude win back into reunion with the apostolic see the Churches of the East.

As regards the body of the Church, there were two evils that must be rooted out. The one was simony, or the traffic in holy things; the other the moral condition of the clergy. Simony was the crying sin of the age. In part it was the consequence and curse of wealth. When St. Francis preached his gospel of poverty, he did not need to take anxious thought against the evil of simony. That sin belongs only to fat livings, and the broad acres of abbot and prelate. In the Church of the Little Poor Brothers of Assisi, by the nature of things, it could find no place. In part, also, simony was the result of the feudal system, which had woven imperceptibly round the Bride of Christ the bonds of custom and law. The larger livings were held in fief from the crown, which had slowly gathered into its own hands all the rights of election. Bishops and abbots had thus become rather secular princes than ambassadors of Christ. They had their rights of toll, of coinage, of civil jurisdiction; they were burdened with military duties. They differed in little, save greater

Gregory had mapped out, he kindled a wild outburst of fanaticism which led only to disillusionment."—CREIGHTON, *History of the Papacy from the Great Schism*, vol. i. p. 19.

dependence and a strictly personal tenure, from other feudal lords. As a natural result, spiritual preferment was looked on by the average prince as theirs to bestow at will on the objects of their choice, or to sell in the open market to the highest bidder. Let the reader meditate on the following scene from a chronicler of the times. He is describing the sale before Henry IV. of the great abbey of Fulda. "Some proffered mountains of gold, some rich benefices carved out of the territory they sought to possess, some greater feudal service than the see had been accustomed to pay; promises were lavished without moderation or modesty." In this case Henry was so disgusted with the disgraceful clamour, that he suddenly called a stranger monk, who was surveying the auction with scorn, and elected him abbot. But Henry's conscience was as a rule far from sensitive; while in France simony had become the chief revenue of the throne. Then the purchaser of the larger livings indemnified himself by selling in turn his lesser patronage, or alienating the lands of the Church. They even farmed out the offerings of their flock. The evils of such a system are stamped upon its face; nor was Hildebrand alone in his demand that they should be swept away. The great Emperor Henry III., who had

raised from its degradation the Papacy that was afterwards to overthrow his son, hated what he called "this spiritual brigandage." The German pontiffs, especially Leo IX., had accomplished much. But their blows had been rather at the chief branches. With characteristic thoroughness Hildebrand determined to strike at the root. This was the system of lay investiture. What that system was may be briefly explained as follows.

In its original significance lay investiture had signified merely the legal transference through symbols, a clod of earth, a stick or a ring, of a benefice, that is, of the temporal and civil rights of the estate attached for its support to the spiritual office. These were things that belonged unto Cæsar; and for some time no serious difficulty was experienced. With the growing secularisation of the hierarchy a twofold evil resulted. In the first place, as we have seen, no grant was made without a consideration, and in the majority of cases this passed into purchase. In the second, the temporalities of the see were confused with the spiritual duties. By the popular mind the symbols which they were taught to consider as fraught with a spiritual meaning were held to show that the whole authority of the office, spiritual as well as feudal, was derived from emperor or king.

Hildebrand determined to destroy the whole system, and thus at one stroke to render simony impossible, and to sever the Church from those feudal bonds which made her bishops the tools of licentious kings. It mattered little to him that there was not a petty count in Europe who would not feel that he was being deprived of undoubted rights, stripped not only of wealth but of power. That simoniac prelates innumerable looked on the reform with aversion or dread daunted him not. In all Germany but five bishops remained faithful to him. In Northern Italy they were unanimous in their furious opposition. But Hildebrand was little accustomed to count the number of his enemies, nor was it a new thing for him to find himself involved in a struggle with the secular hierarchy. "Shall it not shame us," he wrote to a wavering prelate, "if we shrink from the battle of our King, while every soldier of this world daily hazards his life for his sovereign?" It is characteristic also of Hildebrand, that while other men would have negotiated or compromised, or begun with striking down the weaker sovereigns, he should aim his first blow at the very head of the feudal world. Nor can we imagine that Gregory was not fully conscious of the ultimate effects of his plan if carried into effect. He knew that it

would revolutionise the whole feudal system. It would do more; it would take away from the sovereign the control over half his subjects. It would transfer to the Pope the ultimate patronage of half the lands of Christendom. Ecclesiastical estates would become a kingdom within a kingdom, and ecclesiastical persons would be in every country an extra-territorial caste, unlimited in number and privilege, owing allegiance only to the Pope. Under such conditions secular government, save as a mere shadow of the spiritual, would become an impossibility. This was, in fact, what Hildebrand desired.

The second evil, the marriage of the clergy, seemed unto Gregory like unto the first. In this matter it is, of course, difficult for a modern Protestant to sympathise with him, or even to look at it from the standpoint of his age. Unless influenced by an extreme Erastianism, we have all some sympathy with his attack upon the abuses of investiture. Nonconformists especially are bound to uphold his ideal of a free Church, though they would point out that such a Church could not possibly at the same time hold those vast endowments to which Hildebrand clung.[1] The iron of lay patronage has in the past entered deep into their soul. They have not forgotten

[1] See the action of Pope Paschal II., p. 144.

the great Disruption in Scotland, and the fight of Chalmers for the modern form of Hildebrand's main principle. Henry VIII., with his heel on the Church, is not their ideal saint; nor are they reconciled to prelates that are barons of Parliament. But clerical celibacy is a different matter. We look on it as the cause of unnumbered evils. We are right; for the strength of Protestantism lies in the home. Our ministers are not a separate caste, with lives necessarily apart from the common round of duty and care. Nevertheless we should pause in our hasty condemnation of Hildebrand. To him, as to all the thinkers of that age, the conception of a ministry sharing with the people their sorrows and joys, and separated only by greater consecration of service, was absolutely unthinkable. If the world was to be saved it must be by a priesthood that should flee from it, that should trample its pleasures beneath their feet, that should come out from among men and be separate. But if the priesthood was to be a caste at all, we owe some gratitude to those who saved it from being an hereditary caste. Hereditary succession once introduced into the Church, in that feudal age when everything was hereditary and the Church owned half the land, would in time have reduced Europe to the condition of

Brahmin India, while a gigantic nepotism would have eaten out all spiritual life. The one hope of democracy lay in a Church that by its absence of heredity must constantly seek for its priests from the fittest of every rank. In Normandy matters had already gone so far that the benefices were in many cases private property, inherited by the sons or given as dowries to the daughters of the priests.

But without further defence—where defence and attack are alike impossible, inasmuch as the two ideas have no point in common, and are deductions from opposite methods of viewing religion and life—we may note how completely Hildebrand won his victory. What many decrees had attempted in vain he accomplished at once and for ever, in spite of an episcopate indifferent when not hostile to his ideas. Hildebrand summoned a Council at the Lateran, which commanded that every priest should at once put away his wife. In case of refusal, the sacraments at their hands were rendered invalid, and all laymen were required to withdraw from their ministrations. We note in passing that Gregory thus reintroduced the leading idea of fourth-century Donatism, in later days to bear much fruit in the principles of Wyclif, that the efficacy of the sacraments depends upon whether they are ad-

minstered by men of good life.[1] Whether for good or evil, the struggle was soon over. Hildebrand had on his side greater forces than the bishops and married clergy. His great strength lay in the convictions and fervour of monasticism, at that time passing through one of the periodical reformations by which it renewed its youth. The reformers of Clugny were determined to force upon the Church their own monastic vow. The monks, therefore, were everywhere the Pope's champions, stirring up the people against the seculars. To them it was part of a long struggle with their rivals. The impartial historian is bound to confess that the laymen also were on the side of Hildebrand. The more grossly licentious their own lives, the more rigid their determination for a superhuman standard in their pastors. The fanatics were joined by the mob, for the married priests were wealthy, and the crusade gave opportunity for plunder as well as the refusal of tithes. For some time the struggle was intense. It was a warfare absolutely without pity, the brunt of which fell upon the wretched women, treated as harlots and driven from their homes. The clergy of Germany and France proclaimed Gregory a madman

[1] Wyclif on this matter was not consistent. See *infra*, *Dawn of the Reformation*, vol. i. c. 4.

and a heretic, pelted his legates with stones, and sneered "that the Pope would have to get angels, if he could, to govern an empty Church." In Milan the city was convulsed for years with every excess of cruelty and carnage. The clergy claimed the express rule of their great Ambrose as their right. They claimed the sanction of the Council of Constantinople (691). Above all, they were the last champions of the metropolitan system in its struggle with the Papacy. They declared, therefore, that they would rather die than give up their wives.[1] But in Milan, and elsewhere, the married priests found that people and Pope were too many for them. Popular prejudice is more powerful than ecclesiastical decrees: when the two are one the struggle is hopeless. From Hildebrand's day to this Rome has had in every land a priestly caste, in whom the corporate passion for the Church has had full play, unchecked or diverted by human affections. Another effect of Hildebrand's "reform" must not be overlooked. It tended to prevent the secular clergy from developing that spirit of nationalism, whose basis is the

[1] We must remember that it was admitted that no one could marry after ordination. But the question, should married persons be excluded from orders, was bound to assume a wider scope. For the decrees against marriage see Bowman, *l.c.* i. 142.

family, to which they had hitherto leaned, the growth of which in later years was to prove the ruin of the Papacy. In the Roman Church the innovation of Hildebrand has now become what scientists would call a persistent instinct, round which has gathered with lapse of centuries the conviction of custom. Whether the gain in political power was ultimately more than balanced by the decline in clerical morality we need not now inquire.

IV

Into the details of Hildebrand's struggle with the Emperor we must not enter. They belong rather to political history. Suffice to say that the character of Henry and his misgovernment was his own most powerful foe. By his weakness and cruelty he plunged Germany into a civil war. This was Gregory's opportunity. While Henry was attempting to crush the Saxons, Hildebrand summoned a Council at the Lateran (February 1075). There for the first time he showed the full measure of his schemes. "Whosoever shall receive from the hands of a layman a bishopric or abbey shall not be counted among the bishops or abbots. We interdict him from entrance into the Church and from the grace of St. Peter. . . . Also if any emperor, duke, marquis,

or other secular authority, shall presume to give investiture of any dignity of the Church, let him understand that the same penalty shall be exacted from him." By this celebrated decree, the execution of which, unless the Church would return to apostolic poverty, was an impossibility, there was kindled a war of fifty years. The edict was, however, not immediately published. Gregory—whose supreme secret of success was his power of waiting—kept it in the papal chancery until the proper moment should arrive. Meanwhile he acted as if the decree was acknowledged law, suspending bishops, appointing their successors, ruling kings with a rod of iron, and breaking in pieces whom he deemed the oppressor. In December 1075 he summoned Henry to appear before him and answer for crimes committed in war against the Saxon Church, as well as for his private vices. The friends of the Emperor retorted by an attempt to assassinate one whom they deemed an arrogant old man, angry and mad. On Christmas Eve 1075, as Hildebrand celebrated a midnight mass in St. Maria Maggiore, he was seized by his old enemy, the robber Cencius, dragged out by the hair of his head, bound with cords, and carried off to one of the brigand towers with which Rome abounded. At daybreak the hired ruffians would

have killed him had not the people found out the place of his imprisonment, battered down the house with catapults, and saved him. It is characteristic of the man that though he had been a night and a day without food, he at once returned to the church; there, amid the enthusiasm of his people, he completed the interrupted mass.

Meanwhile Henry had called a Synod at Worms (1076), at which, with foolish violence, "Hildebrand, no longer Pope, but false monk," was declared guilty of the crimes of devil-worship, simony, profligacy, and the like. "For these reasons," ran the decree, "the Emperor, the bishops, and the Christian people declare him deposed, and will no longer leave the sheep of Christ to the keeping of this ravening wolf." The long pent-up anger of his foes broke out on every hand. The priests whom he had separated from their wives, the bishops who shivered in fear lest his eagle eye should be cast upon their crimes or their independence, the nobles whose traffic in livings he had crushed, or whose rights he had usurped, and the Lombards, ever the foe of a celibate clergy and the would-be rivals of Rome, united in a confederacy of hatred and patriotism to resist his ambition. The intelligence was brought to Hildebrand as he sat in the Council which had been summoned "to judge

Henry, King of Germany and Italy, calling himself Emperor" (February 1076). The speech of the imperial envoy was brief: "The King and the united bishops both of Germany and Italy transmit to thee this command: Abandon the usurped government of the Roman Church. To such honours none must aspire without the general choice and the consent of the Emperor." Then turning to the excited conclave, he added, "To you, brethren, it is commanded that at the feast of Pentecost ye present yourselves before the King my master, to receive a Pope and a father from his hands. This man here is but a ravening wolf." The answer of Hildebrand was equally clear in its definition of claim. He pronounced Henry excommunicate from the Church and suspended from the throne; all intercourse with him was forbidden on the pain of excommunication, and all Christians absolved from their oaths of allegiance.[1]

The die was cast, and the issue at stake was plain. Emperor or Pope, which should be supreme? Was the vision of Hildebrand, which

[1] The student will find all that can be said on behalf of the right of Hildebrand thus to suspend in Montalembert, *l.c.* vol. v. 391–425. It is an attempt to prove that in the Middle Ages all monarchy was elective (this, no doubt, is true) and its tenure conditional (very questionable). See also an extraordinary contemporary letter, printed by Poole, *l.c.* p. 232.

in spite of its shortcomings and its future developments of spiritual bondage had yet in it a clear appreciation of the value of righteousness, purity, and law, to prove such stuff as dreams are made of? Was the feudal despotism with which he waged war—the most galling, the most debasing of all the tyrannies under which the world has ever groaned—henceforth to rule unchecked, until indeed it should have devoured itself by its hopeless lawlessness and its brutal selfishness? The larger intelligence of mankind could hope for but one result from the struggle, leaving to the future to meet by new evolutions the new difficulties which Hildebrand's success would bring in its train. But even to Gregory's friends the contest must have seemed hopeless. On the one side was the might of feudalism, on the other one old man whose warmest supporters thought he had gone too far. Hildebrand alone was undismayed. He was convinced that his cause was the cause of God. But, like Cromwell and all great theocrats, he not only put his trust in Jehovah, but availed himself of the arm of flesh. He summoned to his aid the Deborah of the Papacy, Matilda, Countess of Tuscany—Matilda, the idol of her people, young and beautiful, bold in war, sage in council, who devoted her great wealth to the protection of six aged

popes, and who declared that neither tribulation nor anguish, life nor death, should ever separate her from the love of Peter. He looked also, not in vain, to the discontent of the Saxons and the selfishness of the German princes. For the present, Matilda's help was needless. The thunderbolt of Hildebrand had struck down his enemies. Never has a curse produced a like effect. One by one Henry's allies fell away from one whom they believed God Himself had damned. The moral consciousness of the Germans was against a king whose life had been one succession of weakness and crime. The religious terrors with which Hildebrand threatened them seemed more than idle words. A wiser generation may smile at the specious arguments with which Gregory defended his right to dispossess kings, but to that age they were not the fictions of the decretals, but chains of logic, every link of which was of steel. He who would break them must be prepared to pay the price with the loss of his own soul. The great monasteries—no small power in the land since the Cluniac reform—had been from the first firm supporters of the Pope. So when, in the autumn of 1076, Hildebrand called on the German princes to elect a new sovereign, nobles and people hesitated no longer. A diet was

summoned at Tribur, near Darmstadt, presided over by Hildebrand's legates (October 1076). Henry himself was not there, but received hourly intelligence at Oppenheim, on the other side of the Rhine. For seven days speech darkened counsel. At last it was decided that in the spring the Pope should preside at a diet at Augsburg; if in the meantime he should restore Henry to the grace of the Church, all should be well, but if by the 22nd of February 1077 the King was still excommunicate, his crown should pass to another. Till then he was to dwell at Spires, without the means of grace or the respects of royalty.

The triumph of Hildebrand was complete. The one hope for Henry lay in reconciliation with Rome. So with his faithful wife, carrying in her arms their infant child, he crossed the Alps in the dead of a winter unusually severe. His only companions were peasants who cut a way for him through the snows of the Cenis, and lowered his wife and child tied up in ox-skins. But once on the other side of the Alps, the enthusiasm of the Lombards—or rather their hatred of Rome and the memory of the ancient glory of the see of Ambrose—came to his assistance. That Germany, their taskmaster, had cast him off only appealed the more to their support. Hildebrand, who was on his way to

Augsburg, turned aside for refuge to the impregnable Canossa, the original home of the family of Matilda. But his fears were needless. Instead of a conquering army, there came, one by one, German prelates, beseeching forgiveness for the part they had taken at Worms. Said the stern old man, "Long disobedience, like rust on a sword, can only be burned out by the fire of a long repentance." So he consigned them to bread and water and solitary reflection in the castle's cells.

The events which followed are too well known to need description. Two scenes will ever shine out in history as monuments, the one of the spiritual grandeur, the other of the arrogance of the popes—the terrible Attila retiring before Leo, and Henry, descendant of so many kings, the heir of Cæsar and Trajan, the successor of Charles, for three days standing in the snow, bare of foot, clad only in his shirt, knocking in vain at the gate of the castle and imploring that he might be admitted to the presence of the carpenter's son, that he might kiss his feet and receive his pardon. At last, on the fourth day, with spirit crushed by cold and shame, the son of the great Henry, still barefoot and in his shirt alone, was brought before "the diminutive old man"—*homuncionem exilis staturæ*—"from the terrible glance of whose countenance the eyes of every

beholder recoiled as from the lightning." There he promised with the most sacred oaths all that the Pope chose to demand. This done, he was restored to the Church.

The pride of Hildebrand had overreached itself. Such depths of humiliation produced a natural reaction not only in Henry, but in the public opinion of Europe. Within a month, Henry, with fears at rest, and a mind that had gained strength and perseverance from his trials, was meditating the overthrow of his great antagonist. To this he was spurred on by the enthusiasm and hatred of the Lombards. Henceforth we see him taking the aggressive, seeking in every way with caution and skill to undo the past. On the other hand, Hildebrand's tide of fortune is followed by an ebb. He became daily entangled more and more in a web of difficulties and danger. By an indecision scarce characteristic or worthy, he kindled in Germany a civil war. Both sides claimed that he had broken faith, and cast upon him the responsibility for the untold slaughter on the Saxon plains. The dark tale of the struggle in Germany, with its torrents of blood and its ravaged lands, is itself the best comment on the fallibility even of an absolutely infallible Gregory. It seemed as if he were waiting to see to which side victory

would incline. Not until then would he interpret his dark oracles, or compose men's passions with apostolic commands.

The issue of war turned at first in favour of the Pope. His unacknowledged allies, the Saxons, under their intrepid Duke Otho, overthrew the forces of Henry on the banks of the Elster (1080). But the victory was changed to defeat by the death of the rival Emperor Rudolph; while in Italy the forces of Henry shut up Matilda in Canossa. The times seemed favourable for the King's revenge. Thirty of his bishops had at Brixen (June 1080) elected a new anti-pope, Wibert of Ravenna (Clement III.)[1] Robert and his Normans were away in the East attempting the capture of Constantinople. Crushing all opposition, and indifferent to Hildebrand's excommunication, Henry appeared before the gates of Rome. For three years the victor of Canossa was besieged within the walls of Aurelian. The courage of even the boldest gave way. The Leonine city was captured; the fickle populace swung round to the winning side. Even his friends urged that the Pope

[1] In their list of Hildebrand's crimes, his leniency to Berengar (see p. 214) in 1079 is made much of. "He has endangered the Catholic and Apostolic doctrine of the Body and Blood of Christ."

should make his peace with a foe who demanded nothing more than the recognition of his imperial title and coronation at the hands of Gregory. But the Pope's defiance only rose higher with danger. With the foe at his gates he issues his dictates to Europe as in the days of his unclouded prosperity. At last, in the spring of 1084, the city was betrayed to the besiegers; but the indomitable old man retreated to St. Angelo. From the battlements of this impregnable mausoleum Gregory watched the King and his puppet Pope receive the crown of St. Peter and the Empire from each other's hands.

When at last famine seemed to make further resistance impossible, Hildebrand would not yield. "Have before your eyes," said he, "the banner of your Leader, the Eternal King." He spoke much of the glory that should be the reward of the martyrs of the faith. Happy for his memory if he could thus have had his desire! It was his misfortune that Robert Wiscard returned from Constantinople just in time to fly to the succour of his suzerain. The forces of Henry retreated, reduced by the fevers of the Campagna, while Robert occupied the rebel city (1084). On the third day the Romans rose upon their foes as they were feasting. Every street was barricaded, every house

was turned into a fortress; but all was in vain. The city was won, and given to the flames. To the lust and greed of the Normans and Saracens nothing was sacred. The altars were stripped, the convents violated, while thousands of Romans were openly sold like cattle and carried away into slavery.[1]

Whether Gregory could have stopped this awful carnage and destruction we know not. The passions of men, especially of the Saracens, were probably beyond his control. To this Napoleon among popes, what was the destruction of half Rome compared to the conquest of an idea, for the triumph of which he had sacrificed the peace of Europe? These things to him were incidents only in his warfare with secular tyranny. As at a later date with Cromwell and the Irish, he had come not to bring peace on earth but a sword, and on the ruins of empires and states to found, as he thought, the City of God. The paths of revolution do not lie beside still waters, and to the historian Gregory is the most daring revolutionist of ancient or modern times. As long as the world lasts, the Empire which he established

[1] From this sack must be dated the destruction of the ancient city of the Cæsars and the growth of modern Rome in the Plain of Mars.

must remain an unexampled phenomenon of spiritual power. Like other empires, it must be judged not so much by isolated incidents in its career as by its total contribution to the progress of man and the development of higher forms of life and thought. The Papacy claims from the historian the same charity he willingly gives to the story of Athens, or the records of the Puritans. Only the foolish base their estimate of Cromwell's greatness and place in history on the sad story of his sack of Wexford.

But Gregory himself was fast passing to that country where the voices of men's praise and blame are alike hushed in the presence of the Just Judge. Sick at heart, he turned away from the ashes of Rome, and took refuge with Robert at Salerno. There, as the bishops and cardinals knelt round his deathbed, he reviewed the incidents of his eventful life. There was no faltering in his belief in the justice of his cause, no hesitation in his emphasis of the great principles which had regulated his life. Even of the future and its triumph he had no doubt. "I," he said, lifting his hand to heaven, "am mounting thitherward, and with supplications the most fervent will I commend your cause." Nevertheless, as the light of the other world broke upon him, he seems for one moment to

have felt a sense of failure. "My confidence," he murmured, "is in this one thing only. I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and yet for this I die in exile." "Nay! In exile, vicar of Christ," cried a bishop, "thou canst not die! Thou hast received the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession!" The reply was too late; that mighty spirit, almost without a rival in the annals of history, had already passed away (May 25, 1085).

V

Our limits as well as inclinations preclude the task of narrating the weary struggle after Hildebrand's death. So mighty was his reputation, so tremendous his hold upon the minds of men, that we witness at first a singular struggle—not who should secure the Papacy, but how best to avoid election to the vacant throne that all men felt no successor could fill. Until Innocent III. there arose no pope able to draw his bow; nevertheless, his policy was adopted in the main by the lesser men, who with fear and trembling inherited the results of his genius and daring. At length, after fifty years of struggle and bloodshed,—Rome held by antipopes, Henry IV. dethroned by an unnatural son,

who, however, carried on his father's dispute with more than his father's ability,—the contest ended, as might have been expected from the first, in a compromise; but it was a compromise of which the solid advantages went to the Papacy. The claim of Gregory was, of course, impossible; it would have rendered civil government a meaningless formality. Nevertheless, though the demands of Hildebrand were not pressed,—to the superficial observer they seemed withdrawn,—in the long-run the successors of Hildebrand won the greater part of that for which the great Pope had struggled. By the Concordat of Worms (1122) the Papacy remained master of the field. The Emperor retained but one-half of those rights of investiture of which the whole had formerly been his. He gave up the right of nomination; henceforth it was only through his intrigues that he could influence the chapter. Bishop and abbot became independent of the Court, save only that they must faithfully discharge all duties pertaining to the temporalities. Thus, half the Emperor's court instead of being his creatures, elected by his nod, obedient to every whim of the ecclesiastical salesman, was now composed of independent magnates of the realm, whose forces might at any moment be arrayed against his

own. If by the Concordat the Church was not set up in independence of the State, it was at anyrate saved from becoming a passive instrument of feudal oppression or royal absolution. The possibilities of the Church for good were undoubtedly enlarged. On general grounds, the churchman who had not to cringe to his king for preferment was more likely to be courageous in the carrying out of his duty and the upholding of morality and righteousness than his servile predecessors. On the whole, in fact, though, alas! in many cases spiritual independence soon degenerated into the lust of power, and the consciousness of a mission speedily became the overbearing pride of caste, Europe gained both in life, religion, and liberty from the virtual victory of Hildebrand.

Before we pass away from the great struggle there are some points in connection with it that should not escape our notice. The most remarkable incident in the long controversy was a proposal made by Pope Paschal II. (1111). He offered to surrender all the property, rights, privileges, and other real estate of the clergy; henceforth the clergy were to live entirely upon their tithes and freewill offerings. On his part, Henry V. was asked to renounce his rights of investiture, a proposal to which he gladly con-

sented, for there was nothing left to "invest." He promised also to leave the patrimony of St. Peter intact. Save for this selfish provision for his own safety, the Pope thus committed the Church to the modern principle of voluntaryism. Paschal's proposals would have been a solution of the whole difficulty of investiture; they would have put an end to much else besides. It were interesting to speculate on the after-history of a Church which had thus in the twelfth century committed itself to the more advanced doctrines not everywhere received even in the nineteenth. But such speculation were idle. Paschal's proposals, though ratified with his oath, were received by a burst of indignation. Nobles as well as bishops exclaimed that they were heretical and intolerable, and flung themselves in expostulation and menace at the feet of the Pope; he could not, they said, in spite of his biblical quotations, surrender to Cæsar the things which belonged unto Cæsar without imperilling also the welfare of the Church, and so destroying the things which belonged unto God. At length, after an extraordinary tumult, the details of which should be read in Gregorovius, Henry won his treaty, and by a sixty-one days' imprisonment of cardinals and Pope, compelled their assent. But on Paschal's release the anger

of the whole Church compelled the weak and fickle Pope in a solemn Synod in the Lateran (1112) to purge himself from the charge of heresy by a profession of faith; whereupon the assembly pronounced his oath uncanonical, only made under duresse, to be broken at will. So ended the one effort ever made by a Pope to restore the Church to apostolic poverty.

The proposal of Paschal would have been more than the victory of the Empire; the whole power of the hierarchy would have been undermined, the work of centuries undone. Instead of being the head of a lordly and formidable Church, the Pope would have become the chief of an apostolic Christianity. Very different was the actual result of the long struggle. Worms exalted the Papacy into the most powerful monarch in Christendom. Hitherto the Emperor had been understood to represent on earth the unity and order of the Divine government, holding in the secular state a rank equal and very often superior to that occupied by the Pope in the spiritual. All that was now reversed. The Emperor came out of the struggle with but little of the fulness of his former dignity, with tarnished glory and shattered power. He was no longer the head, even in secular affairs, of Christendom. We see this in

the Crusades. When Urban II. and his successors carried out Hildebrand's plan, and embarked Europe in a great religious war against the enemies of the faith, the Emperor was not, as Hildebrand had intended, at the head of the militant host. The Crusades were from the first little more than a French movement; for the Germans, like Achilles, sulked in their tents. By thus calling to his aid "the most Christian King," rather than the Kaiser, the Papacy added fuel to that long struggle of the two nations which had already begun. Europe was no longer a unity, it was split up into camps. But the immediate result was the transference of supremacy to the one international power. The long struggle between Papacy and Empire ended in the degradation of the Emperor into but one amid a host of warring kings, whose worst foes were oftentimes the bishops and abbots, whose allegiance and interest had been transferred to Rome.

The victory of Hildebrand was, in fact, so complete that it contained within itself the elements of its own destruction. The old system of granting the great sees to rude soldiers, mere boys, or the highest bidder, could never be restored. Bishops were henceforth more free and respected. At first, undoubtedly,

if more independent of the King, they were more dependent on the Pope; but with later years and the growing sense of nationalism they became the allies of national solidarity in its great struggle with the papal despotism. We shall see this tendency fully developed in the Council of Constance (1414), and triumphant in the Reformation. But these issues were as yet hid in the womb of time.

We have said that judgement on Hildebrand will never be unanimous. Historians not a few in all Churches have pointed out that his methods and aims were utterly at variance with the real spirit of Christianity, while to this day France and Germany have refused to admit the decree of his canonisation (1728). To the Gallicans of the court of Louis XIV. he was Antichrist; in the homilies of the English Reformation he is held up as a firebrand. But if we ask what was it that Gregory really accomplished, difference of opinion will be slight. Hildebrand not only saved the Papacy from hopeless decay and servile dependence; he made it the dominant force in the system of the Middle Ages, the centre round which gathered all that was most characteristic in its intellectual and religious life. He is not only the founder of the spiritual despotism of Rome; he is the greatest name in its annals.

CHAPTER V

ANSELM OF CANTERBURY

AUTHORITIES. — For full bibliography I may refer the reader to my article in HASTINGS' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. i. The primary life is EADMER, *Historia Novorum* and *Vita Anselmi* (Rolls' Series, Ed. Rule). Note also GEE and HARDY, 54–66. The letters of Anselm are in MIGNE, *Patrolog. Lat.*, clix.

The best of the many modern works is that of Dean CHURCH; the fullest, Mr. MARTIN RULE'S (2 vols.). The *Life of Anselm*, by J. M. RIGG (1899), is of special value for the philosophy. FREEMAN has twice treated of Anselm, in his *Conquest*, more fully in his *William Rufus*. MONTALEMBERT adds nothing of value to the above; Dean HOOK'S life, in his *Archbishops*, seems to me to be the work of an Erastian partisan. This is also the verdict of Freeman. MILMAN is curiously deficient. The article by W. R. W. STEPHENS in *Dictionary of National Biography* is very full, with complete list of literature. See also a good account in his *Hist. Eng. Ch. from Norman Conquest* (1901), cc. 4, 5, 6.

For the philosophy of Anselm and authorities, see c. vi.

ANSELM OF CANTERBURY

I

THE establishment of the Papacy in England was more the work of one man than is generally understood. But for the life and labours of Anselm it is doubtful whether the claims of Rome would not have been as successfully resisted by the Norman kings as they were afterwards repudiated by the Tudors.

At the foot of the Alps, guarding the two passes which in later times were associated with the name of St. Bernard of Menthon, Terentius Varro had planted an outpost of Roman conquest to assure for ever the safe passage into Gaul of troops and wayfarers. The rough war-camp of *Augusta Prætoria* (Aosta) soon grew into a border city and ecclesiastical centre. There in the year 1033 was born the future Archbishop of Canterbury.

From his earliest days Anselm would be familiar with two facts which have in them a perennial interest, the Alps and the Romans. To the north of the city are the broken peaks of the great ice-wall. In those days mountains were a

terror only, haunt of the evil ones, ill-omened abode of bandits. But the boy Anselm was gifted with an imagination beyond his age. Listening to his mother as she talked of God, he thought that "heaven rested on the mountains, and that the palace of the great King was there, and that he ought to go to the top of the mountains and hasten to the city of God." But, alas! the lower fastnesses were held by Moorish robbers. It was by other ways more steep and weary, and after many days, that the little lad should reach the home of God. More lasting probably in its effect on his character were the marks on every hand of the old conquerors of the world. To this day Aosta has retained more of the past than its name. Its town walls flanked with strong towers, its old triumphal arches, its ancient churches resting on Roman columns, still testify to the enduring majesty of Rome, and that marvellous power of colonisation and assimilation to which ancient and modern times can find no parallel. In the eleventh century Aosta would be still a Roman city, a remnant of old civilisation surviving amid the wreck and chaos of the times. To the gentle student, shrinking back from the unrest and lawlessness of his age, the ideal of security would lie in that domination of Rome, amid the past evidences of which he had grown up. To

him the Holy Roman Empire would be more than a theory; its re-establishment under a spiritual form adapted to changing conditions would be the path of progress and hope.

From this boyhood Anselm was drawn to the religious life of the cloister, and it was only the fear of his father that prevented his immediate enrolment as a monk. In the reaction of disappointment, "like a ship that has lost its anchor," to use the fine phrase of Eadmer, "he narrowly escaped drifting off into the billows of the world." He adds that it was his love for his mother that restrained him. But Anselm knew no rest until, with that restlessness which God often uses to lead men to Himself, he crossed the Alps, and after three years of wandering arrived at the new monastery of Bec. There for thirty-three years Anselm was to find a home, first as pupil, then as prior and abbot.

The story of the abbey of Bec falls like a gleam of soft light across the darkness of the times. With the dawn of the eleventh century the religious reformation in Normandy had become a national enthusiasm. The descendants of heathen Vikings vied with one another in founding monasteries, while every road was crowded with pilgrims. But the abbey of Bec owed nothing either to the patronage of the

great or the superstition of the vulgar. Its beginnings were of the smallest. Herlouin, a knight of Brionne, had at the age of forty sought a refuge from the world in a valley, edged with woods of ash and elm, through which a tiny stream—called then, as now, by the old Norse name of Bec—finds its way to the Risle. There, with two companions, he built his humble house of God, labouring during the day at the foundation of his church, and spending the night in learning how to read. At length the church, such as it was, was finished, and Herlouin was ordained the first abbot of the new monastery, "because, it being so poor, no one else would take the government." It was to no lazy sinecure that he was thus elected. When the daily office in the church was finished, abbot and monks alike turned out to the field. "They hoed, they sowed, no one ate his bread in idleness, and at each hour of prayer they assembled in the church." In the poor chapter-house it was with difficulty that the taller monks could stand upright. The dormitory was a bare attic, access to which was gained by a steep ladder. Cloisters there were none; the first rude efforts had tumbled down the night after they were completed. Such was the poverty that the same candles had to serve for kitchen and altar.

As Herlouin was one day building an oven of mud with his own hands, a stranger greeted him. "God bless you," said the abbot, looking up; and then, struck with the foreign look of the man, added, "Are you a Lombard?" "Yes," was the reply; and, praying to be made a monk, the Italian knelt down at the mouth of the oven and kissed Herlouin's feet. That stranger was Lanfranc of Pavia, a scholar of noble family, skilled in Roman law, who had crossed the Alps to seek his fortunes in the North. Herlouin, though himself a rough soldier, knew well the value of scholarship, and the dangers of the fanaticism into which religion without learning soon degenerates. He set Lanfranc to teach, and in a few years Bec had become the most famous school of Christendom. Gifts of tithes and manors poured in upon it, enabling Herlouin to replace the first rude structures by a stately abbey worthy of its wealth.

Anselm came to Bec in the year 1059. He had hesitated for some time whether to settle at Clugny. But at Clugny human learning was not esteemed; so the wealthiest abbey in Europe was deliberately passed by for its more humble rival. Lanfranc was then in the zenith of his fame. His vast learning, his powers of eloquence and repartee, were balanced by a shrewd know-

ledge of men, and an adroitness in administration which gave him a welcome place in the cabinet of princes. He was then in his sixty-third year, while Anselm was barely twenty-six; but from the first the souls of the two men, so dissimilar and yet so alike, were knit together by more than the ordinary bands of friendship. Anselm had, in fact, found the one man in Christendom who could best appreciate him, who was also firmly resolved that his rare light should not be hidden under a bushel. When, in 1062, Lanfranc was appointed by Duke William the abbot of his newly founded monastery of St. Stephen at Caen, his influence secured the election of Anselm as his successor. The fame of Bec, already great, was now destined to grow even greater still. Scholars of every land came to sit at the feet of its learned prior. But it was not merely by the fame of his wisdom that Anselm drew men unto him. There was something in his character which acted like an irresistible magnet upon all who were brought into contact with him. A tender-hearted poet dreamer, with a soul pure as the snows of his own Alps, and an intelligence clean and clear as the mountain air, in no saint of God does there shine out more of the power of love. There was in him at all times a restfulness and

peace in the Divine Presence, the charm of which was felt by all, by none more than those whose lives were spent in the hurly-burly of strife. The whole temper of the man lies before us in the familiar story of his interview with the head of a neighbouring convent. This man, worthy but ignorant of youth, had come over to Bec to pour out to Anselm the tale of his woes. He could make no impression on the lads who were being trained at his monastery. "What are we to do with them?" he cried in despair; "we do not cease beating them day and night, but they only get worse." "What do your scholars turn into under this ceaseless beating?" asked Anselm. "They turn only brutal," was the reply. "You have bad luck," was the keen answer, "in a training which only turns men into beasts. You try blows and stripes alone to fashion them to good. Did you ever see a craftsman fashion a fair image out of a plate of gold or silver by blows alone? Does he not with his tools now gently press and strike it, now with wise art still more gently raise and shape it? Tell me, my lord abbot," continued Anselm, changing his illustration, "if you planted a tree in your garden, and tied it in upon all sides so that it could not stretch forth its branches, what sort of a tree would it turn

out when you gave it room to spread? Would it not be good for nothing, full of tangled and crooked boughs? And whose fault would this be but yours, who had put such constant constraint upon it? Adapt yourself," he concluded, "to the weak as well as the strong, and *by Divine grace you will win them all to God.*" The genius of the true teacher as well as the true saint shines out in such words of wisdom as these. It was the age of the birch. Thus we are told of Hugh of Lincoln, that when only seven years of age "the pedagogue's scourge in such wise plied upon his back that his virtues outstripped his vices." How different the ideal of Anselm: "By Divine grace you will win them all to God." But in this, as in much else, he was before his times, though he had his reward in the passionate love of his pupils. As prior and teacher, his chief care was given to the younger men; but he took care not to neglect the others. He acted as servant to an old monk paralysed by age and suffering, while he found relief from his desk by doing the lowly work of a nurse in the infirmary. "He behaved," says Eadmer, "so that all men loved him as their dear father. He bore with even mind the ways and weaknesses of each, and to each he supplied what he saw they wanted."

Anselm's friends were not found merely in the cloister. His character was that rare blend of gentleness and strength which has in all ages drawn unto itself the souls of men. At a later date the Saracens in the army of the Norman Duke of Apulia used to kneel down before him, as he passed by, craving his blessing. On one of his journeys to Rome, the Duke of Burgundy, tempted by the rich prey offered in the person of an archbishop of Canterbury, tried to carry him off. Galloping up to the pilgrims, "Which of you," he cried, "is the archbishop?" Anselm quietly stepped out from his retinue, and gave him the kiss of peace. "I have seen the face of an angel," explained the robber, as he quietly slunk off with his troops. Even the great Conqueror, so harsh and terrible to others, became another man, gracious and easy of speech with Anselm. When William lay dying at Rouen, Anselm was the one man whom he most wished to see.

In 1078 the saintly Herlouin died. His remaining strength had become exhausted by the excitement of the consecration in the previous autumn of his new church. He had had his heart's desire. Lanfranc himself, Primate of All England, had come across the seas to revisit once more the scene of his early labours. Forgetful

of his high rank, slipping the archepiscopal ring from off his finger, the great archbishop had flung himself at the feet of the old man, craving his blessing. He had then won the hearts of all by taking his place among them as a monk, with a kindly word for each of his ancient friends. But at the consecration Lanfranc took care that no ceremony was forgotten which could add honour to this crowning work of Herlouin's life. Knights and earls, bishops and abbots, and the common people in their thousands, had gathered from far and near to take part in the service. "What shall I render to the Lord?" cried the old man amid his tears, "what shall I render to the Lord?" Nothing would satisfy him but that he should superintend in person the feast of fat things which followed. On the morrow Lanfranc took his departure, "hurrying off as quickly as possible, in hopes that the monks' sobs might cease, at least when he was well out of sight." Herlouin, in spite of remonstrances, had insisted on accompanying him some few miles of his journey. On his return home he took to his bed. "Thou hast fulfilled my desire," he murmured; "now will Thy servant go to Thee whenever it shall please Thee." A few months of paralysis, and the prayer was answered. As the monks gathered round his bed, the prayers

for the dying could not be heard because of their sobs. Then, one by one, each knelt by his side to give the sacred kiss and receive the last blessing. In the middle of the infirmary floor a carpet of sackcloth had been laid, on which were sprinkled ashes in the form of a cross. Stretched on this rude couch, Herlouin awaited the end. When the Bridegroom came, he was found ready, clothed in white, with his lamp burning.

The election of the reluctant Anselm to the position thus vacant had one result of far-reaching consequence. The abbey of Bec had become endowed by the soldiers of the Conqueror with vast estates in England, the interests of which demanded from its abbot constant supervision. These journeys served to familiarise Anselm with the life and thought of our country. At the same time they made him known to its leading men, not only as a great churchman without a rival in learning and goodness, but also as one endued with singular powers of influence even over those whose characters were most unlike his own. Welcome alike in castle and convent, Anselm won golden opinions from all sorts of men. His travels in England became a sort of progress through the land; nor did he forget the common people, who flocked to hear a preacher whose parables and illustrations were

not beyond their understanding. With the English one cause of his popularity was the way in which he had defended the cause of their saint Ælfheah.[1] It happened on his first visit to Canterbury; but let the English Eadmer tell the story in his own words. "Lanfranc," he says, "was not much of an Englishman," and on one occasion thus addressed Anselm: "These English, among whom we dwell, have taken upon themselves to make certain whom they venerate into saints. But when I cast about to determine what manner of men they were, I cannot refrain from doubts as to their sanctity. See here is one of them, who now by the blessing of God rests in this holy see, Ælfheah by name, a good man undoubtedly, and who in his time held this same archbishopric. Him they reckon, not only among the saints, but among the martyrs too, though they admit that he was slain, not for confessing the name of Christ, but for refusing to ransom his life with money. For when the pagans (*Danes*) had taken him prisoner, they demanded by way of ransom an immense

[1] Ælfheah, better known under his French name of Alphege, was seized by Thurkill as hostage for the payment of the Danegeld, and on his refusal to redeem himself, was pelted to death with ox-horns (1012). See Green, *Conquest of England*, p. 409.

sum of money, and as he could in no wise raise it than by despoiling his own people and reducing some of them to abject beggary, he preferred rather to lose his life. This then is the case upon which I crave my brother's opinion." "It is manifest," replied Anselm, "that he who does not hesitate to die rather than commit even a slight sin against God would *a fortiori* not hesitate to die rather than offend God by a grave sin. Nor unworthily is he, I think, reckoned among martyrs whose voluntary endurance of death must be attributed to his high sense of justice. For what distinction is there between dying for justice and dying for truth? Moreover, since Christ is truth and justice, he who dies for truth and justice dies for Christ. And whoever dies for Christ by the witness of the Church is esteemed a martyr." Lanfranc was convinced by this reasoning, as subtle as it was liberal, and promised that he would "henceforth venerate Ælfheah as a great and glorious martyr of Christ."

While Anselm thus won the hearts of the English by his sympathy with justice, the Norman barons were drawn to him by what we may call the fascination of dissimilarity. Themselves indifferent to truth or right, they reverenced one in whom truth and right were the governing principles of life. In an age of utter worldli-

ness and callous selfishness, they felt that Anselm stood above them by his sheer unworldliness. From lawsuits in those days no man could hope to escape; but the struggling lawyers could make nothing of a client who urged them to take no unfair advantage of their skill, and who, while the case was going on, "sweetly reposing in heart's purity, would fall asleep." His judicial duties as abbot wearied him. "We had afterwards to restore him," says Eadmer, "with a passage of Scripture, a theological question, or some other spiritual antidote." For all serving of tables Anselm had, in fact, neither desire nor capacity. The larder at Bec would often have been empty had not his rich friends remembered his needs. "Trust in God," was his serene reply, when told by his steward that a hundred hungry men were sitting down in the refectory to bare tables. His love of the contemplative life gave him little sympathy with the popular Crusades. To one of his friends, eager to do battle with the infidels, he writes: "Have done with the Jerusalem that is; it is no vision of peace, but of disaster. Leave alone the treasures of Constantinople and Babylon—they are meant only for bloodstained hands; and set out rather to the heavenly Jerusalem." Not the sort of man, you would think, this poet dreamer living in

another world, to beard the wrath of kings, and in an age of wild and whirling wrongs to direct the spiritual affairs of a great country. Nevertheless, it was to Anselm, at the age of sixty, after thirty years in the seclusion of the cloister, that the hearts of all men turned as the only possible successor to Lanfranc. It was Anselm also—the tender-hearted scholar, who used to say that, like the owl, he was only happy when he was in his hole with his little ones—who was destined to bind tight around our country the fetters of the Papacy. The timid recluse, who could not bear to see a hare followed by the huntsmen but he must protect it, was to prove of stuff more rigid than steel, as unyielding in his defiance of what he deemed wrong and injustice as the Alps of his own Aosta.

II

On Thursday, September 9, 1087, William the Great, "*dux invictissimus*," as men of his own day called the Conqueror, died at St. Gervais outside the walls of Rouen. "Pray that long life may be granted to my lord the king," Lanfranc had once written to the Pope, "for whiles he lives we enjoy safety, such as it is, but after his death neither peace nor any manner of good is likely to befall us." Lanfranc was right, and nowhere were the

evil results of the Conqueror's death more felt than in the Church. Few kings have more systematically hated the spiritual power than the Conqueror's successor, though it was to the Church itself that in the first place the Red King had owed his throne. Through the influence of Lanfranc, the eldest son, Robert, had been deliberately passed by, and Rufus, swearing between the hands of the archbishop that he would regard justice and mercy, had received the crown of England. But within a few weeks of his accession Lanfranc died, and the king found a more congenial counsellor in the low-born priest, Randulph or Ralph, surnamed Flambard or Firebrand. The Conqueror had chastised the Church with whips. It was reserved for Rufus to chastise it with scorpions. His little finger should be thicker than his father's loins.

No king had been more completely the supreme head of the Church within his realm than the Conqueror. The work of Henry VIII. was, in fact, only the reversion, so far, that is, as its political aspects were concerned, to the position held five hundred years before by his great ancestor. He insisted on the complete subordination of Church to State. The modern *congé d'élire* was with him the invariable rule. Bishops and abbots were his sole choice, and

woe to the chapter that withstood his will. It was from his hand that they received office by the delivery of the pastoral staff; nor did he hesitate to depose them by his authority, after trying them in his courts. The power of excommunication, except for incest, he sternly repressed; he would allow Convocation to establish nothing except by his sanction. To all ecclesiastical synods, like that of Rouen (1072) or London (1075), he assigned the limits and specified the objects. Alone of all the princes of Europe, Hildebrand found in him more than his match. The Emperor Henry might shiver in submission outside the walls of Canossa, but William was made of sterner stuff. "To Gregory," so runs the famous answer to the demands of the Pope, "the most noble Shepherd of the Holy Church, William, by the grace of God renowned King of the English, greeting with amity. I refuse to do fealty, nor will I, because neither have I promised it, nor do I find that my predecessors did to your predecessors. Pray for us and the good estate of our realm, for we have loved your predecessors and desire to love you sincerely." "The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England" is but a later translation into defiance of the lifelong custom of William. He reserved

to himself the right to say who was the true Pope; even papal letters could not be received unless they had first received his sanction. In one thing only, apart from theological questions, did William's position differ from that of a modern sovereign. Rome was the centre of such civilisation as survived, and William felt the importance of connecting the English Church with the Holy See. Such rights of the Papacy as did not clash with his own supremacy he strictly enforced. But with this exception, in no wise the slavish bond of later kings, William was as absolute in the Church as in the State. "All things," says Eadmer, "human and divine, waited on his nod." Only to Hildebrand did this supremacy seem an innovation or evil. Many of his claims had, in fact, long been part of English custom.

It were curious to speculate what would have been the future development of the English Church if William's successors had maintained William's position. Our present purpose is to trace the steps whereby Anselm wrested from the throne this ecclesiastical supremacy. In this struggle not the least factor on the side of the saint was the perverse wickedness of Rufus. Possessing much of his father's ability and energy, and with no small measure of the same indomitable will, the Red King utterly lacked

those nobler qualities which made the Conqueror truly great. In the Great Duke we may always discern the instincts of a kingly character, and a dim apprehension of ideals above his fellows. In an age of unspeakable lust the Conqueror's life was chaste and pure. With all his cruelty and greed, William never lost his clear insight into the value of order and righteousness, as he understood righteousness, nor slackened his care for the interests of religion. He filled his sees with the best men of their day, while strangers of merit from every land found a welcome at his court. But for all these things Rufus cared nothing. Few men have more deliberately chosen evil to be their good. His profligacy shocked an age that in such matters was not squeamish. In his greed and cruelty he outdistanced all rivals. His wit was never so pungent as when exercised in sarcasm on all that men counted as sacred. Belief he had none; he once offered to become a Jew if sufficient arguments were forthcoming. Without purpose or interest, save the impulse of licence, he trampled on everything that withstood his will. The administration of the Conqueror had been a vigilant autocracy redeemed by its moral elevation and its confused though real grasp of higher things. It gave place in the son to a tyranny of undis-

guised and callous selfishness, which feared not God nor regarded man.

The Church was the first to feel the tyrant's scorpions. Her wealth was vast, and, unlike that of his barons, could not be seized by the simpler processes of robbery. But the difficulties of his greed were overcome by the subtle and malignant genius of Flambard. Spoliation was reduced to a system in which robbery was the least evil. The method of Flambard was simplicity itself. By an ingenious stretch of feudal law,[1] the king was held to be the heir to the estates of a see so long as it remained vacant. So, when prelate or abbot died William refused to appoint a successor, and seized the revenues for his own. The see remained vacant, if needful for years, until some priest could be found with more wealth and less conscience than his fellows, who would offer such a sum in ready money as would make it worth the king's while to appoint him. Resistance was vain; when the chapter of Mans dared to elect without his consent, William flung the new prelate, chained hand and foot, into a dungeon. The evils of such systematised simony were written large, not only in the debased character of the higher

[1] Freeman, *Rufus*, vol. i. pp. 340–350, explains this at length. So also Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, vol. i.

clergy, but also in the wretched condition of the Church tenants, out of whom in the last instance the purchase-money was wrung. Deep was the resentment of the nation as they saw the continued vacancy of such sees as Norwich [Thetford], Lincoln, and Chichester; it gave way to horror and despair when on the death of Lanfranc William deliberately refused to appoint a successor to the metropolitan throne of Canterbury. By all Englishmen the king's action was felt to be an outrage against God and high treason to the national interests. They saw that they were as sheep without a shepherd, and the wolf of the fold was the king himself. Men remembered that there had been archbishops of Canterbury long before there were kings of the English. They felt that they had lost their moral mouthpiece, the recognised guardian of morality and righteousness. For, next to the king, the Archbishop of Canterbury was the leader of the nation; all men held him responsible for the king's conscience. But Rufus wanted no spiritual tribune of the people on the steps of the throne reminding him at inconvenient moments of the claims of truth and law. He even enjoyed the horror with which men saw the revenues of Canterbury diverted to his coffers. "The bread of heaven," he laughed,

"is bread that fattens." Sooner or later, he declared, he would have every crosier in England in his hands. It was in vain that in the fourth year of the vacancy his barons besought him to appoint an archbishop, and that public prayers for the same object were put up in every church of the land. He only swore the louder that while he lived there should be no archbishop but himself.

There is little doubt that the king would have been as good as his word had he not in the spring of 1093 fallen dangerously ill at Gloucester. In his terror of the other world, Rufus despatched a message for Anselm, who happened to be in England on the business of his convent: let him come with all speed; the king was dying, and needed his spiritual consolations. Anselm came; but held out no hope for his soul except by full confession, and a public promise of amendment and restitution. Proclamation was at once issued pledging to the people those blessings of which his reign had hitherto been an organised effort to deprive them; and great was the national thanksgiving when it was found that William had given an earnest of the future by the immediate nomination of a new archbishop. Dragging himself up in his bed, he had pointed to the abbot of Bec.

"I choose," he said, "this holy man Anselm." With a shout of applause, the bishops dragged the monk to the king's bedside. It was in vain that Anselm urged that he was a foreigner, old, and unfit for the honour. "Anselm," pleaded the sick king, "do you wish to give me up to eternal punishment? My father loved you, and you are willing to see his son perish body and soul! I am lost if I die with the archbishopric still on my hands." A pastoral staff was brought and given to the king. With some difficulty the abbot's fingers were forced open that he might grasp it. The bishops then dragged him into the adjoining minster, and without delay went through the initial ceremonies of consecration. "Do you know what you have done?" said the weeping monk; "you have yoked together a furious bull and a weak old sheep." For a long time he headed his letters, "Brother Anselm, monk of Bec by choice, Archbishop of Canterbury by violence."

In a few weeks Rufus was recovered, and had returned as a dog to his vomit. His chief sorrow was his late repentance. In his struggle with his Maker, God has worsted him; but he would have his revenge. "God shall never see me a good man," he swore; "He has done me too much evil." As the appointment to Canter-

bury could not be reversed, the "bull" determined to gore the "sheep." He found his opportunity in the tedious formalities which had still to be gone through before the archbishop elect could be admitted to his high office. In those days the order of proceedings was homage, enthronement, consecration—the exact reverse of the present. It was over the first of these that the conflict arose, and the king discovered the kind of man with whom he had to deal. Anselm would do no homage unless the king restored to Canterbury all the estates of the see. In vain did the greed of the king try to enter into a plausible bargain. Anselm would consent to nothing that would spoil the heritage of his successors. With perfect frankness he added another condition. The rule of the Conqueror had been that no Pope should be acknowledged in England without the king's consent. This rule Rufus now construed in his own way. Taking advantage of a papal schism, he had refused to acknowledge any Pope at all, and seized the Peter's pence for himself. It is remarkable that this step was received in England with absolute indifference. That Canterbury should be without its bishop was resented by every man as a loss to his own soul. But Rome was far off, nor was England as yet a mere appendage to the Papal See

Through insular ignorance rather than of deliberate forethought, the nation was profoundly indifferent; but to Anselm loyalty to the right successor of St. Peter was a matter of his soul's welfare. He had already, as abbot of Bec, along with all Normandy, pledged his obedience to Urban II.[1] From this he could not withdraw. Unless the king would recognise his Pope, he would retire as a private monk to Bec. Over both these matters Rufus had to yield. He would gladly have driven his enemy over the sea; but at the mere thought of once more being without an archbishop the general murmur became so loud that the king was driven to accept Anselm on Anselm's own terms.

In the struggle between king and priest, it was already evident that the "bull" was no match for the "sheep." With other men he might have succeeded; but his arguments of bribe and threat had no effect on the unworldliness of a saint who longed for nothing more than the opportunity to retire. By his wickedness and greed William had become his own greatest enemy; he had driven the sympathies of all men to the other side. The conflict between the two was inevitable. "Rufus," says

[1] That Urban II. was the true Pope was a matter really beyond dispute. It is astonishing that Hook should hesitate.

Eadmer, "deemed himself no full king so long as anyone put the will of God before his own."

In February 1094, Anselm met Rufus at Hastings. The immediate purpose was the consecration of the abbey of St. Martin of the field of battle. After the ceremony Anselm urged the need of reform; the Christian religion was well-nigh perished, England had become a second Sodom, abbeys and bishoprics were still vacant. Let a Synod be held to frown down these wrongs. "Tush," said the king; "cannot I do as I like with my own?" "Your own," replied Anselm, "to protect as their advocate, not to spoil and destroy." "Your predecessor," retorted the angry monarch, "would not have dared to speak thus to my father," and drove the archbishop from his presence. "Yesterday," continued William to his courtiers, "I hated him much; to-day the more; ever after he may be sure I shall hate him with more bitter hatred. His prayers and his blessings I utterly abhor and refuse."

On the king's return from his war in Normandy, Anselm once more visited him. He desired permission to go to Rome that he might obtain the pallium[1] from the Pope. "What Pope?" cried the king, anxious to find ground

[1] See p. 16. Also article on the pallium in *Dict. Christian Antiquities.*

for a quarrel. "Pope Urban." "Urban," said Rufus, "I have not acknowledged, and no man may acknowledge a Pope in England without my leave. To challenge my power in this is as much as to deprive me of my crown." It was in vain that Anselm reminded him of his promise. All that he could obtain from the king was his consent that this question should be referred to the great Council of the realm. So in the church of the royal castle of Rockingham, in the midst of the great forest that still bears its name, the chiefs of State and Church assembled together on Mid-Lent Sunday, 1097, to settle the very question which four centuries later proved the political basis of the Reformation. Anselm soon found that all the bishops, save his old pupil Gundulph, he who built the Tower of London and Rochester Cathedral, were on the king's side. They were the "king's men"; they had in most cases purchased their sees from him, so they pressed upon Anselm unconditional surrender. Let him plead no call of God to do anything against the king's will. As for the papal claims, "shake off your yoke, and remain free, as befits an Archbishop of Canterbury." Their real meaning is shown by the words which followed this seeming anticipation of Cranmer: "Anselm could then do the will of the king in all things." The

claim of William, they added, "was a prerogative which their lord held dear above everything in his government, and in which it was clear that he excelled all other kings." "I hear what you say," replied Anselm; "know ye therefore, all of you, that in things that are God's I will render obedience to the vicar of St. Peter; and to those which belong of right to the earthly dignity of my lord the king, I will render him both faithful counsel and service." Finding no one whom he could trust to report this declaration to the king, Anselm went in to William and repeated his answer. In great anger, the Red King sent for his Council, while Anselm retired to the chapel. Leaning there against a pillar, he fell into a gentle slumber. "By the face of God," stormed Rufus, "if you do not condemn this man at my bidding, I will condemn you." "What can we do," murmured Robert, Count of Mellent, "with a man who goes to sleep quietly while we are exhausting ourselves in discussion?" Against this sublime indifference of Anselm to all save his conscience, Council and king were alike powerless. Threats, reproaches, insults were in vain.

From the first the common people had been on Anselm's side, nor could the fear of the king any longer restrain their sympathy. "Lord and

father," said a soldier, stepping out from the throng, "thy children, through me, beseech thee not to let thy heart be troubled, but remember how holy Job on the dunghill vanquished the devil." On all sides the bishops were met with mocking nicknames, Judas, Pilate, Herod, and the like. When they proposed to withdraw their obedience from him and drive him from the realm by force, they found that the barons also had turned against them. "Anselm is our metropolitan," they objected, "and we who are Christians cannot withdraw from his authority, especially as his conduct is without a stain." Conscious of defeat, the king dismissed the Council until the following Whitsuntide. In the meantime, with the inconsistency of a man bent only on the humiliation of his enemy, he had changed his position. He made his peace with Rome, acknowledged Urban as Pope, and promised a vast yearly payment if he would depose Anselm. To this Urban could not accede; but he gratified the king's revenge by sending him the pallium to convey to the archbishop. "If Rome prefers silver and gold," was the comment of Anselm, "what comfort have they in their trouble who have not wherewithal to pay?' More consistent to Rome than the Pope himself he refused to receive the pall at the king's hands.

The baffled monarch at last consented to a compromise. The pall was laid on the altar of Canterbury, and Anselm with his own hands took it thence and laid it on his shoulders.

Meanwhile the evils of the land grew daily worse; nor would the king consent to any measures for social and ecclesiastical reform. The archbishop in despair determined to seek counsel of the Pope. It was another instance of how completely Anselm had accepted the doctrines of Hildebrand. To him Rome was the great tribunal, independent of the passions and sins around it, appeal to which was the right of the helpless against the mighty. There he would be at rest after his struggle with the potsherds of earth. So he sent to Windsor to ask permission to leave the kingdom. William refused. "The archbishop," he laughed, "is much fitter to advise the Pope than to be advised by him." If Anselm went, Canterbury should cease to have a head; henceforth he would be his own archbishop, and its domains should be for ever united with those of the crown. Anselm summoned his suffragans and asked their advice. Their answer was refreshing in its frankness. "We know," they said, "that you are a holy man, whose conversation is in heaven. We are bound to the earth by our relations and by

many worldly objects of our love. We cannot rise to your height and disdain these things as you do." So "these sound Anglicans," as Dean Hook calls them, urged unqualified obedience to the royal command, and the uselessness of going to Rome. "You have said well," replied Anselm; "go to your lord. I will depend solely on God." In spite of the threats of the king, to Rome Anselm was determined to go; so at last William gave a reluctant consent. But let the archbishop see to it that he took nothing belonging to the king with him. "Very well," replied Anselm; "I will go naked and on foot rather than desist from my undertaking." For us the real inwardness of the incident is contained in Anselm's protest to the king, "You want me to swear that I will never more, in any matter whatever, appeal to St. Peter," and the scornful interjection of Count Robert of Mellent, "Anselm might present himself to Peter and Pope; but in England no Pope shall get the better of us to our knowledge." Thus began the system of appeals to Rome and of inviting the Pope's interference in our home affairs. In the whole matter Anselm was in the wrong, so far, that is, as the law was concerned. Appeal to Rome without the king's consent was a thing as yet unheard-of in this realm. Nor could any

assembly admit his plea of individual conscience against established usage. But, right or wrong, Anselm had won; another of the customs of the English was overthrown by the gentle stranger from Aosta; another link was forged in the chain which for weal and woe bound the Church in England to the Papacy.

The journey of Anselm was not without its perils. At Dover his luggage was stopped by the royal command. An attempt was made to scuttle the ship as he crossed to Witsand. In the Empire the anti-pope Clement was acknowledged, and it was only by disguise that Anselm could escape his police. On his arrival in Rome, Anselm was lodged in the Lateran, and treated as second only to the Pope himself. But he soon found that Urban was unable to help him. The Pope's hands were full enough; he did not wish to add another to his many quarrels. Letters of remonstrance cost little, and were readily given; threats of excommunication were held out. But beyond these mere words nothing was done; so after two years Anselm left Rome, "having obtained," wrote his disillusioned companion, Eadmer, "nought of judgment or advice through the Roman Bishop." Of the real cause of this failure William of Malmesbury gives the reason: "Money had prevailed, as it always does;" for

the Red King, through one of his bishops, whom he had despatched to Rome, had been lavish of his treasure. The two years, however, had not been completely lost. During the heat of the summer Anselm had retired to the convent of Schiavia. There, among the mountains overlooking the Campagna, he had returned to the contemplation he loved, those boundless realms of thought where he reigned without a rival, and had completed or revised that work of theology by which he is chiefly known, the *Cur Deus Homo*, one of the few books that changed for centuries the current of human thought.[1]

Unable by reason of the king's wrath to return to England, Anselm retired to Clugny. There, in the summer of 1099, he heard of the death of Urban. "May God's hatred light on him who mourns for him!" cried Rufus. "Let his successor keep to himself, for by the face of God his popeship shall weigh very little with me. I am free now, and will do as I like." There was, in fact, no one to trouble him now;—Brother Robert safe in the Holy Land; nor archbishop, nor Pope. He would take his ease, eat, drink, and be merry. The Count of Poictiers was going on crusade. He, Rufus the king, would buy his

[1] Space has compelled me to omit Anselm's relations to the Greek Church at the Council of Bari. See Rigg, ch. xiii.

earldom, and stretch his empire from the Orkneys to the Garonne. Westminster Hall was finished, the vestibule only of the palace that he intended to build. So he planned. But his day of grace was past; his soul was required of him. On August 2, 1100, the Red King perished by an unknown hand in the New Forest. As he lay in his agony, thrice he cried piteously for the Lord's Body. But there was none that answered; neither priest nor church was near, for his father had swept away thirty-six villages to obtain his Naboth's vineyard. The rude charcoal burners did what they could. They gave him three blades of grass to eat as a kind of sacrament, and, when all was over, carried his body to Winchester. There, without toll of bell or religious service, the body of the great tyrant was flung into an unhallowed grave.

On the morrow, Henry his brother was chosen king, and before the altar of Westminster solemnly promised "to put down the injustice which was in the time of Rufus, and to keep the best laws that stood in any king's day before him." His first act was to send for Anselm, beseeching him to return. But as soon as by Anselm's aid he was firmly seated on the throne, Henry showed that he had not forgotten the ecclesiastical policy of his father. He intended, like the Conqueror,

to be the supreme head of the Church. He realised clearly that his brother Rufus had defeated his own ends by a frantic extravagance of greed and lust. If he would maintain his absolute control, he must win back an outraged public opinion. Throughout his contest Henry was careful of all decencies and conventionalities. Unlike his father, a sinner in private, he recognised better than any monarch of the day the value in statecraft of the eleventh commandment. But Henry, in spite of his cleverness, began his struggle with Anselm by a fatal blunder. He demanded from Anselm that as there was now a new king, Anselm must receive his see by a new act of investiture. We need not point out at length the results of such a theory if carried to its logical issues. The doctrine of apostolic succession, and continuity through the episcopate, could not long have survived in any form such a wholesale sweep with every new monarch of the episcopal bench. When men began to think, the logic of facts would have showed them that bishops formed no part either of the *esse* or the *bene esse* of a Church. From the first the demand of Henry, though not entirely novel, was hopeless. By a blunder worse than a crime, he had mixed up with this impossible claim that which had hitherto been the

law of England, the claim to lay investiture.[1] To both these demands Anselm gave an unqualified refusal. It was true that in so doing he seemed inconsistent; he had not objected on his first acceptance of Canterbury to go through the ceremony of lay investiture. He had then recognised that it was one of the customs of the land. But in the last ten years much had happened. The reign of the Red King was not easily forgotten. He had seen how by this system the very bishops had become the first men in upholding the lawlessness of the tyrant. Flambard and the like, when not themselves imagining wrong, were mere court puppets, to whom it was useless to look for redress. Just as in later times men felt that the one chance of good government lay in making the judges independent of the crown, so now Anselm, following in this once more the teaching of Hildebrand, felt that there could be no advance in the kingdom of God until it was made independent of the princes of this world. In this he was not governed by mere theory or even the decrees of councils. The experience of years had opened his eyes. He puts his own position clearly in a letter which he wrote to "his old and ever new friend, Gundulph": "The king's

[1] For the whole subject of investiture, see pp. 120–123.

father and Archbishop Lanfranc, great and religious men as they were, did some things which at this time I cannot do according to God's will or without the condemnation of my own soul."

Into the details of the struggle between archbishop and king we need not enter. Anselm had been present in the Lateran when, in 1099, solemn excommunication was pronounced against all who gave or received investiture at lay hands. Upon the decrees of this Council he took his stand. "What have I to do with the Pope?" was the answer of Henry. "I will not lose the customs of my predecessors, nor suffer in this realm a man who is not mine." Once more Anselm stood alone. The only dispute of the bishops was who should yield most completely to the king's will. Nor was this unnatural. One had gained his see of Salisbury because he had pleased Henry by the speed with which he could run through the mass; another was appointed because of the skill with which he had managed the royal larder. It was in vain that such men urged upon Anselm that resistance was hopeless, or sneered at "the sheepskins with a lump of lead at the bottom" with which Pope Paschal backed up the demands of the archbishop. "I am not afraid," he wrote to the Pope, "of banishment, poverty, torture, or death;

for all these, God strengthening me, my heart is ready for the freedom of my mother, the Church of Christ." "If kings," replied Paschal, "pretend to be the door of the Church, those who enter in by them will be robbers, not shepherds." It is a mark of the half-logical nature of the whole controversy from the royal side that by Henry's own request the matter was referred to Rome for settlement. With the astuteness of a prince whose skill and finesse had won for him the title of *Beauclerc*, the king acknowledged that the general principle of the Roman Synod was correct. He asked, however, that England should be exempted, "lest the king by losing the rights of his predecessors should be disgraced." By due use of his gold Henry won all he wanted. The papal claim was acknowledged, the bishops who ignored it were to be cut off, but Henry himself was to be exempt from the penalties pronounced by the Lateran Council. This might satisfy Paschal; for Anselm it was not enough. To him the law and his conscience was everything. "I would rather," he wrote to Gundulph, "be at enmity with men than be reconciled to them by being at enmity with God." No personal exemption of one man could in the mind of Anselm take the place of simple obedience. "You tell me," he writes,

"that they say it is I who forbid the king to grant investitures. Tell them that they lie. It is not I; but having heard the Vicar of the Apostles in a great Council excommunicate those who gave or received investiture, I have no mind by communicating with them to become excommunicate myself." Despairing at length of obtaining anything from Rome except consolatory promises, Anselm, who was in banishment at Lyons, determined to issue the thunders of the Church himself. For this purpose he came North, that he might excommunicate Henry. "There is no man," he wrote to Henry, "to whom it is more needful than to a king that he should obey God's laws. If you still hesitate, I dare not delay to appeal to the Lord." The king was alarmed. He was preparing for his decisive struggle with his brother Robert for the duchy of Normandy. In England he had rendered himself unpopular by his taxes. His soldiers, he knew, would not fight if they were resting under the curse of a man of Anselm's reputation. His queen, Matilda, who had received her crown as well as her release from a nunnery from the archbishop, was on Anselm's side. "My good lord," she wrote to the exile, "let thy heart, which I dare to call a heart of iron, be softened." At length, after more references to Rome, the

king made his peace. On August 1, 1107, at an assembly of "the chief men of the realm at the king's palace of Westminster, the king granted and decreed that from that time forth none should be invested in England with bishopric and abbey, by staff and ring, either by the king or other lay hand." Along with this there went the surrender of the right of nomination and the restoration to the chapters of a real *congé d'élire*. In no more emphatic way could it be put on record that the spiritual powers of the bishop were not the king's to give.

Thus had the "weak sheep" vanquished two "ungovernable bulls." It were too much to say that the Anglican Church was destroyed, for in one sense it had never existed. But the cherished customs and traditions which had given it some measure of independence of Rome, and had subjected it to the authority of the State, had been overthrown by the single-minded constancy of an old man, fighting alone against kings and nobles, feebly supported by the Roman authorities, and betrayed by episcopal colleagues. Against his sanctity, learning, and convictions all the weapons and strength of his opponents were powerless. In a world of sinners selfishness and greed had proved no match for the conversation which is in heaven. On the Continent,

Rome only won the compromise of Worms after a struggle with successive emperors for fifty-six years, in the bitterness of which sixty battles were fought and two millions of lives were lost. In England the struggle was bloodless, an old man against a nation. But the result was no less secure.

Before the peace was made, Anselm had returned to England. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which he was everywhere received. Whether they agreed with him or not, men could not withhold their love and reverence for the saint who through good report and ill had been true to his conscience, in whose character it were hard to say which gifts were pre-eminent, the tenderness and meekness, or the courage and intellect which made him without a rival in his age. "Come home," wrote the bishops who had hitherto fought against him; "delay no longer. We are ready, not only to follow thee, but to go before thee if thou command us; for now we are seeking not what is ours, but what is the Lord's." Henry himself was unable to resist the charm of his foe; no honour or confidence was too much for Anselm. But the end was come. For six months he gradually faded away. It was only by force that he could bring himself to eat, though the

vigour of his mind was the same as of yore. Four days before he died he took to his bed. It was Palm Sunday. "Holy father," said one, "we are given to understand that you will leave this world for your Lord's Easter court." Anselm smiled. "If it be His will, I shall gladly obey; but should He rather will that I remain with you yet so long a time that I may solve a problem which I am turning over in my own mind as to the origin of the soul, I should welcome the delay, for I doubt if whether when I am gone there will be anyone left to solve it." Two days later he was speechless. Asked to give his last blessing on court and people, he made the sign of the cross with his right hand, then dropped his head, and sank slowly. On the Wednesday, as the monks poured into the great cathedral to chant their matins, one of those who stood about him took the Gospels and read the lesson for the day. It was the Gospel of the Passion according to St. Luke: "Ye are they which have continued with Me in My affliction. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, even as My Father appointed unto Me, that ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom." The reading was broken off, for they saw that the hour of his passing was at hand. So they raised him from his bed, and stretched

him on the floor on a cross of sackcloth and ashes. As the morning broke, Anselm was not, for God took him. "He slept in peace on the Wednesday before the day of our Lord's Supper, in the year of our Lord's incarnation 1109, in the sixteenth year of his pontificate and the seventy-sixth of his life." He rests in God on the south side of the chancel of his great church.

III

And what is the verdict of history upon this great controversy? Was Anselm right or wrong? Upon the answer to this question will also depend our estimate of Hildebrand and his aims; his method of securing those aims is a different matter. At first sight the answer to this twofold question seems plain. Judged by all the theories of this present day, we should condemn the men—whether pope or archbishop—who thus bound the Church to Rome and destroyed its dependence on the State. But it is precisely by the theories of to-day that neither Hildebrand nor Anselm must be judged. The centuries of history are not modelled on any cast-iron plan, whereby one may exactly fit into and be measured by another. The great scheme of God's new creation of the world, though present eternally to

His sight, is for us but slowly unfolded. Human progress is not continuous, with direction and method perfectly outlined from the first. It is more like the confused movement of a crowd, whose advance is only seen after many swayings and turnings, than the ordered forward movement of legions along a military road. But on the road of progress the lower reaches are of equal value with the higher. They are nearer the clay, the view from them is more limited; but the upper reaches cannot say unto them, "We have no need of thee." In all organisms life is a long process of construction and reconstruction. To this rule the body political is no exception. There the life of one century becomes the death of the next; but just as the outer world is built up of the ruins of dead creations, so in the world of history the living ideal of to-day rests, in its ultimate analysis, upon ideals dead and gone, that had their place and their work. When their task was done, in the providence of God they passed away, or rather passed into a succeeding and a higher. To us history is a meaningless chaos, unless at every step we recognise the great truth that over its waste of waters the Spirit of God still broods; nor is the light of the first day the light of the second, though both alike are "good."

Was Anselm right? We must meet the question with another. Could Anselm have acted otherwise? Was it not the logic of facts that showed him there must be some power above kings and princes, and independent of them, some power that should make for righteousness? Where was that power to be found except in Rome? Anselm could not foresee the awful abuses to which that power was to lead; Anselm did not know that the ecclesiastical tyranny of the Curia would become worse than all the tyranny and lust of the irresponsible despots from whom he sought escape; that by its worldliness and dogmatic stagnation the Papacy would become the retarding force in the drama of history. Anselm was strictly limited by the outlook of his times. In his day the great need was not to combat the overweening pretensions of Rome—that would come later; it was the absolute necessity of putting some curb upon the utter lawlessness of kings and princes who feared not God nor regarded man. It was no mean day when at Rockingham the proudest and fiercest of Norman tyrants was taught that there were limits to his will. "It has a right," in the verdict of Freeman, "to be marked with white in the calendar in which we enter the day of Runny-

mede and the day of Lewes." Public opinion, the sacredness of law, an enlightened national conscience, the freeing power of education,—these things did not as yet exist. Only in the fable does Wisdom spring fully armed from the head of Jupiter. Freedom is the child of order; it dies at once where there is anarchy and turmoil, and on the whole, despite its selfishness and other sins, the Papacy was the greatest force that made for order. There is no fact in history more certain than this: that, all things considered, the dominion of Rome was an indispensable factor in the production of those very blessings which in their turn have freed us from her yoke. She was the schoolmaster that led us to higher things. Our thankfulness for those higher things, and our determination never to return to the yoke of bondage which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear, need not blind us to the services which, like Judaism, Rome rendered to man in the days before the "fulness of times was come."

The verdict might be otherwise if on the royal side we could detect the consistency of logic, the freedom of thought, or the emphasis of nationalism (Allen). We fail to discern that even the great William set before himself any clear, definite issue. The conflict was not for

principle, but for tricky stretches of royal prerogative and personal ascendency. For principle, in fact, the nation was not ripe. A victory over Rome, unaccompanied, as it must have been, by intellectual or theological reform, would not have hastened the advent of the Reformation. It would simply have strangled the life of the Church by a premature sectionalism and a hopeless Erastianism.

That the Papacy had a mission to fulfil can scarcely be denied. "The central power of the Pope," as Dean Church well puts it, "which Anselm strengthened, grew rapidly with the growth and advance of the times: it grew to be abused; it usurped on the powers to which it was a counterpoise; it threatened, as they had threatened, to absorb all rights of sovereignty, all national and personal claims to independence and freedom; it had, in its turn, to be resisted, restrained, at last in England expelled. It went through the usual course of successful power in human hands. But this is no reason why at the time it should not have been the best, perhaps even the only defence of the greatest interests of mankind against the immediate pressure of the tyrannies and selfishness of the time. If anything else could then have taken its place in these days, the history of Europe has

not disclosed it." Unity is an indispensable element in all progress, and that unity could scarcely be given except from Rome. Imperialism had broken down; nationalism was not then existent, or, at anyrate, too rude in its conceptions, too rough in its methods. The first efforts of the nations to attain self-consciousness led to centuries of strife and bloodshed. That nationalism, under the decentralising influences of feudalism, did not degenerate into mere tribalism, like England under the Octarchy, must be attributed in no small measure to the unifying solidarity of Roman usage and authority. A premature nationalism would have been an unmeasured curse; the blessing it ultimately brought lost nothing through its long infancy. In later years nationalism had a work to do, not the least important or beneficial being the destruction of the very Papacy to which, in some respects, it owed its fulness of power.

Nor could the episcopate of the Church have accomplished its mission apart from the Papacy. A centre, standing alone, strong in its acknowledged claims to reverence and authority, was in those days absolutely necessary for the development of Western Christianity. If the papal control had been withdrawn, "the sacerdotal rule would have lost its unity, and with its

unity its authority must have dissolved away. Without the clergy, not working here and there with irregular and uncombined excitement on the religious feelings of man, awakening in one quarter a vigorous enthusiasm, while in other parts of Europe men were left to fall back into some new Christian heathenism, or into an inert habitual Christianity of form; without the whole order labouring on a fixed and determined system, through creeds sanctified by ancient reverence, and a ceremonial guarded by rigid usage: without this vast uniform, hierarchical influence, where, in those ages of anarchy and ignorance, of brute force and dominant intelligence, had been Christianity itself" (Milman, iv. 3). Providence has in all ages used strange materials in the upbuilding of the future Jerusalem: here and there, the gold, silver, and precious stones; more often, the wood, hay, stubble. Even the arrogance of papal despotism, like the wrath of man, has ministered to the growth of the kingdom of His Son, whose dominion endureth throughout all generations. In the great cathedral of Damascus, long since turned into a Mohammedan mosque, the traveller to-day can still read legibly inscribed in Greek characters over one magnificent portal the thirteenth verse of the 145th Psalm, with the

addition of a single word. There stands the clause, in letters unobliterated by time or hostile hands; "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom." So in the greater cathedral of human history. To the eye of faith even the more shapeless stones will disclose some marks whereby he may know that they have been used by the Master-builder of the new heaven and the new earth.[1]

[1] The fall of the papal supremacy and the evils which it brought upon the religious and moral development of Europe, will be dealt with in a second volume.

PART II

SCHOLASTICISM

CHAPTER VI

THE INTELLECTUAL AWAKENING OF EUROPE

AUTHORITIES.—For a fuller account of this whole subject I may refer the reader to my *Christian Thought to the Reformation* (1911), cc. 6, 7, with bibliography. R. L. POOLE, *Illustrations of the Hist. of Medieval Thought*; RASHDALL, *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, vol. i., are both of great service. Nor should FAIRBAIRN'S *Christ in Modern Theology* be overlooked. UEBERWEG, *Hist. of Philosophy*, vol. i., will be of service only to the more systematic student.

For Abailard I have given a full bibliography in my article in Hastings' *Encyc. of Religion and Ethics*, vol. i. The standard work is by C. DE RÉMUSAT, *Abélard*, 2 vols., Paris, 1845, or S. M. DEUTSCH, *Peter Abälard* (Leipzig, 1883).

Of the heresies of the times there is a full account in the great work of C. LEA, *Inquisition in the Middle Ages*, vol. i.

Other books that may be commended for special points are WEST, *Alcuin and the Rise of Christian Schools*; ALICE GARDNER, *Studies in John the Scot*; B. F. WESTCOTT, *Essays in Hist. of Christian Thought in the West*; and H. O. TAYLOR, *Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages* (1903) and *Thought of the Middle Ages* (1911). COMPAYRÉ, *Abélard and the Origin of Universities*, is scarcely trustworthy in its main position. Two small books, W. TOWNSEND, *The Great Schoolman*, and J. S. BANKS, *Development of Doctrine*, vol. ii., may be commended for beginners. See also the bibliography *infra*, vol. ii. p. 250.

THE INTELLECTUAL AWAKENING OF EUROPE

I

THE latter part of the eleventh century witnessed a great change passing over Europe, culminating in the intellectual and religious awakening of the next generation. The Dark Ages which had followed the break-up of the empire of Charles and the renewal of the barbarian conquests were passing away. The fatal millennial year (1000), with its dread of the end of all things, had come and gone without any awful cataclysm. Everywhere men roused themselves from despair and terror to an age of hope and enthusiasm. In this new birth of the human spirit the religion of superstition, with its fairy tales of saints and its fathomless depths of credulity and terror, which had hitherto formed the sole groundwork of authority and the main element of order in the chaos of society, began to shed from itself some of its grosser elements, and to aspire to higher forms of truth. Mind and soul alike were no longer

content to be cramped by the swaddling-clothes suitable to a weaker age. It was fitting that the eleventh century should open with a Pope who would have been a remarkable genius in any age, but who shines out like a solitary torch in the darkness of that night. Sylvester II., better known by his name of Gerbert, was the stout opponent and the stout asserter of the claims of Rome. But his political actions, though sufficiently original, were the least part of his claims upon posterity. This austere monk of Clugny was the most learned man of the age. Mathematician, theologian, scientist, mechanician, he spent his nights watching the stars from a tower of the Lateran. When we remember that he constructed an organ which went by steam, and contrast him with his immediate predecessors, we need not wonder that by succeeding ages he was regarded as a wizard who had won his way to the throne by his compact with Satan. Sylvester, in fact, suffered the fate of all men who are before their times. He was, however, prophetic of the new life which was already stirring the dry bones of religion and thought. In the Church we witness the great reforms of Leo and Hildebrand; while monasticism renewed its life in the Cluniac and Cistercian revivals. Education and art also

shared in the general upward movement. The schools of teachers like Lanfranc and Anselm became thronged with scholars drawn from every part of Europe. Stately minsters were supplanting the ruder sanctuaries. To certain aspects of this great awakening we have directed attention in the chapters on Anselm and Bernard. In the following pages we shall confine ourselves to the intellectual side of this great movement, dealing with it, however, only in so far as it affected the development of the Church.

At the commencement of the eleventh century the maximum secular knowledge which the student could gain in the most famous schools is represented by the well-known division of the seven arts into the elementary Trivium (Grammar, Rhetoric, Dialectics) and the more advanced Quadrivium (Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy). The text-books in use were those of "three writers who, living in the dim twilight which intervened between the daylight of ancient culture and the total night of barbarism, had occupied themselves with reducing to compendiums as much as they could save or as much as they could appreciate of the intellectual treasures destined otherwise to be buried for centuries or lost for ever."[1] These were

[1] Rashdall, *l.c.* p. 34.

Boethius, Cassiodorus, and Martianus Capella, the first by far the most important. For the most part they had saved but little. The gold of past culture had sunk—it was only the light and worthless rubbish that had floated down the stream of time. Even in Boethius there is of the Quadrivium but the scantiest outline. The real secular education of the Dark Ages was confined to the Trivium. Under grammar was included not only the technical rules of Priscian and Donatus, but also the few known survivals from the wreck of pagan culture. Under rhetoric schoolboys were exercised in writing prose. But real education in both these departments was hindered by a lurking uneasiness of conscience in the teacher. Vergil and Cicero were pagans—Vergil, in fact, a great magician who had fled from Rome to Naples, and enriched that city with his supernatural works.[1] The study of such writers was like unto the sin of Achan. It was not everyone who had the wit to argue with Peter Damiani that it was rather "the spoiling the Egyptians of their treasures in order to build a tabernacle for God." The monk could not forget the protest of Gregory the Great when Desiderius, Bishop of Vienne,

[1] For the fate of Vergil in the Middle Ages, see Gregorovius, *l.c.* vol. iv. pt. 2, pp. 669–676.

ventured to teach grammar and read the poets: "A report has reached us which we cannot mention without a blush, that thou expoundest grammar to certain friends; whereat we are so offended and filled with scorn, that our former opinion of thee is turned to mourning and sorrow. The same mouth singeth not the praises of Jove and Christ. Think how unspeakable a thing it is for a bishop to utter that which becometh not even a religious layman. If hereafter it be clearly established that the rumour which we have heard of thee is false, and that thou art not applying thyself to the idle vanities of secular learning, we shall render thanks to God, who hath not delivered over thy heart to be defiled by the blasphemous praises of unspeakable men." He remembered also the greater authority and warnings of Augustine.[1] But in logic the most sensitive conscience found a sanctified field; the rules of right reasoning must in the nature of things be the same for pagan and Christian alike. What little he

[1] *Confessions*, vol. i. c. 12. The effect of these oracles of Gregory and Augustine has often been exaggerated. The whole subject of the precise extent of ignorance in the Dark Ages is a most difficult one. It is exhaustively treated by Maitland, *Dark Ages*; see especially pp. 171–187. See also Gregorovius, vol. iii. c. 8; vol. ii. pp. 85–95. Also Montalembert, vol. v. Add Guizot, *Civilisation in France*, lects. 16, 22, 28, and 29.

knew of the writings of Plato and Aristotle was chiefly derived through Christian channels—Boethius and Augustine. In fact, of Plato he knew very little; but that little, his doctrines of ideas, was like the revelation of a new world. As the schoolmen studied the great controversy on this matter between Plato and Aristotle, they felt

> Like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific.

The whole interest of their half-developed intellectual faculties was concentrated in this never-ending controversy over the nature of universals. It was the central question of education and theology. Its endless tournaments drew crowds of eager students to the lecture halls of Laon, Chartres, or Paris.

To the student of to-day the astonishing thing about the scholastic logic is not so much its intricate and useless formalism as its daring assumption of the all-sufficiency of the *à priori* method. By means of his logic the schoolman constructed a complete system of science, which knew neither the limitations of observation nor the fetters of induction. He was, if possible, even more certain of the truth than the materialistic disbeliever of a more scientific

generation. To the one to doubt was as certainly to be lost, as to the other to believe is to be intellectually damned. Even geography resolved itself into an *a priori* study, the basis of which was not the mariner's compass, but the Bible. Men found the maps of the times in the tabernacle of Moses. This formed the only possible model of the globe. To imagine, said one writer, that the world is round would be "to abolish the kingdom of heaven, the future state, and make of none effect the resurrection of Christ."[1] In the same spirit Augustine had started the controversy as to the effect of the Fall upon stars and vegetables, and the atmospheric changes due to angels. Modern science cannot sufficiently express its contempt for the vast superstructure which the schoolmen raised on their narrow and flimsy foundations; nevertheless, that strange system which to-day repels us by its unthinkable fancies was in a true sense preparing the way for the advent of better things.

II

The precise problem of scholasticism cannot be better put than in the famous words which have played a greater part in the history of thought than any outside the Sacred Word. They are

[1] See Beazley's very interesting *Dawn of Modern Geography*.

taken from the Introduction to the *Isagoge* of Porphyry as translated into Latin by Boethius. "Next concerning genera and species, the question indeed whether they have a substantial existence, or whether they consist in bare intellectual concepts only, or whether, if they have a substantial existence, they are corporeal or incorporeal, and whether they are separable from the insensible properties of the things, or are only in those properties and subsisting about them, I shall forbear to determine. For a question of this kind is very deep." "Very deep" indeed; it involves, a schoolman would have said, the whole theory of the universe. The great battle over this problem, thus left undetermined by its author, was opened towards the close of the ninth century by the last survivor of Irish culture, John Scot the Erin-Born (Erigena). But it is not until we come to the last years of the eleventh century that the fray becomes warm, as men see what it involves. With Berengar of Tours, the nominalist, we enter upon a new era. Theology and logic have become inextricably mixed; the problems of the one are the difficulties of the other. We see this clearly in Berengar's attack upon the doctrine of the Real Presence. This famous controversy is memorable in more ways than one. It struck at the unity

of Christendom at the very moment when that unity had been undermined by the Dark Ages of the Papacy and the seething of the new nations. The concrete centre and embodiment of that unity was Rome; its abstract had been for long ages that Holy of Holies of worship, the Eucharist. The Real Presence of the King of kings in the consecrated wafer, and the power mysteriously given by the imposition of hands to the lowest priest to work this stupendous miracle, had overawed and tamed the rudest barbarian. Whatever be its theological errors, this theory of the Sacrament had accomplished wonders for civilisation where a more accurate and spiritual conception, the Zwinglian or moderate Anglican, for instance, would have failed. History and evolution alike are the emphasis of the great truth, not always sufficiently realised by the student of the past, that in the words of Novalis, the space between is the way thither. "When I was a child I thought as a child," has many historical applications, and "childish things" should be treated with respect.

But hitherto the nature of that Presence had been left undefined. Like the mountain that burned with fire, it must not be touched even by the reverential hands of Council or Pope. Not until Paschasius Radbert (853), a monk of

New Corvey, uttered the fatal term Transubstantiation [1] did men attempt to compress into syllogisms the supreme mystery of the faith. Such hardening, if we may so express it, of that which had hitherto been spiritual, or at least nebulous, was characteristic of the times. The Middle Ages were powerless to realise an idea without turning it into the concrete. Of Christ and the saints they must have visible images. By a sort of logical inversion, they went one step farther. Where the image was, there was the spirit, thus the image became the vehicle of grace, possessing not only sanctity but life. Even to the thinker the spiritual was constantly assuming form and colour. He would have applied to the most subtle spiritual influences the literal words of St. John: "which we have seen with our eyes and our hands have handled." That the spiritual could be apprehended by the senses was to him an axiom of faith. The same held true of Satan and his host of demons. They were ever present realities—every evil was put down at once to their activity. Men heard their laughter in the gusts of the wind; disease and death were the work of their fingers. There were, in fact, few inconveniences which could not be traced to

[1] *I.e.* the thought. The word itself seems to have been coined by Hildebert of Tours about 1110.

satanic influences. Thus we are told of St. Bernard, that when he came to a certain church to dedicate it, he found it filled with an incredible number of flies. They were, of course, the messengers of Satan. Said the saint, "I excommunicate them." In the morning the dead plague was shovelled out with spades. In the same spirit a certain Pope caused fields to be sprinkled with bits of consecrated tapers as a protection against mice.

Tales such as these, and others even more foolish, are significant of modes of thought now as extinct as the icthyosaurus, but which were once living realities. It was this that had led the Middle Ages to materialise the Real Presence. Led on either by the pride of logic or keener spirituality, Berengar protested against this vulgarisation of a great truth. He rested his defence on the difficult text, "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, henceforth know we Him no more." He declared that the Real Presence was but spiritually conceived. In spite of the attacks of Lanfranc, Berengar succeeded in maintaining his positions until the Second Lateran Council (1059) gave him the choice of death or recantation. "Logic," says Milman sententiously, "makes no martyrs," and for a short time Berengar's doctrine was suppressed. Twenty years later Berengar once more recanted his

enforced recantations, and through the extraordinary clemency, it might even be called the sympathy of Hildebrand, was dismissed from the Lateran Council acquitted of dangerous heresy. In spite of his unworthy vacillations, Berengar is entitled to this praise: he had set the whole world thinking, questioning, and disputing.

An examination of this controversy reveals at once the secret of the alliance between realism[1] and orthodoxy. When Lanfranc began the defence of the popular creed, he tried to save himself from a gross materialism by falling back

[1] It would take us too far afield to explain what is meant by realism and nominalism. Put briefly, realism affirmed that universals were realities (whiteness, for instance as distinct from white things; or humanity as distinct from individual men); nominalism made universals mere names. A further development, conceptualism, made them conceptions formed by thought for its own convenience. The young student will find the subject clearly put in Archbishop Thomson's *Laws of Thought*, pp. 95–103. For those who imagine that the whole controversy is but the dust of the past, it were well to remember that of nominalism, "the sensationalistic scepticism of Hume or the crudest modern materialism is but an illogical attenuation" (Rashdall, *loc cit.* p. 45). The danger of realism, on the contrary, was an undeveloped pantheism. It is represented in later times by Spinoza and the transcendental idealists. That the philosophy of Hume, over which Huxley waxes so enthusiastic, is but nominalism run mad, has been shown in the profoundest work of English philosophy, Prof. T. H. Green's *Introduction*. See also the extremely able work of Prof. Herbert, *The Assumptions of Modern Science examined.*

on the distinction of realism between the substance—that impalpable but real universal which was held to be present in every particular included under it—and the accidents or sensible qualities which come into existence when the pure universal clothes itself with matter. The substance of the bread and wine, he argued, was changed; the accidents remained the same. Thus realism gave to the popular doctrine a subtle philosophical basis, not the less valuable because it is one that can neither be understood, proved, nor disproved. This alliance was accentuated by the heretical tendencies of the doctrine of nominalism in the hands of Roscelin. This thinker had fearlessly applied his nominalism to the supreme problem of the Incarnation. "If in God," he argued, "the Three Persons are one thing, and not three things, then the Father and the Holy Ghost must have been incarnate with the Son." But if the opposite be true, "we ought to speak, did usage permit, of three Gods." The reader will at once perceive that the fallacy of Roscelin consists in treating the universal and individual as necessarily repugnant *inter se*, whereas in fact they are not so. This was clearly pointed out by a greater thinker, the opponent of Roscelin, the famous Anselm.

The controversy of Anselm with Roscelin was

an accident of time; his thoughts really moved in spheres far above the narrow controversies of scholastic logic. In his life of the archbishop, Eadmer has given us a remarkable picture of the way in which his passion for abstract thinking robbed him of food and sleep, and sometimes even intruded upon his prayers. His wax tablets lay ever beside his bed, for it was chiefly in the watches of the night, after an agony of conflict and thought, that he grasped what he sought. With all faith and humility, Anselm did not fear to face questions hitherto judged insoluble, and in which still lie the deepest problem of our times. It would take us too far afield to enter upon any critical estimate of these contributions to the philosophy of religion. We may say in brief that he laid the foundations upon which later schoolmen built up the vast superstructure of mediæval theology. In his best-known work, *Cur Deus Homo?* he swept away for all time the fatal theory which had hitherto satisfied the Church, that the final cause of redemption was the devil rather than God, the rescue of man by purchase from his power. By his doctrine of satisfaction, narrow and forensic as this age necessarily finds it, Anselm supplied theology with what it had hitherto lacked, a working theory of the Atonement. In his more

strictly philosophical work Anselm is chiefly remembered by his daring attempt, in his *Proslogion*, to prove the existence of God from the very nature of the human mind. This ontological speculation, that the idea of God must needs involve the reality of that idea, is on the one side as old as Plato, and on the other as new as Hegel. Anselm's identification of the rational and the real will in all ages excite the laughter or the assent of men according to their different philosophical standpoints, and perhaps on the whole the laugh has hitherto been the louder; nevertheless, Anselm is entitled to the place awarded him by Hegel as among the few speculative thinkers who have opened out to the human mind new vistas of truth.

III

The mantle of Roscelin fell with a double portion of his spirit upon his pupil, the famous Abailard, the greatest leader in the intellectual movement of the age. Like his master, Abailard was a Breton, the eldest son of the Lord of Le Pallet, near Nantes (b. 1079). After wandering, according to the fashion of the times, from one school to another, he was at last attracted to the Notre Dame of Paris, by the fame of its master, the realist, William of Champeaux, whose crude

philosophy soon provoked Abailard, though not yet twenty, to open combat. This strange duel, protracted through years, resulted in the overthrow of the older man's reputation, and the installation of Abailard in his place. It was a sign of the new age that the eldest son of a knight should thus deliberately renounce the profession of arms for the service of letters. "I prefer," said Abailard, "the strife of disputations to the trophies of war." Into all such disputations he carried the impetuosity of his race. Expelled from the Notre Dame by the cathedral authorities, he took refuge in the precincts of St. Geneviève—then outside the city. This abbey became henceforth the headquarters of philosophic teaching in Paris,[1] while round it gathered in the next generation the famous university. The next encounter of Abailard with authority was even more revolutionary. Logical disputations were well enough, but the only avenue to power and fame lay through the mastery of theology. Desirous of attaining distinction in this queen of the sciences, Abailard therefore put himself under the most famous

[1] Paris was not then the capital, only the growing rival of the older Laon or Compiègne. The young student would do well to realise the position of Paris in the Middle Ages by reading Freeman's Essay on its *Early Sieges* (vol. ii.).

master of the day, Anselm of Laon. A few lectures convinced him that he would find little fruit "on this barren fig tree." "Anselm," continues Abailard, "was that sort of a man that if anyone went to him in uncertainty he returned more uncertain still. He was wonderful to hear, but at once failed if you questioned him. He kindled a fire not to give light, but to fill the house with smoke"—this last, we may remark, a failing not restricted to Anselm of Laon. Abailard soon shocked his fellow-students, to whom the idea that anyone should be able to think for himself was almost a crime against nature, by freely expressing his opinion that educated men should be able to study the Scriptures for themselves with the help of the text and "the glosses" alone. In proof of his view, he offered to lecture on any book of the Bible they might choose. They took him at his word, and selected Ezekiel. Such was his success that it was only by expelling him from Laon as an authorised teacher that the authorities were able to check the rush to his class-room.

Abailard on his return to Paris resumed his lectures, while scholars from every land hastened to sit at the feet of this wonder of the age—philosopher, poet, theologian, and musician in one. The Church smiled on his success, and

appointed him a canon of Notre Dame. He had reached the zenith of his glory. Henceforth the story of his life is one of calamity, not the least element of which was his own moral downfall. Into the remarkable romance of his connection with Heloise we need not enter. The story is well known, while its constant repetition really distracts attention from the real greatness of Abailard in the history of thought. In spite of the protests of Heloise that "Abailard was created for mankind, and should not be sacrificed for the sake of a single woman," Abailard married her, and then, when the secret was out, removed her to the convent of Argenteuil. We draw a veil over the story of revenge. Abailard in an agony of soul and body fled to St. Denis, while Heloise tried to transfer her burning passions to more spiritual objects.

Abailard found the monastery of St. Denis to be worldly and dissolute. He retired in disgust to a hermitage at Maisoncelle, and opened a school. Very soon the throng of his scholars made it difficult to procure either food or shelter. His lectures were as daring as they were brilliant. He examined the grounds of belief, and discussed the mystery of the Trinity. His line of thought may be gathered from his position: "that it was not possible that anything should

be believed unless first understood. It is ridiculous for a man to preach to others that which neither he himself nor his hearers can intellectually grasp." Dynamite here, it will be acknowledged, to produce an explosion even in later centuries than the twelfth! We need not wonder that he was summoned to answer for his teaching before a Council at Soissons (1121), chiefly, it seems, at the instance of his old master, the aged renegade Roscelin. As no one could be found sufficiently bold to meet in disputation the irresistible dialectician, the Council determined to burn the treatise without either reading or inquiry. "They compelled me," wrote Abailard in his *History of his Calamities*, "to burn the book with my own hands. So it was burnt, amid general silence." He was not even allowed to expound or justify his orthodoxy. He was handed a copy of the Athanasian Creed, the which "I read amid sobs and tears as well as I could." He was then sent to St. Medard —a convent which had acquired the reputation of a penitentiary through the stern discipline of its abbot and his frequent use of the whip.

After purging his offence Abailard was permitted to return to St. Denis. There his love for truth overwhelmed him in a new calamity. He had been led by Bede to doubt whether Denys,

the patron saint of the foundation, was indeed, as the monks ignorantly proclaimed, "Dionysius the Areopagite."[1] Abailard was whipped; in despair he fled by night. Fortunately, at this stage Abbot Adam took to his bed and died—"broken-hearted," said the monks, "at Abailard's awful heresies," "through drink," said the hushed rumours of truth. He was succeeded by the reformer Suger (1081–1152), the builder of the present church,—a remarkable man, a peasant's son, courtier, statesman, first Minister of the Crown, Regent of France, abbot who never neglected his own self-tortures, and historian of the age,—who gave permission to Abailard to seek any refuge he liked, provided he did not become the subject of any other monastery. Abailard became a hermit. But his eager pupils soon found out his retreat. His poor hut of wattles and stubble "in a solitude abandoned to wild beasts and robbers"—near Troyes—became the monastery of the Paraclete. Though nominally an anchorite, Abailard had little of the anchorite's spirit. "The whole world," he wrote, "is gone out after me. By their persecution they have

[1] "Dionysius the Areopagite" is one of the most remarkable creations of the Middle Ages. For a study of his influence, see Allen's *Christian Institutions*, or Westcott's *Religious Thought of the West*; also Vaughan's *Hours with the Mystics*.

prevailed nothing." Nor was his monastery one to escape suspicion. It was rather a school of philosophers, where disputations took the place of constant devotions, where there were neither vows nor rigid rules. The very title of Paraclete was a dangerous innovation; dedications should be either to the entire Trinity, or to the Son alone. We are not surprised that he aroused the suspicions of the two great apostles of the ancient faith, Norbert of Magdeburg, the reformer of the regular canons,[1] and Bernard of Clairvaux. In 1125, Abailard was invited to be the abbot of the lonely monastery of St. Gildas de Rhuys, on the granite cliffs of his native Brittany. Urged either by his fears of further councils, or by one of his constant moods, Abailard accepted. The abbey was poor in resources, shameless in its depravity; the monks unscrupulous in their determination to get rid of any reformer who should interfere with their unbridled passions. They tried to poison Abailard, first in his food, then in the cup of the Eucharist. Once more he fled. But Paraclete was no longer open to him. In 1131 he had formally handed it over, with the added sanction of a papal bull, to Heloise, "the prioress and the other sisters in the oratory of the Holy Trinity"—who had

[1] For canons regular, see p. 275.

been expelled from Argenteuil by the mingled rapacity and reforming zeal of Suger.

The movements of Abailard at this time seem a little uncertain. It would appear that he lived near Paraclete, engaged in collecting and publishing his writings. He resumed, also, his teaching at Paris. When next he appears before the world, he is at fatal theological strife with Bernard. For years past Abailard had felt a growing antagonism to the abbot of Clairvaux. Bernard, on his part, had been carefully watching the dangerous speculator. The differences between the two men lay deeper than the personal; they were fundamental, of the kind that no argument can remove. The two men were, in fact, the representatives of opposing forces. Abailard summed up in himself the spirit of a premature revolt against unreasoning authority. Bernard was "the last of the Fathers," the supreme representation to the age of all that was best in the old faith, a reformer in morals and life, a rigid conservative in creed and ritual. The abbot concentrated in himself all the strength of a religion which despised human learning, which looked on the intellect as the foe of the soul, which bound men with the iron of authority, and yet touched their hearts, drew out alike their superstition and faith, and lifted their whole lives

into higher spheres. Abailard, profoundly religious in his way, was the representative of a creed full of dry light and clear of cant, but destitute of spiritual warmth, a creed which had shown both at St. Denis and St. Gildas no power to turn men from their sins or to win to a higher life. With all his narrowness of intellectual vision compared with Abailard, put Bernard down at St. Gildas, and that abode of whoremongers would have soon felt the extraordinary purifying power of his zeal, and become an oasis of spiritual blessing in the savage wilderness. Bernard's was that baptism with fire which not only cleanses but warms, and of this the cold, subtle, intellectual religion of Abailard knew nothing. To Bernard, "faith is not an opinion, but a certitude:—'The substance of things hoped for,' says the apostle, not the phantasies of empty conjectures. You hear 'the substance.' You may not think or dispute on the faith as you please, you may not wander here and there through the wastes of opinion, the by-ways of error. By the name 'substance' something certain and fixed is placed before you; you are enclosed within boundaries, you are restrained within unchanging limits." Bernard, in fact, had a nervous, constitutional dislike and dread of the unaided intellect. "He held in

abhorrence," wrote a chronicler of the next century, "those who trusted in the wisdom of this world, and were too much attached to human reasonings. From the fervour of his religion he was as jealous as from his habitual meekness he was, in some measure, credulous." Abailard, on the contrary, argued that reason was of God, and had, as philosophy showed, found God. He took his stand on the words of Jesus the son of Sirach, "He that is hasty to trust is light-minded" (Ecclus. xix. 4). Conflict between the two was inevitable; it had already broken out. In one of his letters Bernard inveighs with his customary rhetoric against "Peter Abailard, disputing with boys, conversing with women," who "does not approach alone, as Moses did, towards the darkness in which God was, but advances attended by a crowd of disciples." On his part, Abailard had attacked the saint with much abuse for preferring the usual form of the Lord's Prayer to that which Abailard had instituted in Paraclete (*ton arton ton epiousion*). The two representatives of systems whose conflict is, from the nature of things, unending, were now to meet in a fierce tournament at Sens. For Abailard, "always in extremes,"—we quote the just verdict of Milman, —whom neither misfortune nor years had taught prudence, had "challenged Bernard before kings

and prelates whom Bernard ruled with irresistible sway. He entered the lists against authority where authority was supreme — in a general Council. At issue with the deep devotional spirit of the age, he chose his time, when all minds were excited by the most solemn act of devotion—the Crusades. He appealed to reason where reason was least likely to be heard." At first Bernard was unwilling to come to the duel. Such contests, he pleaded, he disdained; the verities of faith could not be subject to their decision. At length he yielded to the representations of his friends and the summons of his metropolitan, and set out for Sens (1141), without preparation or study, reflecting only on the promise "it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." Hardly had the Council opened, and Bernard demanded the recital of Abailard's heresies, than Abailard, with his characteristic irresolution or revulsion of feeling, appealed from the very tribunal he had chosen to the sovereign judgement of the Roman pontiff, and left the assembly to mumble out its *condemnamus* over its wine-cups.

Abailard had appealed unto Cæsar, but it was before a different tribunal that he was about to stand. On his way to Rome old age had come upon him suddenly; so, in the monastery

of Clugny, "renouncing the tumult of schools and lectures," he awaited the end. There in the spring of 1142—we quote from the beautiful letter which the good abbot of Clugny, Peter the Venerable, wrote to "his venerable and very dear sister," the sorrowing Heloise —"the advent of the Divine Visitor found him not sleeping, as it does many, but on the watch. . . . A long letter would not unfold the humility and devotion of his conversation while among us. If I mistake not, I never remember to have seen one so humble in manners and habit. . . . Thus Master Peter finished his days, and he who for his knowledge was famed throughout the world in the discipleship of Him who said, 'Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart,' persevered in meekness and humility, and, as we may believe, passed to the Lord."

Abailard was no heretic, nor was his a deathbed repentance. He always maintained that he was the devoted son of the Church. Modern Romanists have no hesitation in saying that both the Councils, Soissons and Sens, were conspicuous for zeal rather than wisdom. It is well known, also, that the work of his disciple—Peter the Lombard—the famous "Sentences," became the accredited text-book in theology, the very canon of orthodoxy, of the later Middle Ages,

though many of its views were those for which Abailard had been unsparingly condemned by Bernard and his obedient councils and popes. But we need not marvel at the misfortunes of Abailard. In part they were the results of an ill-balanced judgement; in part the necessary outcome of his real greatness. For Abailard was so great intellectually, so completely in advance of his age both in the extent of his knowledge and the width of his outlook, that his positions were bound, whether rightly or wrongly, to seem heterodox to a generation that leaned wholly on the past. Abailard, in fact, belonged to the future. The very spirit of Protestantism is contained in his declaration that the doctrines of the Church should be read not with the necessity to believe, but with liberty to judge. We seem transported to the nineteenth century when he claims that the interpretation of Scripture may err, or the text be faulty. In his preface to his characteristic *Sic et Non*—an extraordinary collection of contradictory opinions from the Fathers on all the leading disputes of theology—he lays down a defence of all criticism, higher or lower: "By doubting we are led to inquire, by inquiry we perceive the truth." It is no slight testimony to his power as a teacher and to the value of his method, that of his pupils twenty-

five became cardinals and more than fifty were bishops. Of those who argue that we must not reason on matters of faith, he asks, "How then is the faith of any people, however false, to be refuted, though it may have arrived at such a pitch of blindness as to confess some idol to be the creator both of heaven and earth? . . . As, according to your own admission, you cannot reason upon matters of faith, you have no right to attack others upon a matter with regard to which you think that you ought to be yourselves unassailed." The dilemma of mere pietism has never been better exposed.

The circumstance of the times flung Abailard into conflict with Bernard. Intellectually, however, the only foeman worthy of his steel would have been Anselm. At first sight there seems to be between these two philosophers an impassable abyss, unconsciously summed up by Anselm in the preface to his great work: "Some men seek for reasons because they do not believe; we seek for them because we do believe." With him, faith and reason are "bells of full accord": "This is my belief, that if I believe not neither shall I understand" (*Credo ut intelligam*). Upon those thinkers with whom a satisfied reason was a prior condition of faith, he pours out the full vials of his sarcasm: "They are men of false

learning, who before they have gained a knowledge of the faith fly at the highest sovereign questions . . . as if the owls and bats and other creatures who only see by night should dispute as to the light of day with eagles, who look with undazzled eye upon the sun."

The rule of Abailard is the exact opposite. He argues that men believe not because of authority, but because of conviction. But a deeper study reveals that the differences between the two may be exaggerated; as in his own generation and for long years after they certainly were. Abailard explicitly owns that the highest truths of theology stand apart from and above the comprehension of our understanding; they can only be hinted at by analogies and figures of speech. Anselm on his side was no less anxious to satisfy reason than Abailard, only he wanted to make quite sure of its limits before he began the attempt. His great work, *Cur Deus Homo?* is a tribute to the very reason which he is sometimes assumed to have ignored. The difference between the two great thinkers was one rather of order of thought than real divergence. "If the chronological order be regarded, Anselm is right; if the logical, Abailard. In the actual history or experience of the soul, faith precedes reason; in the logical or ideal process, where the

intellect by the method of analysis or synthesis deals with the materials submitted to it, reason precedes faith. In the realm of experience man begins with facts; he believes those who know. He does not start life with a matured and furnished intellect, but as one who must believe that he may understand. . . . But these beliefs become his own by a process of ratiocination more or less conscious. . . . In the one case faith precedes reason, in the other reason precedes faith. The first is a preparatory and transitional stage; the second alone is permanent, personal, final" (Fairbairn, *l.c.*). It is in the clear perception of this last that the true greatness of Abailard lies. But like Bacon, and for the same cause, he had to leave his name and memory "to the next age,"—that next age which he had done more than any man to usher in.

With Abailard we must bring this sketch of the intellectual movement of the earlier scholasticism to a close. He had cleared away from the mind time-honoured cobwebs, and though at the time it seemed as if his work was crushed by Bernard, it was really Bernard's work that was finished. That belonged to the past—it was the last magnificent revival of monasticism, concealing by its very intensity the decay of

the whole system. Abailard's work, on the contrary, was yet to come. With Abailard our sketch should rightly close, for as Anselm was the last of the great monastic teachers, so Abailard was the real founder of that university movement which distinguished the next century. The school in which he taught developed within forty years into the earliest and greatest university of Northern Europe. Within a generation of his death the secular schools had begun to take the place of the old monastic foundations. The "school" no longer followed the teacher as heretofore, but had its fixed habitation in Paris, Bologna, or Prague. For another reason also we do well to close the first period of scholasticism with Abailard. In the next generation James of Venice translated the hitherto unknown works of Aristotle into Latin. Henceforth the "New Logic," as it was called, after a short struggle, commanded the thought of Europe. Aristotle was canonised into a doctor of the Church; his works became an inspired revelation outside the Vulgate. But the fortunes of that movement, as well as the rise of the universities,[1] belong to that new Europe which made the thirteenth century in its way the most remarkable in history.

[1] For the Universities, see volume ii. c. vii.

IV

In another direction also was it manifest to the observer that the old stagnation of life and thought was giving place to a new restlessness. For centuries the human mind had sunk into such inactivity that, in the West at anyrate, it had hardly produced a single new heresy since the suppression of Arianism.[1] But now there once more appeared in the Church organised schisms and rebellions, attempts faulty in execution and plan to clear away from the primitive faith the dust of centuries. They broke out, in fact, on every side. In Italy, especially Milan, the Patarines (*rag-pickers*), and a host of other Manichæans, whose spiritual lineage can be traced back through the channel of crusades and pilgrimages to the Bogomiles of Bulgaria, and thence to the Paulicians of Syria. Their later name of Cathari (*Puritans*) was given them

[1] This stagnation, however, has often been overstated. "There was indeed never a time when the life of Christendom was so confined within the hard shell of its dogmatic system that there was no room left for individual liberty of opinion" (Poole, *l.c.* p. 3). For two early Protestants—if with some inexactness we may use this term—Claudius and Agobard, see Poole, c. i. The dispute of Gottschalk over Predestination (Poole, c. ii.) should not be overlooked, nor the rise of Adoptianism in Spain, condemned by Council of Frankfort, 794. See Workman, *Christian Thought to the Reformation*, c. 6.

partly in derision, partly because of the moral elevation of their characters. The name indicates their chief doctrine. Matter they regarded as the seat of evil; contact with it was sin. Their adepts, initiated by the imposition of hands, renounced marriage and property, and advocated suicide. In the south of France they were so numerous that their heresy infected more than a thousand towns. In the south of France also we find the sect of Peter de Bruys (*Petrobusians*), with its hatred of infant baptism, its meat roasted on Good Friday at a bonfire of crosses, and its declaration that churches were useless, for God could hear whether we were praying in a tavern or before a market stall. In Normandy there is Henry of Lausanne, a monk of Clugny, barefooted, carrying a cross in his hand, attacking the corruptions of the Church with such earnestness that a dozen towns have boycotted their clergy; at Antwerp the wild demagogues Tanchelm and Erwacher—heretic priest this last—worshipped by the people as angels, who daily drink the water in which they have bathed. In every direction there was a revolt against authority, or the reaction of the Christian consciousness against a worldly Church.

In the towns of Italy this took the special form of a struggle to shake off the yoke

of feudalism, civic or spiritual. The twelfth century witnessed the rise of the free republics of Lombardy and Tuscany. Taking advantage of the struggle between Church and State, they gradually deprived their bishops and counts of their rights, and established in their place their own magistrates. To the Romans the sight of these free republics was an aggravation of their bondage. Once more the city entered on a struggle with the popes. But there was a great difference between this and the earlier antagonisms whose fortunes we have related. They had been struggles of patricians; this of plebeians. In the former it was nobles against the Pope; now the nobles make common cause with the Pope against the people. Taking advantage of a violent revolution, the new burgher class had wrung from Innocent II. the restoration of their long extinct Senate (1143). They even strove to compel his successor, Lucius II., to surrender his temporal rights to the commune, and live on a pension from the State. Lucius died, killed by a blow from a stone as he besieged the Capitol (1145), and Eugenius III., a pupil of Bernard, prudently recognised what he could not suppress. Once more the Capitol, for long years given over to monks, "who prayed, sang psalms, scourged their backs, and planted cabbages upon

its ruins," became the seat of senators whose knowledge of the past was as limited as their title was glorious in its memories. The lead in this remarkable revolt has been attributed, though erroneously, to the celebrated reformer, Arnold of Brescia. In reality the revolt was the result of strictly local forces; the work of Arnold was far deeper and more universal. But with the keen insight of genius he tried to make use of the disaffection at Rome in order to advance his wider Utopia.

If Abailard was the incarnation of the new spirit claiming for itself freedom of thought, in Arnold we find the leader in the new claim for freedom of will. Arnold was the pupil and companion of Abailard. Born at Brescia, on his return from his studies in Paris he plunged into the struggles of the citizens against their bishops. Brescia was a seat of the Patarines, and Arnold, though in theology most orthodox, added fuel to the flames of heresy and patriotism by his invectives against the worldliness of the priests. The possession of property, he maintained, was contrary to Christianity: he urged the secularisation of the states of the Church. Clerical wealth should be escheated to the commune; henceforth the ministers of religion should depend on the voluntary tithes of the people. His teaching

suited both the politics and pockets of the market-place. All Lombardy was stirred with wild expectation, in which it would be difficult to say whether the hope of plunder or reform was the dominant motive. On their part, the clergy were not slow to reply. They were clothed in purple and soft raiment; they lived in kings' palaces; they fared sumptuously every day. To the seculars the ideal of the monastery was bad enough, but the monk's vow of poverty was redeemed by the inconsistency with which the abbey clung to its broad champaigns and fruitful vineyards. So at the Lateran Council of 1139, Arnold was condemned "for the worst kind of schism," and banished from Italy. In 1140 we find him once more in the company of Abailard, who was preparing for his tournament at Sens. The differences between the two men were very great, but their work was towards a common end. The one was a philosopher, the other a demagogue, but whether with the weapons of abstract thought or appeals to popular passion, they were undermining the foundations of the whole hierarchical system. One thing may perhaps surprise us: the antagonism between Bernard and Arnold. In his hatred of a wealthy and luxurious clergy the saint was one with the reformer. In his book,

De Consideratione, Bernard had reminded the Pope that theirs was a spiritual office; to a temporal lordship they had never any apostolic right; a gardener's spade would suit them better than a royal sceptre. But when Arnold appeared as the "armour-bearer of Goliath"—to use the rhetoric of the saint—Bernard wrote to the Pope accusing him of heresy. Arnold escaped to Zürich, a city which thus became four hundred years before Zwingle a centre of free thought. There he was safe, for his fellow-student, Cardinal Guido,[1] now legate in Bohemia, turned a deaf ear to the frantic appeals of the indefatigable heresy-hunter, who from his watch-tower at Clairvaux guarded the orthodoxy of Europe.

When next we meet with Arnold, he had returned to Rome at the head of a large company of Swiss mountaineers (1147). We see him preaching once more his favourite doctrines to a people who needed no persuasion. The purity of his life, the high morality of his teaching, appealed to the few; the many were reached by the fiery eloquence with which a man, clothed in a monk's robe and worn with fasting, preached in the peasant's tongue apostolic

[1] Milman, Morison, and others speak of this Guido as the same with the future Pope Cœlestine II. He was really a different Guido. See Gregorovius, iv. 486.

poverty in priest and pope. For the enormities of the Hildebrandine papacy Arnold could not find adequate adjectives. His ideal was, in fact, the exact apposite of Gregory's, though like all extremes they had much in common. Both dreamed of a great Christian republic, in which the existing feudalism should give place to higher forms. To Arnold this was the sovereignty of the people, to whom should belong the vast estates of the Church. Triumphant democracy would possess all the virtues and none of the wrongs of the systems it would replace; it would usher in an era of true religion, for which the world had looked in vain in existing ecclesiastical organisations. Of this great republic, Rome was to be the centre. For, to Arnold, Rome was still the mistress of the world. She must be in bondage to no man. It was in vain that Eugenius, who had fled from the hostile city, excommunicated Arnold at Cremona (1148), or that Bernard came to the rescue of his pupil, and exhorted "the illustrious and exalted Romans" to submission. "Your fathers," he wrote, "rendered the universe subject to the city; you have made the city the byword of the world, a headless trunk, a face without eyes. Scattered sheep, return to your shepherd. Illustrious city of heroes, reconcile thyself with thy true princes,

Peter and Paul." Eugenius was forced to come to terms with his opponents, and died with Arnold and his followers still supreme (1153). He was succeeded (1154) by the only Englishman who ever occupied the papal chair, Nicholas Breakspear, the son of a poor priest of St. Albans. Driven across the seas by his father for begging alms at the monastery gates, the beggar boy had by his culture, eloquence, and administrative tact—contemporaries speak much of his handsome appearance—won his way to the highest throne in Christendom. His pontificate is chiefly remarkable for his grant of Ireland to Henry II. and the final suppression of the Celtic Church, an anticipation of the day when his successors should bestow new worlds on the sovereigns of Spain, both acts alike the source of unnumbered woes. As regards the city, Adrian IV.—such was his title—determined at all costs to overthrow the republic. For this purpose he invoked the aid of the Emperor Frederic I. (Barbarossa), while for the first time in its history Rome was laid under an interdict. Probably only a stranger and an Englishman would have committed this outrage on the imperial city. Under the terrors of this new weapon the Romans flung themselves at Adrian's feet. They were pardoned on condition that

the republic was abandoned. Arnold fled, but was arrested by Frederic and handed over to the Pope. As he refused to recant, he was at once condemned to death. With uplifted hands he confessed his sins and commended his soul to God. The first of the martyrs for freedom was then hanged and burned, and his ashes thrown into the Tiber (1155).

In some respects Arnold was a hopeless dreamer. As we look back upon his ideals, the accomplishment of which even nineteenth-century enthusiasts project into a distant future, and remember that he sought to realise these things among the ignorant and oppressed lower classes of the twelfth century, our admiration of his daring is only equalled by our astonishment at his ill-balanced judgement. He mistook the transitory intoxication of the populace for religious and moral conviction. Nevertheless, his memory should be reverenced. The world has had too few prophets for us to despise one

> Who rowing hard against the stream,
> Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
> And did not dream it was a dream.

But though the times were not yet, the work of Arnold was not in vain. It grew greater with the growth of the evils he had

confronted. For seven hundred years, amid all her distresses and divisions, no small part of which was due to the secular character of the Church, Italy treasured the name of the great political heretic who had held up before her the vision of both a spiritual Papacy and her unity —that unity which, like the cup of Tantalus, has been the inspiration and despair of successive toilers.[1]

[1] The circumstances of the death of Arnold of Brescia are somewhat obscure. It happened near Soracte, not in the city of Rome itself. See Gregorovius, iv. p. 544. For the original sources of Arnold, see Bury's *Gibbon*, vii. 220 n. For Adrian IV., see *infra*, vol. ii. p. 2; § 2; and p. 17 n. The importance of Arnold should not be overlooked. As Gregorovius puts it (iv. 609): "The spirit of Arnold still survived in Rome, and each Pope was obliged to win toleration for himself or else in exile."

PART III

MONASTICISM

CHAPTER VII

THE WORK OF THE MONKS

πολυμερῶς καὶ πολυτρόπως πάλαι ὁ θεὸς λαλήσας.

HEBREWS, i. 1.

AUTHORITIES.—It is difficult to specify the sources of a theme that extends through centuries, and the original sources of which are beyond the general reader. Among the works of most use are the following:—

ALLEN, *Church Institutions*; most stimulating, but seems to me to push his generalisations too far, especially nationalism. E. HATCH, *Organisation of Early Christian Church*, Lecture vi. MONTALEMBERT, *Monks of the West* (Ed. Gasquet), especially vol. v. (*cum grano*). For the inner life of a monastery, see GASQUET'S *Monasticism*. Add also JESSOPP'S numerous essays, especially in *The Coming of the Friars*. CARLYLE'S *Past and Present* (Abbot Samson). But there is now a good cheap translation of the *Chronicle of Jocelyn de Brakelonde* which makes Carlyle needless. See also references in c. vii. (Bernard). Among lesser sources the article "Monachism" in the *Encycl. Brit.* (This contains a very full list of all the orders.) The article "Monastery" in the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities* is very full. It gives details of the rules of the East as well as West. See also in same Dictionary the article on "The Benedictine Rule and Order." For Anglo-Saxon Monasticism, HUNT, *Eng. Church*, cc. 10, 17, and 18. GREGORY SMITH'S *Hist. of Monasticism* is a good work, unfortunately out of print. Reference may also be made to a work by the present author, *The Evolution of Monasticism*, which will be published in Oct. 1912.

For Benedict, see a good chapter in HODGKIN, *Italy*, vol. iv. and in F. H. DUDDEN, *Gregory the Great*. Mention should also be made of KINGSLEY, *Roman and Teuton*, Lecture ix. LECKY, *Hist. European Morals*, vol. ii. GUIZOT, *Civil. France*, Lectures xiv. and xv. KINGSLEY'S *Hermits* (a popular account adapted from the original lives). FROUDE, *Annals of an Abbey* (*Short Studies*, vol. ii.), needs care. A. M. COOKE, "Settlement of the Cistercians in England" (*Eng. Hist Rev.*, Oct. 1893).

THE WORK OF THE MONKS

I

IN the religious life of the Middle Ages the two distinguishing features are the power of the Papacy and the strength of monasticism. The two were mutually dependent. It was by no accident of history that the fall of the one coincides in time with the dissolution of the other. But for the help of Rome the monasteries could not have resisted the attacks of covetous kings, or the attempted control of the bishops; but for the monks the Pope would never have succeeded in building up his universal dominion. This was the political side of their work, though in reality the least part of their mission. To them was it given to represent in the midst of barbarism an ordered if one-sided life, and moral ideals above the age. Imperfect as their conception of duty may appear, nevertheless it was the instrument whereby God laid, in the midst of rude and opposing forces, the foundations of a nobler civilisation. To this last we shall return; our first care is to gain some insight into the place

in the economy of Church and State of the monastic orders. Their rivalry with the secular clergy was bitter and prolonged. It sprang not only from a different conception of life, but from a different trend of ecclesiastical statesmanship.

Of the three elements in the ecclesiastical framework—bishop, pope, and monk—the place and power of the episcopal office was the first established. The means whereby this was accomplished fall without our scope. We may say, in brief, that it was in part the result of the constitution of the primitive Church, but more largely due to the ruling ideas of the Roman Empire. Imperial Rome, characteristically, added nothing to doctrine; her work was to translate Christianity into the terms of her civil service, abandoning theology to the more subtle Greek. Even before the formal union of Church and State by Constantine, the Church had organised itself, especially in the West, on the lines of the Empire. In its hierarchy of religious pretors and pro-consuls, each in strict subordination to those immediately above them, in its rigidly defined ecclesiastical provinces, each divided into districts (bishoprics) and communes (parishes), we have the civil organisation adapted to religious purposes. "So closely did the ecclesiastical organisation follow

the civil organisation, and so firm was its hold upon society, that in the France of the present day, with hardly an exception, there is a bishop wherever there was a Roman municipality, and an archbishop wherever there was a provincial metropolis" (Hatch).[1]

With the break-up of the civil administration the ecclesiastical organisation gradually tended to take its place. The bishop was not only an officer of the Church, he became one of the higher magistrates of the new State; by his race, speech, and legal training preserving its continuity with the vanished Roman Empire. A further development should be noticed. The rise of feudalism, the increasing wealth of the sees, and the system of investitures, with its accompanying military services, its homage, its implied control by the sovereign, tended more and more to make the bishop a national prince. He owed his election to the sovereign; he became through his feudal relationships the king's man.

If on one side of their work the tendency of the episcopate was thus towards nationalism, on

[1] The reader should not assume that the origin of the parish is Roman. The Romans always took an existing Teutonic or Celtic division. Especially in England was the parish of slow growth. See article by Jessopp, *Contemporary Review*, February 1898. Also Stubbs, *l.c.* vol. i.

another the bishops and secular[1] clergy were the representatives of individualism and wealth. When the enthusiasm or policy of Constantine first allowed the churches to hold property (321), the Church became a kind of universal legatee. Hitherto the funds of the clergy had consisted entirely of voluntary offerings. They now received not only fixed revenues charged on the land of municipalities, but also the ever-growing estates which superstition or piety bequeathed for their enjoyment. In the chaos of the times they alone were not troubled by forfeiture or violence, while alienation was rendered impossible by perpetual curse. The lands of the conquered were divided by the barbarians, but the estates of the Church were guarded by the terrors of superstition. This wealth the bishop or incumbent regarded as his own. It was his for life; had it not been for the enforcement by Hildebrand of celibacy, it would have become his to bestow on his children as an hereditary possession.

As a consequence of the above, the natural

[1] The early use of this word "secular" shows the tremendous influence of monasticism. Whoever was not a monk, even though a priest, was "of the world." In the Middle Ages "religion" means generally the monastic life, and "conversion" is the adoption of the habit.

tendency of the episcopate, if it had been left to develop itself on its own lines, would have been far otherwise than towards unyielding compliance with the dictates of Rome. Though they would probably have shrunk back in the horror of schism from the thought of establishing national churches, they nevertheless unconsciously fostered their development, while every archbishop aspired to be within his province a miniature pope. In that wild seething of the nations which led to the foundation of Modern Europe, the bishop like the count would have drifted off into local or at least national independence but for two circumstances. The merely spiritual unity of the Church was to him unthinkable; it must be visible and concrete. The Emperor, as the symbol of the unity of the secular world, was oftentimes the shadow only of a great idea; but the Popes ever made the bishops feel that unity and orthodoxy alike, nay, the very existence of the catholic Church, depended on the due recognition of one supreme head. Then, again, the lesser bishops were in perpetual revolt against their metropolitans. This office and power, swept away in Spain and Gaul by the decay of religious life or the whirlwind of conquest, had been revived by Charles the Great as a

check to the growing disintegration of the Church. In their efforts to elude this metropolitan interference the bishops flung themselves at first into the arms of Rome. The purpose of the Forged Decretals, the responsibility for which later research has shown must be laid at their door,[1] was to provide an escape from the tyranny of local tribunals to an authority to which they trusted that distance would give disinclination for interference. By a just retribution, this stupendous forgery delivered the episcopate, it is true, from metropolitan tyranny only to hand it over to the stronger control of papal despotism. Nevertheless, the decentralising forces of feudalism and race hatred would have proved stronger even than Rome, had it not been that in every land the leanings of the bishops towards independent national churches were more than balanced by the cosmopolitanism of the monasteries, watchdogs in every land for the Pope, ever ready to pick a quarrel with the bishop, and to proclaim against him the supremacy of their papal overlord. This perpetual struggle of seculars and regulars accounts for much in the history of the church. On the one side was the individualism of wealth and the feudal

[1] The False Decretals were probably forged at Le Mans about the year 850.

localism of a national episcopacy. On the other side were the monks, by their very constitution socialists and cosmopolitans. As a necessary result they were also anti-national. They formed a state within a state, an ecclesiastical internationalism whose head centre was Rome. If the bishop was the king's man, the monk was the Pope's; if the interests of the one were more national or local, the sole care of the other was the welfare of his monastery, the spread of his order, and the domination in the Church at large of his three vows, of community of goods,—the technical name was "poverty,"—obedience, and celibacy. We need not wonder that, apart from all other causes, the inner mood of the two orders was a radical antagonism.

II

Monasticism in its origin was the struggle after two ideals, asceticism and isolation. By birth it was the child of the East, but there it was not confined to Christianity alone. In the Church it first appears in Egypt, where the great heathen Serapeum of Memphis had for centuries familiarised the people with its principles. From the East it was brought to the West by Athanasius, and naturalised by Jerome. But the monasticism of the West was altogether

different from its parent. In the East the ideal life was a dreamy and barren quietude. Her typical saint was Simeon Stylites (451). Emperors crouched at the foot of his pillar while Simeon performed his devotions, touching his feet with his forehead twelve hundred and forty-four times in succession. There is, in fact, nothing which sheds a greater light upon the causes of Rome's success than to remember that the year that Simeon died, mourned by the whole East as the greatest of the human race, witnessed also the death of the typical hero of the West, Pope Leo the Great. His glory is not that he lived for thirty years on a lofty column and died without the sin of descending: he forced Attila to have mercy on the prostrate Romans. Feebler successors of Simeon penetrated deserts hitherto inaccessible, or buried themselves in the darkest caves. They aspired to reduce themselves to the level of the beast: of some the naked body was only covered by their long hair; the glory of others was that they grazed like Nebuchadnezzar. They could be only roused to activity by some subtle theological argument, or for the joy of breaking down the temples and monuments of the heathen, and killing the prophets of its culture. Fine shades of distinction in difficult

words would lead them to meet by their thousands in sanguinary feud. Eastern monasticism has produced little save madmen and ingenuities of self-torture; we may be thankful that it was never successfully transplanted to a colder Europe. In the monasticism of the West we meet, it is true, with madmen not a few, but as the years passed on the useless life of the frenzied recluse gave place everywhere to the order and discipline of the convent. In the West, in fact, the monk (*monachos*) ceased to exist save as the occasional hermit or anchorite. He passed into the brother of the common life, the chief feature of whose existence was not so much his isolation as his socialism, and whose vows of celibacy and obedience to a spiritual father were the foundations upon which rested the life of the brotherhood.

The emancipation of Western monasticism from the baleful influences of the East was the work of Benedict of Nursia (543). His life falls without our limits, but his method was the governing principle of later centuries. He began life as a hermit in a cave of Subiaco, but his austerities and conflicts with Apollyon soon drew to him ardent disciples. These he formed into communities of twelve, and at a later date transferred them to Monte Cassino. There he destroyed the temple of Apollo, cut

down the sacred grove, and built in its place the most illustrious monastery of Christendom. To this he gave in 527 his famous Rule. Its virtues were abstinence, silence, humility, and obedience; its duties, worship, reading, and manual labour. A fundamental law was the absolute community of all property. He who reserved for himself even one gold piece was looked on as a new Simon Magus. Attachment to the order was to be the one earthly passion, an attachment which was rendered the stronger by the vow which tied him to his first monastery. Benedict survived but a few days his sister Scolastica, who had adapted to her own sex the work and rule of her brother. Within a few years of his death his order had swarmed like bees into every land of the West. Even the older foundations embraced his rule in preference to their own as a more perfect expression of monastic life; while its quickening impulse on the age was attested by the founding of an enormous number of new monasteries. From these monasteries there poured out in turn a stream of missionaries. Thus every new conquest of the heathen was marked by the further rise of Benedictine abbeys. At one time the total number of such foundations was not less than fifteen thousand.

The earlier monks were generally laymen. The movement was, in fact, on one of its sides the protest of the individual soul against a salvation conditioned by sacerdotalism. Jerome, for instance, was ordained against his will, and always refused to consecrate the elements. But in the course of time this primitive distinction was lost, and the monk became the rival of the parochial clergy. The first cause of this was probably pressure from without. The bishops felt the danger of communities of laymen growing up within the Church which proclaimed to the world by their very existence an opposite ideal of religious life to that sacramental and sacerdotal theory on which their episcopal authority depended. But the need of ordination became absolute when the monasteries found themselves confronted, through the labours of their missionaries, with the task of bringing the new converts within the organisation of the Church. It is one of the ironies of monasticism that though its inner mood was opposition to the episcopate, yet through its toils the episcopate was saved from stagnation, and received its largest extension. But the monk who became a bishop rarely forgot that he was first a monk. The history of England would have been different had Canterbury, like London, been

a secular rather than a monastic foundation, its archbishops recruited from the priesthood and not the cowl. But though at first the monks had entered into competition with the seculars against their will, in the course of centuries they did more than compete: they set themselves as far as they could to drive out the seculars. By appropriating tithes, by stealing and even pulling down the parish church when they had the chance, by substituting for the parsons whom they had plundered the cheaper service of curate or monk, they built up alike the endowment and fabric of their abbeys at the expense of the parish and the seculars. In the struggle of the two orders the corporate society as usual proved stronger than the individual, whether bishop or parish priest. Thus monasticism grew, crippling alike the episcopate and the parochial clergy.

By nothing had the power of the bishop been more fettered, and his whole action subjected to the constant supervision of the Roman courts, than by the escape of the monasteries from his control. At first this was not so: neither monastery nor hermitage could be founded without his permission. But as the monasteries grew more splendid in wealth and numbers, they grew more restive at the bishop's interference.

Some sought to escape by putting themselves under the protection of distant sees, such as Carthage; others took refuge in the shelter of Rome. When, in the person of Gregory the Great, a Benedictine monk for the first time ascended the throne of St. Peter, he not only officially sanctioned the rule of his order, but began the system of making the papal curse the bulwark of the monasteries against supervision or oppression. He made the granting of exemptions the settled papal policy. It was in vain that Charles the Great endeavoured to check this growth of a state within a state. Slowly but surely the monasteries threw off the control of the bishop,[1] and became free communities under the protection of the Pope. In return, they gave him assistance in his struggles with the growing nationalism of the seculars.

In the spread of monasticism we see two strangely contrasted influences working together to change the aspect of Europe. The one was the passion for solitude, the other the desire for fellowship. The passion for solitude drove the monk into the wastes and forests; the love of

[1] In the Eastern Church the monasteries have always been subject to the bishops. To render this more acceptable, the bishop must always be a monk. So the bishop is unmarried, while the clergy are married.

the saints and the protection which the Church alone could give turned the loneliest hermitage into a crowded monastery surrounded by a thriving dependency of serfs and tenants. The illustrations of this would be as numerous as the monasteries themselves. One must suffice for all. Few abbeys were more famous than that of Chaise Dieu (*Casa Dei*). It was founded by a certain Count Robert, who with two companions sought to find a holier life in the forests of Auvergne—forests so vast that it would take a strong horse four days to traverse them at a gallop, so dense that horror and silence reigned alone. "Robert, Robert," cried the voice of the demons, "why dost thou try to chase us from our dwellings?" Well might they be alarmed; for within a few years Robert was joined by three hundred monks, whose axes and spades opened up to civilisation a region hitherto inaccessible. Such was the growth of this fellowship, that in process of time Chaise Dieu counted three hundred dependent priories affiliated to it by origin and service.

Everywhere it was the same, whether by the slopes of the Jura, the forests of Bavaria, or the wastes and desolations of Northumbria. Europe does not always remember the debt which she owes to those who, in their longing

to escape from the haunts of men, cleared the densest jungle, drained pestilent swamps, and by the alchemy of industry and skill clothed the deserts with harvests, turning the sands into waving gold. The sanctity of the hermit, drawing after him, against his will, a brotherhood of disciples and settlers, laid the foundations of our busiest towns, breaking the silence of waste and fen with a chain of religious houses, setting agricultural colonies in the midst of the profoundest forest, or planting on some dreary coast the forerunner of a busy haven.

Not the least result of monasticism was the change which the movement brought into men's conceptions of the dignity of toil. In the degenerate Roman world manual labour had been exclusively reserved for slaves. But the monks, freemen always, and generally of high birth, members also of the priestly caste, sanctified industry by consecrating it to the lowliest tasks. "This is a fine occupation for a count," sarcastically exclaimed Duke Godfrey of Lorraine, when he found his brother Frederick washing dishes in the kitchen of the monastery. "You are right, duke," was the answer. "I ought indeed to think myself honoured by the smallest service for the Master." "In the monasteries,' writes Bernold (1083) in his Chronicle, "I saw

counts cooking in the kitchens and margraves leading the pigs out to feed." These tales could be multiplied indefinitely; we may laugh at them, but their value is not the less great. Facts such as these raised labour into new esteem, and aided in that development of industry which in later years was to destroy feudalism itself, and shift the centre of power to the producer and toiler.

But the monasteries did more than exalt labour. But for their influence the higher elements of civilisation would have been lost in the appalling degradation of the Dark Ages. Their services to education are beyond all belittlement. It is a significant fact that the foundation of Monte Cassino coincides in date with the banishment of the last philosophers from Athens (529). The sages fled as exiles to the court of the King of Persia, but in a figure they took refuge in the new monasteries. Historians have sometimes called the period between Charles the Great and the eleventh century the Benedictine Age. The phrase exactly expresses its characteristic. It was the only age in which education was altogether in the hands of monks and its intellectual life confined to the monasteries. With the progress of the barbarian invasions the old imperial and municipal schools had everywhere disappeared.

Their place was taken by the schools which Charles the Great ordered to be established in connection with every cathedral and abbey. The monastic ideal of education may to a modern seem narrow and stunted; this much must be allowed, that it was the only ideal that existed at all. In addition, education was free. There is even an element of truth in the exaggeration of certain enthusiasts, "that in the twelfth century knowledge was given to the people at the convent door, just as bread was given to the poor and medicine to the sick."

Historians not a few have dwelt upon the advantages conferred by the monasteries upon the struggling arts. In an age of barbarism they showed that the finer sensibilities of the human spirit were not utterly extinct. The monk had fled from the towns to the solitude of nature. Slowly this contact with nature begat within him the love of nature, and by his love of nature he prepared the way for art. It is a true instinct which sees in the cloister and nave the long glades of the Alpine pines, in the ordered spires the wild rocks of the Northern seas. When the moment was ripe, architecture sprang forth from the sacrifice and adoration of the monk like the first flow of a lava stream, bright and fierce. The new art owed all its power and vigour to

the enthusiasm of the religion by which it was animated. When that departed, it sank into nerveless rest, incapable of advance or change, like the lava-blocks of some distant eruption. Thus the monks wrote in stone the life and power of the gospel. Nevertheless, we should not forget that their best service to art was not given until the essential selfishness of their religious life had been corrected by the towns and cities springing up around them. Monasticism could produce architecture; but it needed St. Francis, with his enthusiasm for the bodies as well as the souls of men, to give to painting and sculpture its first inspirations.

The history of monasticism is a series of contradictions. The monk started with leaving the world behind him, nevertheless it was the monastery which did more to bind men together than any other agency. But for the solidarity which they gave to Europe, localism would have reigned supreme. To the monasteries we owe that restlessness and internationalism of life which so strikes every student of the Middle Ages. Scholars and workmen wander everywhere; the later racial hatreds, which looked on every foreigner as an enemy, seem as unknown as the barbarous passports and war-tariffs of later generations. This internationalism of life, in

itself an education and enlightenment, would have been impossible but for the generous hospitality of the convents. "The door of the monastery," writes a monk, "is open to all, and its bread is free to the whole world." They were, in fact, its gratuitous inns, the loss of which in later ages was felt by none more than by the poor artisan or struggling scholar. From the shores of the Baltic to Rome two or three great lines of monasteries marked as it were the railroads of the age by the help and refuge they afforded to all; while every child knows the tale of the hospices founded amid the snows of the Alps by the piety of Bernard of Menthon, Archdeacon of Aosta (d. 1008).

In the sphere of religion, viewed, that is, from its inner side as the personal relation of the soul to God, the influence of monasticism was as great as it is lasting. The monk was in his origin and motive the representative to the world of the value of one individual soul. The principle of the Catholic Church, as it then existed, was sacramentarian and sacerdotal: broadly put, the Church proclaimed the coming of grace from without through channels other than the man himself. Holiness was an imputed act rather than a fact of character. Largely through the influence of Cyprian, its foundations had been

laid on the doctrines of apostolic succession and a mediating priesthood. Against this the monk was a silent but constant protest, in its commencement the protest that the laity also are priests unto God and his Father. Though, as we have seen, the monk was forced by circumstances to join the priesthood, nevertheless monasticism never forgot that personal holiness —the special definition given to that term need not now concern us—is something far higher than any succession can bestow. Instead of intermediate communion with God through priests and sacraments, they upheld the ideal of the direct intercourse of the soul with his Maker. It is to the monasteries we must turn for the rise of the mystics; and in all ages the mystics have witnessed, sometimes even by their exaggerations, that the kingdom of God is not lo here! or lo there! but within. In days when Pentecost was forgotten they waited for the coming of the Holy Ghost. Their abbot was never other than a presbyter; they obtained papal sanction for exalting him into the equal of a bishop. God fulfils Himself in many ways, and in some respects the anti-sacerdotalism of the Nonconformist Churches is but the development under a new form of this constant protest of monasticism.

In another way also has monasticism outlived its dissolution. "Our first and most important duty," so runs the famous Rule of the Augustinian canons, "is to serve God in church"; but that service was rarely the adoration of the mass; they made it rather a perpetual sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving. They revived and maintained alive what would otherwise have perished, prophetism or the foolishness of preaching. Monasticism was dissolved, but in spite of the efforts of sacerdotalism its spirit survived. We see it reappearing in the Puritan, to whom the Bible has become the Living Voice of God; and though banished for a while by a dominant sacerdotalism to the lowly conventicle or the gathering of Covenanters on the moor-side, the genius of monasticism emerges at last triumphant in the Nonconformity of England and America. Little does the member of some humble class-meeting, the wayside preacher of the Salvation Army, or the head of the family as he gathers his children around him for worship, realise that he is perpetuating in new ways the characteristic motive of a contemned and despised system.[1]

[1] For an interesting but fanciful comparison of the different divisions of Christendom to the different monastic orders, see Allen, *l.c.* pp. 275, 276.

III

A word should perhaps be added about the scandals and corruptions which sully the monastic record. That such existed it were foolish to deny, though their frequency and seriousness has been largely exaggerated by popular imagination, aided by the circumstances of their suppression. Nevertheless, it is incontestable that until the end of the fourteenth century the monks as a body were far better than their age, better also for the most part than the regular clergy. But if the reader desires to stir up the cesspool of evil, he will find that the decay of monasteries seems to obey certain general rules. The first of these laws is this: Everything depended, as might be expected, upon the character of the head, be he prior or abbot. We shall have an illustration of this in the case of the famous Clugny. The second and greater cause of monastic decay was the corrupting influence of wealth. The curse of wealth was the greater in that its possession was in reality disloyalty to the monastic spirit. The first of their three vows was poverty, the total renunciation of the world, whether the lust of the eyes or the pride of life. But in spite of their vows, from wealth there seemed no escape. The

history of monasticism is, in fact, the constant repetition of the same tale. First we have the burning enthusiast, seeking salvation in self-denial, plunging into the wilderness that he may find a solitude where he may pray alone. There he draws to himself by his reputation others of like mind, who place themselves under his direction. Or if he is already a monk, inmate perhaps in some lordly abbey, rich in its vineyards and oliveyards, we see him setting off to found some new convent where he may carry on in stricter fashion the primitive rule, where the good seed shall no longer be choked by the multitude of riches. In a few years his lonely and humble abode becomes too strait for the multitudes who have sought out this Jacob's ladder. Wealth pours in; the rude huts of wattle and mud give place to the stately abbey; the humble church becomes the soaring minster. By their care and toil the desert blossoms as the rose, their fats overflow, while serfs and hinds, attracted by the security and the great freedom which the church affords, build up outside its walls the future town which perpetuates its name. The first dreams of poverty are once more forgotten; all things are ripe for some new saint to make a new effort towards that primitive simplicity—the dream and the despair

of monasticism. Thus monasticism falls into certain cycles of fall and decline, invariably followed by a corresponding rise; the ebbs of the monastic spirit always lead to the flowing tide of a great revival. On these revivals it were well to linger for a moment, not only because of the light which they shed upon monasticism itself, but also because in them we find the origin of certain subdivisions whose names and special place in the ecclesiastical economy are not always understood.

The first of the great reforms originated with Benedict of Aniane (d. 821). He found the Benedictine monasteries in a deplorable state. Many had been alienated as fiefs to laymen, while in all the monks were a law unto themselves. With great zeal, and still greater talent for organisation and government, he set himself to revive and enforce the forgotten rule of the founder, and as superintendent-general of the monasteries of France he succeeded, in spite of the opposition of the dissolute, in realising his dreams. Within a hundred years reform was once more needful.

At the beginning of the tenth century the monasteries of Europe had once more sunk into the lowest sloughs of degradation — the old discipline gone, the old enthusiasm lost. The

inroad of the Danes and Huns, the uncertainty of the times, the seething of the nations—all this had affected for evil the existing monasteries; the ancient rule had given place to the law which seems to come uppermost in times of insecurity—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." To counteract this decay, Duke William of Aquitane, in the year 909, founded his new monastery at Clugny, in Burgundy. Its rule was the strictest rule of Benedict, at first almost an unbroken silence. In a few years it became, next to Rome, the greatest centre of influence in Europe, less because of its wealth and splendour, though these were enormous,—two hundred and seventy estates were given to it in thirty years alone,—than because of the mighty spirits and true saints whom it gave to the Church. It was Clugny that led the reform party of the eleventh century; to Clugny was due the rescue and elevation of the Papacy. Three of its monks passed from its cloisters to the chair of St. Peter, including the illustrious Hildebrand. These vied with each other in conferring honours on their *alma mater*. The convent was acknowledged to be second only to that convent on Monte Cassino where Benedict had lived and died. Her abbot took his rank with kings; he was *ex officio* a Roman cardinal; he minted his own coin; three hundred

abbeys looked up to him as their head; three thousand monks gathered in his chapter; while nearly twenty thousand poor people were relieved annually at his gates. Her church was the pride of Burgundy, the largest in the world, and its massive magnificence was in keeping with its colossal dimensions. Its four hundred columns and hundred windows mark the beginning of a new era in art.

The secret of the Cluniac reform lay in the introduction into monasticism of a new idea. The weakness of monasteries lay in their lack of responsibility to some central authority. As a consequence, there were few checks to prevent the fall of a convent into evil when once the enthusiasm within had been lost. The Cluniacs remedied this by the formation of so-called congregations. Independent monasteries united to guard the common maintenance of the rule. Thus monasticism passed through the third stage of its development. The solitary monk had given place to the solitary community; this in turn became an affiliation of communities in one international organisation.

The next reform was by the order of Cistercians. By the beginning of the twelfth century, Clugny had followed the common round, and fallen from its high estate through its

wealth and magnificence. Added to this was the rule of the evil Pontius (1109–1122), who, on being dispossessed by the Pope, spared not to make war on the monastery itself, and to melt down its gold and silver plate, that he might pay his hireling sons of Belial. Twenty years before this fatal fall, Robert of Molesme, disgusted with the loose and frivolous life of his monks, had retired to Citeaux, in the stubborn desert of Champagne. There he formed a settlement of seven hermits, bound to the strictest observance of the ancient rule. Robert himself was compelled by envy to return to his original convent, but after a short struggle Citeaux won its freedom from the bishop, and was placed under immediate papal authority. His successor as abbot was an Englishman, one Stephen Harding of Sherborne, who had wandered as a pilgrim to Rome, but could not satisfy the hunger of his soul for a more intense asceticism until he retired to the desolate Citeaux. Stephen was the real founder of the order, though his success was due not so much to himself as to another. While he was still abbot there knocked at the door of his austere monastery, in the year 1113, a youth of twenty-two, with thirty companions. That youth was Bernard, by whose extraordinary enthusiasm the order so grew that

within forty years it had founded five hundred abbeys, chief of which was the illustrious Clairvaux. The Cistercians represent the fourth development of the monastic system. From the first they were entirely independent of episcopal authority, and bound to the Pope by obedience and co-operation Each foundation also was an independent abbey, and not as in the other orders a subject priory of its parent.[1] They were thus the first of the militant spiritual orders whose definite object it was to bring the spiritual world under the government of Rome. Within a hundred years this order, too, began to suffer the inevitable internal decay, and, like the others, to grow content with the common fate of wealth and prosperity. So one monastic reform gave place to another, each adding in its turn to the vast number of monasteries, but accomplishing little permanent change in the life and character of the monks themselves, let alone of the people at large.[2]

[1] A *prior* was the head of a monastery, which was a *cell* or subject-house of an abbey. Thus Tynemouth of St. Albans. *Alien priories* are the subject-cells of foreign monasteries, *e.g.* Tooting Bec of Bec in Normandy.

[2] See further on this head p. 303. The reader should note that nearly all the ruins in England are Cistercian. The Benedictine foundations had long since become surrounded by towns, and survive either as cathedrals (St. Albans, Gloucester, Peterborough) or parish churches (Selby, Tewkesbury, Wim-

Every new order was an eloquent testimony to the real failure of the system.[1]

IV

To some of our readers the interior of a monastery and the life of the monks may not be

borne). The Cistercians chose the more inaccessible haunts of forest and river (Rievaulx, Fountains, Jervaulx). There were also Cistercian nuns, the most illustrious foundations being that of Port Royal. The Cistercians had a special dress—white in the choir, black in the streets; hence Whitefriars, etc.

[1] We add here a brief list of the other orders which arose before the death of Bernard:—

The Carthusians, founded by St. Bruno of Cologne, 1086. The distinctive features of the famous Chartreuse were its vows of silence and its cells. There were never more than nine *Charter-houses* in England,—"The loneliness," says Dr. Jessopp, "was too dreadful for our taste and climate."

The Camaldules, founded by Romuald (d. 1027), were associations of hermits.

The Premonstrants, founded by Norbert of Gennep, at Prémontré, near Rheims (1121). Its thousand abbeys were divided into thirty provinces, under the general authority of the four oldest foundations. In its severity it was the rival of the Cistercians. Its chief seat was Saxony and Brandenburg. Technically the Premonstrants were canons regular.

Augustinian Canons Regular. Canons were originally clergy living together at the bishop's house. (See an exhaustive note by Hatch, *l.c.* p. 207.) In the course of time they came to have their own independent funds. In the year 760, Chrodegang of Metz, influenced by the contrast of the monasteries, drew up for their better regulation a rule on the model of that of Benedict. They thus became "Canons Regular," *i.e.* canons under a rule. Like the monasteries, the

familiar. We will therefore conclude our sketch of monasticism by a visit to the most magnificent of monasteries, the famous Clugny. Here is a monk who will show us round. He is an Englishman—at anyrate his parents were English, though he himself was born in Brittany towards the end of the eleventh century. His name is Bernard—a writer of hymns very familar to this generation.[1] You ask him what sort of a life he lives here. Come and see. Step into the cloisters on the south side of the great church; you are sheltered here from the bitter winds. There would be less draught, you say, if only the cloister windows had a little glass; yes, but you must wait until a later generation for that. That door opens into the refectory; close beside it, in the cloisters themselves, is the lavatory. You wonder what that whetstone is for, suspended from the roof by a chain. Bernard shows you by taking his knife from his girdle—every monk carries his own—and sharpening it before you.

institution had its ebbs and revivals, chiefly, however, ebb. In the tenth century a stricter rule was introduced, drawn from the works of St. Augustine. In England the canons of most cathedrals were "secular," administering their own estates, and not living in a community. The canons, etc., formed a "chapter," a name which arose from the chapters of the Bible read at their daily gathering.

[1] "Jerusalem the Golden," etc. See also later, p. 303.

How busy the monks are—some reading, some teaching, some looking after the secular duties of the monastery. These cloisters are their living-room—in a smaller convent all they had, except their dormitory, and, of course, the church; but at Clugny, with its inexhaustible resources, there are infirmaries, and recreation halls, and common halls, and rooms for the prior and subprior, and a great house for the abbot, to say nothing of kitchens and cellars. Wonderful kitchens these, and marvellous cooks! Before our present abbot Peter came among us—in the bad days of the wicked Pontius—such was the art of our cooks that "after four or five dishes had been devoured, the first did not seem to be in the way of the last; and as for eggs, who could say in how many forms they were worked up?" Did not the holy St. Bernard of Clairvaux—God rest his soul!—write one of his most bitter letters against us because one of his monks had fled from his pease and water to the "wine and soup and fat things—pepper, ginger, sage, and a thousand spices"—of Clugny? But the saint was a little hard on us when he sneered that "all the monks of Clugny found that they had weak stomachs, and endeavoured in this respect to follow the apostle's advice, though for some unexplained reason left out his condition of a

little." But all that is changed now under our present father in God, Peter the Venerable. Even in the worst of times we never forgot the poor. Were not twelve great pies baked every day for little children, while eighteen poor men had *prebends*, i.e. portions at the different meals exactly similar to those of the monks, "pepper" and all?

You ask to see Bernard's cell. You are amazed to find that he has not one. He wishes he had, if only for a little privacy. It is so hard to read and study in the cloister with monks all round you. The only quiet you can get is in the church. He has thought sometimes of going to the Grande Chartreuse. They have cells there, and a solitary life. Here you can never get by yourself except in the north cloister, where the east wind is blowing and there is no sun.

Where did he write his poem? He shows you the great Scriptorium, with its small army of writers, some busy with the accounts and deeds of the monastery, other copying school-books and service-books, or illuminating missals, and here an officer writing in the abbey's chronicle. Without our chroniclers, what would future ages know of the history of Europe? It is cold work in winter writing in the Scriptorium, for there are no fires. "Good readers," adds a scribe at the end of his manuscript of Jerome,

" do not, I pray you, forget him who copied this work. It was a poor brother named Lewis who endured the cold. But Thou, Lord, will be to him the full recompense of his labours." Silence here is, of course, the rule; when you want a book, you must ask for it by signs. That monk there, scratching his ear like a dog, wants a Virgil or Livy, for say the regulations, the works of unbelievers must be compared to that animal. No! our library is not so large as that of St. Gall, or even that of Croyland, with its three thousand volumes. Still, we do not forget the advice of St. Bernard: " A cloister without books is a fortress without an arsenal." Yes! you can have the loan of that volume, for by the Council of Paris (1212) we are commanded " to lend our books to the poor, according to the judgement of the abbot, seeing that such a loan is one of the chief works of mercy "—advice that most monasteries honoured by disregarding. Bernard takes you round the fields. Here is the orchard overlooked by the infirmary windows, a delightful spot for convalescent monks; yonder is the river; in the meadow, above the dam, some monks are fishing; be careful, that runlet is deep, it turns the great wheel with the giant wooden feet that grinds our corn. Outside the domain's high walls you can see the village; our

smiths and tailors and hinds live there. Serfs of the monastery, yes; but, on the whole, no doubt of it, far better off than the serfs of secular lords. You ask him some questions about the monks—what rank are they of? are they learned men? He tells you that they are gentlemen. From Benedict to Dominic the founders of all the orders, the builders of all the convents, were feudal lords. It is against the law for a serf to become a monk, though your hedge-priest is oftentimes recruited from those ranks. But things have not yet come to that pass here! With but few exceptions, we are all gentlemen of means. How would the world's work be done if the smiths and hinds were free to leave their tasks? If you want democracy, you must wait for the next age, when Francis of Assisi will supersede our aristocratic monasticism with his barefooted friars, beggars all, and sons of the people! No one here not qualified by blood to bear arms; though, thanks to the blessed saints, we have laid aside these carnal weapons for a heavenly warfare.

But here is the infirmary. Inside are the sick and aged, some with sightless eyes waiting for the vision of the King in His beauty. But what, you ask, is this outlined space in the centre of the floor? It is there that each monk of Clugny will die. When the hour of passing is

near, this space is covered with a carpet of sackcloth on which are sprinkled ashes in the form of a cross. Stretched thus, the sufferer will await the Bridegroom's call, while round him the monks will sing psalms and litanies to aid him on his last journey. "How else should a Christian die," asks St. Martin, "but in sackcloth and ashes?" But at the Grande Chartreuse they have no sackcloth—ashes only on the cold pavement.

So much for the outer surroundings—what about Bernard's inner life? No monk more regular than he at the constant services. At two in the morning, when the great bell rang out, he was not the last to leave his bed and hurry across the dark cloister into the church, and in that solemn watch-night service—two hours long, nightly, think of that, ye dwellers at ease in Zion!—there came to him the visions of the City Splendid—

> Of the sunlit land that recks not
> Of tempest, nor of fight.

And all through the day, in the seven services that he would attend, there fell upon him the deepening peace of the Beatific Vision—

> Yes, peace, for war is needless;
> Yes, calm, for storm is past;
> And goal from finished labour,
> And anchorage at last.

For these are troublous times, and it is only in the great church that there is peace. The monastery has not yet recovered from the bad times of licence under Pontius, when the monks went about in soft warm furs, with long sleeves and ample hood, and "a ravening wolf of a prior eulogised debauchery," by asking in his sermons "if God was pleased with suffering; and wherefore did God create food, if we may not eat it?" and "what sort of religion it was which consists in digging the ground, cutting timber, and carting manure" like at Clairvaux? Pontius is gone—thank God!—and the Venerable Peter his successor—no character more saintly than he; but the backwash of the old evil is still among us, and the devils are loath to leave us—they pull off our bedcoverings while we sleep; and "in the middle of the night, as we would make holy thefts of prayer in the church," they knock us down in the cloisters.[1]

[1] Peter the Venerable wrote this in all seriousness to a friend. The modern reader will, however, probably see rather the work of some practical joker among the younger monks. Life in a monastery had its rough side, doubtless, especially when a Pontius was its head.

CHAPTER VIII

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

AUTHORITIES.—For full bibliography I may refer to my article on St. Bernard in HASTINGS' *Encycl. of Religion and Ethics*, vol. ii. The standard life of St. Bernard, correcting many mistakes previously held, is E. VACANDARD, *Vie de S. Bernard*, 2 vols., Paris, 1895. The work of J. C. MORISON, *St. Bernard* (many eds.) is most interesting, especially considering the angle of vision, but often very inaccurate. STORRS' *Bernard of Clairvaux* is too oratorical. NEANDER'S *The Holy St. Bernard* (Trans. Wrench) is out of date. For the 2nd Crusade I may refer to my article on the Crusades in Hastings, *op. cit.* vol. iv., with full bibliography.

For Bernard's mysticism, see my chapter on the "Medieval Mystics" in *Christian Thought to the Reformation*, and DEAN INGE, *Christian Mysticism*, especially p. 140, n. 2, and Appendix D. R. VAUGHAN'S *Hours with the Mystics* may still be commended. Of Bernard's works there is an English translation by Dr. EALES.

For the hymns of Bernard of Clugny, see JULIAN, *Dict. Hymnology*.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

(Born, 1090; died, 1153)

I

THERE is no man in whom all that is noblest and best, and yet at the same time most characteristic of the Middle Ages, can be better studied than in Bernard of Clairvaux. He is indeed one of the heroes of God, with whom every true soul must feel drawn into sympathy, though we may not look on the great world of truth from altogether the same standpoint as this saint of old. But there is no greater folly than to judge men by whether or not they saw things as the nineteenth century sees them. The souls of men cannot be weighed in this offhand fashion; and to estimate their true worth we must distinguish between things that differ. The outer surroundings, the intellectual and religious environment, do not make the real man; these are the material wrappings whose fashion alters with the roll of years That which changeth not and is eternal is the soul which lived and loved, and

made the best of the world—good or bad, Middle Ages or nineteenth century—in which it was placed. A child from your Board schools can solve problems that baffled Archimedes; your merest passman is a giant in knowledge compared with Plato; but not in this way do we compare them. So with the saints of God. It is as absurd to judge a Bernard or an Anselm by the special angle of vision of a later generation, as it would be to decide the intellectual place of Euclid or Aristotle by subjecting them to a diocesan inspection. To estimate a man's true worth he must be viewed, as Spinoza would have said, *sub specie aeternitatis*; that which is merely the inevitable outcome of his age in the soul's warfare with the time-spirit must be separated from him, and the true soul, as God sees it, his real effort upward, the Everlasting Yes or No that he gives to good and evil, will then shine forth.

Especially is this the case with St. Bernard. The man is separated from the nineteenth century by more than the gulf of years. Our whole standpoint has changed. We look upon monasticism and all its deeds with restless impatience if not supercilious scorn. The gospel of work is in our marrow; we are hitched on to the mighty fly-wheel; rest and contemplation are vanished arts. Of the abbeys and monasteries of old we

know little and care less—were they not seats of Satan, full of foulness, hypocrisy, and idleness? Now, of this despised monasticism St. Bernard was the apostle. With him the cloistered life was the better part. He begins life by sweeping into a convent his kindred—uncles, married brothers, and all. Even his father died in his arms, a monk of Clairvaux. Wherever he preaches, the nearest monastery becomes too small to admit the new converts whom he has won from the world. For who so wise as he to point out the strait and narrow way that leadeth unto life? With what fervid eloquence he paints the paradise so near at hand for any tired soul! Mothers hide their sons, wives their husbands, lest by the magic of his words they should forget their own people and their father's house, and pass within the gates from which there was no return. For the world's hopeless sin and misery Bernard has but one cure—better monasteries and more of them. Outside was the rude world, with its ferocious ignorance, where men spent their days in burning and slaying, where might was right, and in wickedness alone was assurance. Pass within the convent gates, and there is sweetness and light —*twilight*, you call it; yes, perhaps so, but twilight is better than darkness—discipline and

order, and a higher ideal of life than castle-taking and castle-making. Outside is the chaotic hurly-burly of a hopeless struggle — in the cloister is peace, in the cloister is hope. There is the certain earnest of perennial joy; there Jacob's ladder with its topmost rung in heaven. "There thou shalt find what abroad thou shalt too often lose. Whosoever, therefore, withdraweth himself from his acquaintance and friends, God will draw near unto him with His holy angels" (À Kempis). "There," writes another, "there is the invincible asylum of peace; there the perfumed meadows fragrant with the full flower beds." These are the exaggerations of the devotee. We may, however, certainly allow that in the cloister alone was the highest form that that age could supply of an ordered life under the form of a family where temporal want was unknown, and where authority, humility, and love had free scope to be glorified.

Yes; that age has passed away for ever. We stand on another shore and watch the "tired waves" of a different ocean here and there gain some "painful inch" For us other suns of hope, for us a different night of darkness. The world moves on for good or ill, yet every age has some lesson for all time; some souls in whom there glowed the quenchless fire. Let the dead bury

its dead; but be careful lest in our pride of life we reckon as dead

> The choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again:
> . . . in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self.

II

Bernard's ancestors were nobles of Burgundy. Of his father we read that he was a great lover of the poor, as brave as he was gentle; his mother was one of those saintly women, not a few, that are to be found in every age. Their home was a rare abode of love, and here there grew up around them six sons and a daughter, all from their earliest years consecrated unto the Lord. The third of these they called Bernard, in memory of that saint of God who, two centuries before, had built his hospice on the Alpine pass. On the story of his early years we need not linger. He who reads between the lines will find it all contained—and much of the later years also—in the simple notice that when his mother died, the people of Dijon, "regarding her remains as a most precious treasure," begged her "holy body."

Bernard was evidently destined by nature, as by grace, for the cloister. For weaklings such

as he there was then no room in the rough world save only in the shelter of the Church. Fragile and delicate, with an emaciated, dyspeptic body, little did men dream of the iron will that dwelt in that house of clay. But his family knew. When, at twenty-two, he embraced the sacred calling, he was determined that he

> Would not alone be saved; *alone*
> Conquer and come to the goal,
> Leaving the rest in the wild.

Such was his commanding influence that he persuaded all his brothers and thirty other kindred souls to enter with him as novices the most austere monastery of Europe—the famous Citeaux (*Cistertium*). Only one meal a day, never meat or fish or eggs, short spells of sleep, midnight devotions, and hard toil in the fields—digging, hedging, hewing, and the like—this rule of Citeaux, severe as it may seem to us, the children of a self-indulgent age, did not seem to Bernard sufficiently austere. So he exerted all his extraordinary will, by self-imposed discipline and austerities, to still further unbuild a body that seemed a ruin of ill-health already. We can look down on him from our superior heights, but when at the last day Christ shall search in our souls for the marks of His cross and the furrows of His passion, it were better then, I

think, to have erred with Bernard, to have cut off—foolishly, it may be—the hand and plucked out the eye, than to be right with those who have never known what self-denial means.

At the age of twenty-four Bernard was appointed abbot. It came about in this wise: Citeaux had grown too strait for the numbers who flocked to it; so at the head of twelve young monks Bernard was sent out to found a colony. Bearing the cross before them, the little company journeyed until they came to a wild valley opening deep into the plateau of Langres. It was called the Valley of Wormwood, ill-omened haunt of bandits, but through it ran the gentle Aube. Here Bernard determined to build,—a rude wooden barn, that was all, more like a Tyrolese alpine hut than an abbey. Such was the commencement of this world-famed Clairvaux.

We cannot linger to tell the story how Clairvaux grew and prospered. It was impossible that it should be otherwise. The magnetism of Bernard drew all men unto him. Men who visited his rude abode saw not the dingy rafters, or the slits that passed for windows; in their eyes it was the Palace Beautiful. The very name of the valley was changed from "Wormwood" into Brightdale (*Clara Vallis*). "Its

foundation," writes one traveller, "is on the holy hills; its gates the Lord loveth more than all the dwellings of Jacob." "I tarried with him" —this is the testimony of his biographer, William of Thierry—"a few days, and whichever way I turned my eyes I saw a new heaven and a new earth. There you could see men who had been rich and honoured in the world glorying in the poverty of Christ." "Many, I hear," wrote another, "are bishops and earls, and many illustrious through their birth or knowledge, but now, by God's grace, all acceptation of persons is dead among them. . . . To judge from their outward appearance, their toils, their bad and disordered clothes, they appear a race of fools. But a true thought tells me that their life in Christ is hidden in the heavens." "Gracious God," writes another, who was fortunate enough to fall ill at Clairvaux, "what good did not that holiday do for me? For it happened that during the whole time of my sickness *he* also was ill, and thus we two, laid up together, passed the whole day in sweet converse concerning the soul's spiritual physic." One of the great charms of Clairvaux was Bernard's daily preaching. Sermons in those days were not common, and considering their general badness it was well. But who could listen to

Bernard and not be moved? We are told by one who heard him often that when he preached he seemed "entirely absorbed in God, caring for nothing in this world save only to recall the wandering to the way of truth, and to gain their souls for Christ." After his public sermons no man reaped a fuller harvest. The monk Rainald tells us the cause: "The storm of groans and outpouring of tears" in his secret preparation. Bernard proved in his own life what he once wrote to a friend: "Now abideth speech, example, prayer, these three; but the greatest of these is prayer."

The secret of his influence was twofold—intense sympathy with human need, and a mystic insight into the sources of divine strength. His sermons are not our sermons; and like the cathedrals of his day they cannot be reproduced. We do not think of the intellect as something that must be fought down or kept under. We look on the Bible with other eyes; the luscious poetry of the Song of Solomon is no longer the highest expression of the soul's aspirations after its Maker. Yet when all needful deductions have been made, how large and grand they are —what perennial flowers blossom, hidden here and there by weeds; what sweetness of sympathy and love. It is a feast of fat things; of

wines on the lees in chalices of gold. Listen to this extract from his funeral sermon over his brother Gerard, and supply, if you can, the man himself, emaciated with what the age deemed the highest holiness, the living voice, the countenance that seemed unto his fellows like that of an angel from God, and the upturned sea of faces.

Whither hast thou been torn from me? Whither hast thou been carried from my arms, O thou man of one mind with me, thou brother after my own heart? . . . I am to be pitied, not he; for if thou, dear brother, hast lost dear ones, they are replaced by dearer still; but what consolation awaits me, deprived of thee, my only comfort? . . . The delights we derived from each other's society I only have lost, whilst thou hast exchanged them for others, and in the exchange great has been thy gain. In place of me, dear brother, thou hast Christ; nor canst thou feel thy absence from thy brethren here, now that thou rejoicest in choruses of angels. Nothing can make thee deplore the loss of our society, seeing that the Lord of majesty and the hosts of heaven vouchsafe to thee their presence. But what have I in thy stead? What would I not give to know that thou now thinkest of thy Bernard, if indeed it is permitted to one who is plunged into the abyss of light, and absorbed in the great ocean of eternal felicity, still to think of the miserable inhabitants of the earth.

And after the sermon did they sing, as they took a last look at the dead, Bernard's own hymn?—"Jesu, the very thought of Thee"—

Jesu dulcis memoria
Dans vera cordi gaudia:
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis præsentia.

The nineteenth century thinks of St. Bernard —if it thinks of him at all, save under the delusion that he is connected in some mysterious fashion with a breed of dogs—as a mystic recluse. But by the age in which he lived Bernard was regarded as the supreme man of action in it. For half a century the Papacy was in all but name transferred from Rome to Clairvaux. His mighty will dominated Europe as no man's had dominated it since the days of Hildebrand. Kings, popes, cardinals, and bishops all alike acknowledged his commanding influence. Whatever trouble or difficulty arose, they turned to him for help. He was the supreme statesman of his century. In that attenuated, dyspeptic weakling you see the master-mind that swayed the age. Is the Church torn with schism (1130); rival popes, Anacletus and Innocent II., cursing each other and cursed, St. Peter's besieged by the one, and its treasury robbed even of its golden crucifix, all men in doubt whom to acknowledge as head of the Church? Let Bernard decide. "A business which concerned God," said the Council of Etampes, "must be entrusted to the man of God." And kings, earls, and bishops unanimously pronounce that the Pope whom Bernard should choose he should be Pope. Does Italy still hold out against his single decision?

He crosses the Alps alone to subdue it. Milan pours out to the seventh milestone to meet him, and as he passed by the shepherds came down from the hills, and the rustics from their fields, to implore his blessing. When he entered Rome, in a few days Anacletus' party melted away like snow in time of thaw. The schism was ended, and Bernard could return once more to his beloved Clairvaux. Is there trouble about the succession to the Archbishopric of Bourges, and, in consequence, war between King Louis VII. and the Count of Champagne? It is Bernard who must go to St. Denis and bring about peace. Add to this that which came upon him daily—the care of all the churches. Every abbot or bishop who wants advice sends his messenger to wind his horn at the gates of Clairvaux and break in on its abbot's peace. "He works miracles," said men, as they tried to explain to themselves his supreme power over them.

Is Abailard disturbing the slumbering intellect of Europe with his bold discourses on the philosophy of religion? Men turn to Bernard to quench the spirit of free inquiry, ere it kindle into the flame that shall burn up their hoary superstitions. Are schisms and rebellions breaking out on every side? In Italy, Arnold of Brescia undermining the power of the popes; in France,

Petrobusians and Henricians without number in revolt against sacerdotalism; in all lands, the Cathari with their strange Oriental heresies?—it is Bernard who must come forth from his retreat and fight these audacious heretics; in Bernard alone is the hope of the trembling Church. We should also add that there were few tasks more fully after Bernard's own heart. Heresy-hunting became with him a growing passion.

But the one event in which the international power of Bernard was most felt was the preaching of the Second Crusade. The capture by Zenghis and the Turks of the great frontier fortress of Edessa warned a horror-stricken Europe of the perils of the Cross; so Pope Eugenius proclaimed a Holy War, and appointed "his spiritual father, Bernard," to preach the Second Crusade. Bernard was now fifty-five years of age, and worn out with his toils. "My strength is gone," he wrote to a friend; "I cannot now run about as I was once wont to do. I do not intend to leave Clairvaux. Here, supported and consoled by your prayers, during the few days now left me to fight in, I am waiting till the change come." But at the Pope's summons, "run about" he must. At Easter (1146) all France was gathered to hear him in

the plains of Vezelai—interesting old town of Burgundy, decayed now and dull—whence, at a later date, Richard of the Lion Heart set out for the Crusades, and where, four centuries later, Theodore Beza was born. An innumerable multitude covered the plain and the neighbouring heights. At the top of a slight hill a pulpit had been erected for Bernard and the king; but the saint had not proceeded far in his impassioned address when from a hundred thousand throats the cries of "The cross! the cross! It is the will of God!" interrupted his appeal, and St. Bernard began to scatter among the people the crosses he had brought for the purpose. Such was the national enthusiasm he aroused, that at a national convention at Chartres he was appointed by acclaim commander-in-chief; a post which, of course, he resolutely refused. "Fighting men," said he, "are more needed than singing monks." Wherever he went it was the same. In the autumn of 1146 the Pope sent him on a mission to Germany. The popular excitement knew no bounds. At Frankfort and Spires, so great was the crush of his hearers, that only by hoisting him over the heads of the people was his life saved. At Mainz, however, he faced and subdued an infuriated mob. One of their priests had set himself to stir up mas-

sacres of the Jews in all the towns of the Rhine. Bernard, above his age in his humanity for this persecuted race, was determined to stop him. "Thy teaching, O Rudolph," he thundered, "is of thy father who sent thee, for he was a murderer from the beginning." "Had not," wrote Rabbi Joshua in his Chronicle, "the tender mercy of the Lord sent after this Belial the abbot from Clairvaux, there would none have escaped." But under the protection of Bernard they were safe.

At Spires he met the Emperor Conrad III. Conrad had made up his mind that he would stay at home, but was willing to hear the saint preach. Before the sermon was finished, the Emperor burst into tears, and, kneeling before the altar, was invested with the cross. But amid all this popular adoration Bernard was still the humble man of God. Though he made and unmade popes, and oftentimes acted with impetuous arbitrariness, yet, on the whole, there may be given to him the greatest of all titles, *servus servorum.* It was this that struck his contemporaries as the most wonderful thing about him. Writes one: "When he was a chosen vessel, and announced the name of Christ before nations and kings; when the princes of this world bowed down to him, and the bishops of all lands awaited his bidding;

when even the Holy See revered his advice, and made him a sort of general legate for all the world, he was never puffed up; when everyone thought him the greatest, in his own judgement he was the least. Whatsoever he did he ascribed to God." We have here the secret of his power. He dwelt in the secret place; he abode under the shadow of the Almighty. There he renewed his strength and found the words that breathe, the thoughts that burn. Thence also, when the hour came, and he passed through the valley of thick darkness, he obtained consolation. For in two years the Second Crusade came back—or rather the few that were left—from that overwhelming disaster, and the indignation of Europe casting about for a victim, seized on St. Bernard, though it was only reluctantly, at the bidding of the Pope, that he had preached the Holy War.

Even when he was in peace at Clairvaux that marvellous man was regulating the affairs of Europe. His correspondence — in those days there was no post—is almost incredible. Everybody writes to him, and he writes to everybody. His letters range in subject from the most spiritual matters through all the tangled diplomacy of Church and State down to the stealing of pigs. For two extracts only can we find space.

Here is one from an early letter :—

Trust to one who has had experience. You will find something far greater in the woods than you will in books. Stones and trees will teach you what you would never learn from masters. Think you not you can suck honey from the rock? do not the mountains drop sweetness?

Here is another extract—from the last letter that he ever wrote. It is to his uncle :—

Your letter found me confined to my bed; yet I received it with longing hands, and read, and re-read it with delight. . . . I perceive your wish to see me. I also notice your fears of danger for the land which the Lord honoured with His presence, for the city which He dedicated with His blood. . . . We trust, however, that the Lord will not drive back His people, nor desert His inheritance. You do well in comparing yourself with an ant. For what else are the sons of men but ants, exhausting themselves upon useless objects? What return hath a man for all the labour with which he laboureth under the sun? Let us, therefore, rise above the sun, and let our conversation be in the heavens, our minds preceding whither our bodies will hereafter follow. There, my Andrew, will be found the fruit of your labour, there your reward. You fight under the sun, but for One who sitteth above the sun. Our warfare is here, our wages are from above.

Bernard's "warfare" was indeed finished; his work was done; for him remained "the wages which are from above." He had fought a good fight, he had run with patience the race that was set before him, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. As

he lay on his sickbed the weeping monks stood around, earnestly praying that he might not yet be taken from them. "Spare me, spare me!" cried the dying saint, "and let me depart." A few days later he had his heart's desire:

> . . . sweeter far Thy face to see,
> And in Thy presence rest.

He had passed from the shadows of the cloisters into the fulness of light in the home above. Bernard had returned from the king's business into the King's presence—

DE MUNDO AD PATREM.

III

Bernard's place in history seems at first sight easy to decide. He would be counted among the few leaders of men who have seen in their own lifetime the happy results of their toils. His irresistible will leaves nothing to the future. He seizes the Land of Promise now, and guides to it the hosts of his followers. Like Archbishop Laud, he could write "done" at the foot of his plans and purposes. We should class him with the few who knew no failure. His eloquence, character, and holiness seem to lift him alike above the crowd of lesser men and the accidents of fortune. Yet a deeper insight

will hardly justify this view. The very success of Bernard is the index of his failure, for it seems a universal law that a man cannot live for the future and yet be paid by his present age. Bernard's triumphant reform and extension of monasticism concealed by its very brilliance that monasticism as a force, at anyrate in its Benedictine form, was almost played out. Monasticism could only save itself; there was in it no power of the leaven to leaven the whole lump. If ever monasticism could have saved the world, it would have been under the leadership of one in whom we see reflected all that was purest and best in its motives and influence. How completely Bernard had failed seems to have dawned more than once even upon the saint himself. "Oh that I could see before my death," he cries, "the Church of God as she was in the ancient days when the apostles cast their nets to capture not gold or silver but souls!" With the keen insight of death he saw the gathering clouds. At the very hour, in fact, when Bernard was passing away, a singer of the same name, in the cloisters of Clugny, was pouring out the cry of a soul in bitterness, the heart-hunger after home of a lonely traveller who felt beyond all powers of endurance the darkness and wickedness of the times. To us the "Rhythm of

Bernard of Clugny" is a chord of deathless music: in the strains of "Jerusalem the Golden" we hear the harpers harping on their harps of gold. But to the writer it was the wail of a heart that was broken with the superabounding wickedness of the world, a black world, a world of madness and storm, where might was right and lust was king. Of his poem two thousand lines are a bitter satire on the fearful evils around him. With the energy of a second Juvenal, he bids us gaze into the abysm of corruption; but lest our spirit sink in utter darkness as we gaze, he would have us turn from earth's misery and pollution to the peace and glory of heaven, and the speedy coming of the King.

> Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt; vigilemus
> Ecce minaciter, imminet arbiter, ille supremus.
>
> The world is very evil; the times are waxing late:
> Be sober and keep vigil; the Judge is at the gate.

Monasticism had indeed failed; this hymn of the Church Universal is its swan-like song on its own inability to realise the City of God on this side of the grave.

The failure of Bernard may be illustrated in many ways. We have already seen that in his conflict with Abailard the momentary victory of the saint was not the real defeat of the thinker. Like Brutus, Bernard might have exclaimed of

his dead foe, if only his eyes had been opened to the influences which were shaping the future—

> O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet:
> Thy spirit walks abroad.

In his contest with the heretics, Bernard also won no lasting triumph. Heresy cannot be suppressed by his methods. The monastic cure did not touch the seat of evil. For those that were whole it secured an ordered and higher life; but for those that were sick it provided no physician. Nay, by its very constitution, monasticism could not hope to accomplish much for those who refused or were unable to come within its charmed circle. For the few there was the fold; the many who were without, it left to the ravening wolf. The toilers in the squalid courts of the growing cities,—"those masses, those dreadful masses, crawling, sweltering, in the foul hovels, in many a Southern town with never a roof to cover them, huddling in groups under a dry arch, alive with vermin; gibbering *crétins*, with the ghastly wens; lepers by the hundreds, too shocking for mothers to gaze at, and therefore driven forth to curse and howl in the lazar-house outside the walls,"[1]—these it left to work out a hopeless salvation.

[1] Jessopp, *The Coming of the Friars.*

No wonder that, in spite of Bernard's wonderful reformation in the Church itself, yet in the towns of Western Europe it was the hour and power of darkness. They were "full of strange Manichæan theosophies, pessimistic dualism of God and devil, in which God always got the worst of it, when God did not happen to be the devil himself."[1] The people were stumbling along in a darkness that could be felt; and a deadly despair had gripped the heart of men. You see this in the twelfth-century architecture. Its ornaments are all symbols of terror; no angels with their aureoles; no St. George crushing error; no cherubim and seraphim; and as for Della Robbia's matchless children—you must wait until the Little Poor Brothers of Assisi have once more taught the world to sing before you will see them. On every capital and column, even on the pulpits, you see carved the nightmare brood of darkness, ravening lions and devouring monsters, and manikins struggling in the death-grip of bears and tigers. On every pillar men have written symbols of the outer world—everlasting strife and bloodshed; while aloft you see looming unknown birds of prey, ready to swoop down on the massacres below.

[1] Vernon Lee's *Renaissance Fancies*, to which I am also indebted for the thought that follows.

The very foundations of your cathedrals are dwarfs and hunchbacks, whose broken spines and starting eyeballs testify to more than the weight they bear.[1] It is a world of horror, from which strong men like Bernard and Suger flee to the shelter of the monastery, and where weak men are hopelessly crushed. But what Bernard and his monks could not do, fifty years later Francis and his friars will accomplish. We shall see him sweep away all this despairing dualism by the radiant sunshine of his sublime, illogical, yet vivifying and cleansing gospel of poverty. The nightmare broods will disappear for ever, giving place to peaceful birds and squirrels, or to Fra Angelico and his angels all blue and gold. In Bernard, monasticism had given to the world of its best—and, on the whole, it had failed. We shall see it in the next age, in the evolution of the kingdom of God, give place to new forms and wider purposes.

[1] Leader Scott, *The Cathedral Builders*, p. 307, denies this. But the horrors are there, *e.g.*, her first illustration.

APPENDIX

Cyril and Methodius

The account given in the text of Cyril and Methodius needs to be supplemented and corrected. The student will find a full account in Bury's *Gibbon*, vol. vi. Appendix 12, of recent Russian literature and research on this matter.

The two brothers were born at Thessalonica between 820 and 830. The elder, whose original name was Constantine, went to Constantinople, and won there the friendship of Photius the Patriarch, and the title of Philosopher. While a missionary in the Crimea (861), he discovered and brought back to Rome the remains of the martyr pope, Clement I. In 863 he was sent with his brother Methodius into Moravia, whose king, Rastislav, had quarrelled with Rome, and leaned towards connecting his Church with that of the East. But owing to the heresy of Photius, Constantine accepted the invitation of Nicholas I. and set off to Rome to seek ordination (867). They were there ordained by Hadrian II. (868), and the name of Constantine changed to Cyril. Cyril died at Rome (February 14, 869), while Methodius returned to his labours in Pannonia and Moravia. He died in 885.

In 863 Cyril invented the alphabet known as *glagolitic*. Half a century later it was superseded by the *cyrillic* alphabet, really invented by Bishop Clement of Drenoviza on the basis of the glagolitic, and commonly attributed, as the name shows, to Cyril himself. In the conversion of the Bulgarians, the direct influence of the brothers was but slight. But the invention of the alphabet facilitated the conversion. But their greatest monument is the adoption by the Russians, a race of Norse origin, of their alphabet, no small factor in the fusion of Russian and Slav (see Bury, *op. cit.* vi. App. 14 and 15).

A CHRONOLOGICAL CHURCH ROLL

(FROM GREGORY THE GREAT TO THE DEATH OF BERNARD)

Ap = apostle; b = bishop; s = writer, etc.; k = king; m = monk

Year of Accession.	Bishops of Rome. (Names in italics are those of anti-popes.)	Famous Contemporaries. (Names in italics are Emperors.)	Flourished, reigned, or died.
590	Gregory I., the Great.	Columba (ap.).	597
		Leander of Spain.	597
604	Sabinianus.	David of Wales (ap.).	601
		Augustine of Canterbury (ap.).	604
607	Boniface III.		
607	Boniface IV.		
615	Deusdedit.	Columban (ap.).	615
618	Boniface V.	Mohammed.	570–632
625	Honorius I.	Isidore of Seville (b.).	636
638	Severinus.	Gallus (ap.).	646
640	John IV.		
642	Theodorus I.		
649	Martin I.	Aidan (ap.).	651
654	Eugenius I.		
657	Vitalianus.		
672	Adeodatus.		
676	Donus I.		
678	Agatho.		
682	Leo II.		
683 ?	Benedict II.	Hilda of Whitby.	680
685	John V.	Amandus of Belgium (ap.)	684
685	Conon.	Cuthbert (ap.).	687
687	Sergius I.—*Paschal Theodorus.*	Theodore of Tarsus (archb.).	690

Year of Accession.	Bishops of Rome. (Names in italics are those of anti-popes.)	Famous Contemporaries. (Names in italics are Emperors.)	Flourished, reigned, or died.
701	John VI.	Kilian (ap.).	689
705	John VII.		
708	Sisinnius.	Wilfrid of York (b.).	709
708	Constantine.		
715	Gregory II.	Giles (m.) (Ægidius).	725
		Leo III., *the Isaurian.*	718–740
731	Gregory III.	Venerable Bede (s.).	735
741	Zacharias.	Willibrord (ap.).	741
752	Stephen II. (three days only).	Charles Martel.	742
		Constantine V.	741–775
752	Stephen II. (III.)	Boniface (ap.).	755
757	Paul I.	Chrodegang, b. of Metz.	766
768	Stephen III. (IV.)—*Constantine.*	*Leo* IV.	775
772	Hadrian I.	*Constantine* VI.	780–797
795	Leo III.	*Charles the Great.*	800–814
816	Stephen IV.	Alcuin (s.).	804
817	Paschal I.	*Lewis* I., the Pious.	814–840
824	Eugenius II.	Benedict of Aniane (m).	821
827	Valentinus.		
827	Gregory IV.	Claudius (b. and s.).	839
844	Sergius II.	Agobard (archb. and s.).	841
847	Leo IV.	Paschasius Radbert (m.).	853
855	Benedict III.—*Anastasius.*	*Lewis* II.	855–875
		Anskar (ap.).	865
858	Nicholas I.	Cyril (ap.).	867
867	Hadrian II.	Gottschalk (s.).	868
872	John VIII.	Hinckmar (archb.).	882
882	Martin II.	Methodius (ap.).	882
884	Hadrian III.		
885	Stephen V.	End of the Carolingian Empire.	888
891	Formosus.		
896	Boniface VI.		
896	Stephen VI.		
897	Romanus.		
897	Theodore II.		
898	John IX.		
900	Benedict IV.	Alfred the Great.	901
903	Leo V.		

Year of Accession.	Bishops of Rome. (Names in italics are those of anti-popes.)	Famous Contemporaries. (Names in italics are Emperors.)	Flourished, reigned, or died.
903	Christopher.		
904	Sergius III.		
911	Anastasius III.		
913	Lando.		
914	John X.	*Henry* I., *the Fowler*.	918–936
928	Leo VI.		
929	Stephen VII.		
931	John XI.		
936	Leo VII.	Wenceslaus (k. and martyr).	936
		Otto the Great.	936–973
939	Stephen VIII.		
941	Martin III.	Otto the Great crowned at Rome.	962
946	Agapetus II.		
955	John XII.		
963	Leo VIII.—*Benedict* V.	Bruno of Cologne (archb. and s.).	965
965	John XIII.		
972	Benedict VI.—*Boniface* VII.		
		Otto II.	973–983
974	Benedict VII.	John Scotus Erigena.	875
983	John XIV.	*Otto* III.	983–1002
985	John XV.	Dunstan (archb.).	988
996	Gregory V.—*John* XVI.	Vladimir of Russia (k.).	988
999	Sylvester II.	Adalbert of Prague (ap.).	997
1003	John XVII.	*Henry* II.	1002–1024
1003	John XVIII.	Nilus (m.).	1005
1009	Sergius IV.	Bernard of Menthon.	1008
1012	Benedict VIII.	Cnut the Great.	1014–1035
1024	John XIX.	*Conrad* II. (the Salic).	1024–1039
1033	Benedict IX.—*Sylvester* (1044).	Olaf the Holy (k.).	1033
1045	Gregory VI.	Stephen, k. of Hungary.	1038
1046	Clement II.	*Henry* III.	1039–1056
1048	Damasus II.		
1048	Leo IX.		
1054	Victor II.		
1057	Stephen IX. (deposed).	*Henry* IV.	1056–1106

Year of Accession.	Bishops of Rome. (Names in italics are those of anti-popes.)	Famous Contemporaries. (Names in italics are Emperors.)	Flourished, reigned, or died.
1058	Benedict X.		
1059	Nicholas II.	Gottschalk (k. and martyr).	1066
1061	Alexander II.	Damiani (b. and m.).	1072
1073	Gregory VII.—*Clement* (1080).		
1086	Victor III.	William the Conqueror.	1087
1087	Urban II.	Lanfranc (archb.).	1089
1099	Paschal II.—*Albert Sylvester.*	The Cid.	1099
		Peter the Hermit.	1100
		Godfrey of Bouillon.	1100
1118	Gelasius II.—*Gregory.*	Bruno (m.).	1101
		Henry V.	1106–1125
		Anselm of Canterbury.	1109
1119	Calixtus II.—*Celestine.*		
1124	Honorius II.		
1130	Innocent II.—*Anacletus Victor.*	Stephen Harding (m.).	1134
1143	Celestine II.	Hugo of St. Victor (s.).	1141
		Abailard.	1142
1144	Lucius II.		
1145	Eugenius III.	Henry of Lausanne.	1148
		Suger (m.).	1152
1153	Anastasius IV.	*Frederick* I. (*Barbarossa*).	1152–1190
		Bernard of Clairvaux.	1153
1154	Hadrian IV.	Gilbert de la Porrée (b. and s.).	1154
		Arnold of Brescia.	1155
		Peter the Venerable (m.).	1156

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